

VISIT...

LANZAROTE  
*Caliente*.COM



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Per. 971 e.  $\frac{126}{N.S.10}$











THE  
CHURCH OF ENGLAND  
QUARTERLY REVIEW:

*A Journal of Theology, Art, Science, and Literature.*

FOR THE

UNITED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.



---

VOL. XLIV.

LONDON:  
PARTRIDGE AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW;  
CAMBRIDGE: HALL AND SON; DUBLIN: CURRY & CO.;  
NEW YORK: A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

1858.

**LONDON :**  
**PRINTED BY SHAW AND DANKS, CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET.**

# CONTENTS.

---

| ART.                                |                                                                                                                                                     | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <b>I. THE PROTECTOR.</b>            |                                                                                                                                                     |      |
|                                     | The Protector; a Vindication. By Merle D'Aubigné,<br>D.D. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London:<br>Simpkin and Marshall . . . . .                     | 1    |
| <b>II. RECENT FICTIONS.</b>         |                                                                                                                                                     |      |
| 1.                                  | The Handwriting on the Wall: a Story. By Edwin<br>Atherstone, Author of the "Fall of Nineveh," &c.<br>3 Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1858.        |      |
| 2.                                  | The Poor Relation: a Novel. By Miss Pardoe, Au-<br>thor of the "Life of Marie de Medicis," &c., &c.<br>3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett . . . . . | 20   |
| <b>III. THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA.</b> |                                                                                                                                                     |      |
| 1.                                  | Christianity in Ceylon. By Sir James Emerson Ten-<br>nent, K.H. London: Murray. 1850.                                                               |      |
| 2.                                  | The Hand of God in India. By the Rev. Henry<br>Christmas, M.A., F.R.S. London: Houlston and<br>Wright. 1858.                                        |      |
| 3.                                  | The Land of the Vedas. By the Rev. Peter Per-<br>ceval. London: Bell and Daldy. 1857.                                                               |      |
| 4.                                  | Universal Mythology. By the Rev. Henry Christmas,<br>M.A. London: J. W. Parker . . . . .                                                            | 57   |

## ART.

PAGE

## IV. HISTORY OF THE JESUITS.

1. *Imago Primi Sæculi Societatis Jesu.* 1640.
2. *History of the Jesuits.* Steinmetz: 1848.
3. *Cretineau-Joly. Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus.*  
Nutt. 1846.
4. *Backer. Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie  
de Jésus.* Nutt. 1857. . . . . 98

## V. THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

- A. *Library of National Antiquities: a Series of Volumes illustrating the General Archæology and History of our Country. Published under the direction and at the expense of Joseph Mayer, Esq., F.S.A., &c., &c., Honorary Curator of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire. Vol. 1. A Volume of Vocabularies. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c.* . . . . . 124

## VI. PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

- Lectures on the Philosophy of History. By G. W. F. Hegel. Translated from the third German edition, by J. Sibree, M.A. London: (Bohn's Philosophical Library). 1857* . . . . . 150

## VII. REIGN OF HENRI IV.

- Histoire du Règne de Henri IV. Par M. A. Poirson, Ancien Proviseur des Lycées Saint-Louis et Charlemagne; Conseiller Honoraire de l'Université. 3 Vols. 8vo. Paris: Louis Colas* . . . . . 176

## VIII. QUARTERLY REPORT OF FACTS AND PROGRESS.

1. *The Closing Parliamentary Session* . . . . . 207
2. *Position of the Ministry.—The India Act* . . . . . 208
3. *Removal of Jewish Disabilities* . . . . . 209
4. *Abolition of State Services* . . . . . 211
5. *Defeat of the Bill for the Abolition of Church-Rates* . 211



| ART.                                                                                   | PAGE |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| 6. Liturgical Revision . . . . .                                                       | 212  |
| 7. New Caledonia . . . . .                                                             | 216  |
| 8. Cuba and the Suppression of the Slave-Trade . . . . .                               | 217  |
| 9. The Indian Revolt . . . . .                                                         | 218  |
| 10. The Jeddah Massacre . . . . .                                                      | 218  |
| 11. Persecution for Religion in Sweden . . . . .                                       | 219  |
| 12. The Livingstone Expedition . . . . .                                               | 220  |
| 13. The Atlantic Telegraph . . . . .                                                   | 220  |
| 14. Spain and the Slave-Trade . . . . .                                                | 221  |
| 15. Spiritual Destitution : Report of the Committee of the<br>House of Lords . . . . . | 221  |
| 16. Confession : Case of the Rev. Alfred Poole . . . . .                               | 223  |
| 17. Exeter-Hall Services. . . . .                                                      | 226  |
| IX. LITERATURE OF THE QUARTER . . . . .                                                | 228  |

---



# CONTENTS.

---

| ART.                                                                                                                                                                                      | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| I. THE FUTURE OF CHINA . . . . .                                                                                                                                                          | 253  |
| II. "THE FORTY."                                                                                                                                                                          |      |
| Histoire de l'Académie Française. Par Pellisson et d'Olivet, avec une Introduction, des Eclaircissements et Notes, par M. Ch.-L. Livet; 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Didier . . . . .              | 263  |
| III. PHILOSOPHY IN THE TIME OF CHRIST.                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| Philosophy in the time of Christ.— <i>Historia Philosophiæ Græcæ et Romanæ ex fontium locis contexta</i> . Editio secunda; recognovit et auxit L. Preller. Gothæ: F. A. Perthes . . . . . | 286  |
| IV. HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH II.                                                                                                                                                              |      |
| History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. In 4 vols., vols. I. and II. Chapman and Hall . . . . .                                               | 296  |
| V. THE LAST FOUR POPES.                                                                                                                                                                   |      |
| 1. The Last Four Popes. Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome, in their times. By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. London: Hurst and Blackett, Marlborough Street.                     |      |
| 2. My Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome, in their times: an answer to Dr. Wiseman. By Alessandro Gavazzi. London: Partridge and Co., Paternoster-row . . . . .            | 333  |

| ART.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| VI. THE INDUSTRIAL HOUSEHOLD.                                                                                                                                                                                                           |      |
| The Industrial Household : Essays on "The British Workman, his Wife, and Family; their Social, Intellectual, and Religious Elevation; the Obstacles thereto; and the Means of removing them." London : Partridge and Co. 1858 . . . . . | 356  |
| VII. THE TRACTARIAN CONFESSIONAL. Part I.                                                                                                                                                                                               |      |
| The Ordinance of Confession. By W. GRESLEY. London : 1852 . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                     | 381  |
| VIII. THE TRACTARIAN CONFESSIONAL. Part II.                                                                                                                                                                                             |      |
| Lecture on Confession. By the Rev. Canon Stowell. Manchester : Bremmer . . . . .                                                                                                                                                        | 404  |
| IX. THE CLOSE OF THE TENTH CENTURY OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA.                                                                                                                                                                                |      |
| The Close of the Tenth Century of the Christian Era (the Arnold Prize Essay for 1858). By Richard Watson Dixon, B.A., Pembroke College. Oxford : T. G. Shrimpton . . . . .                                                              | 452  |
| X. THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE; AND OTHER POEMS.                                                                                                                                                                                           |      |
| The Defence of Guenevere; and other Poems. By William Morris. London : Bell and Daldy, 186, Fleet Street. 1858 . . . . .                                                                                                                | 457  |
| XI. SERMONS PREACHED AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.                                                                                                                                                                                              |      |
| Sermons preached at Westminster Abbey. London : Bell and Daldy. 1858 . . . . .                                                                                                                                                          | 468  |

THE  
CHURCH OF ENGLAND  
Quarterly Review.

---

AUGUST, MDCCCLVIII.

---

ART. I.—*The Protector; a Vindication.* By MERLE D'AUBIGNE,  
D.D. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin  
Marshall.

GREAT events are like lofty castles that stud a beautiful country: they attract attention, and the landscape is forgotten. The eye of the beholder is raised, and the mansion and the cottage, the forest and the dale, lie far below his vision. While he gazes with awe upon the towering ruin or the beetling crag, the poetry of his existence may be enhanced, but his observation may be contracted. It is just so with the exclusive study of a special era, or the contemplation of an overwhelming event. Of such a nature is the present threatening aspect of the proud structure of Imperial France.

Let those who may wish fully to appreciate that structure, take a broad and comprehensive view of the times and circumstances during which it was gradually reared and desolated, shattered and decayed, patched up and turretted, and, finally, furnished with the diadem and dinted escutcheon of the Corsican. The vast political landscape with which venerable centuries have surrounded it, must not, however, be forgotten.

Among the signs of the times, perhaps none is more significant, none more mark-worthy, than the political element now arising out of the grand religious movement of the day. It is in vain to ignore the gravity of the fact. To build an imaginary wall between Policy and Religion is impossible; these two are not brute materialities, but one single atmo-

sphere—vital and continuous. No true statesman—no student of the past—no practical man of the present—can be blind to the fact, that pure Policy alone has never yet moulded the institutes of nations. History has borne witness to this great principle, eventuating in the constitutions of Sweden, Northern Germany and Holland; in the majestic Colonies of America; in the foundation on her long sea board, of a gigantic array of unrivalled maritime communities, and the creation of a free world in the west; in the torpid slumbers of Spain and Italy; in the repressive despotism of Austria; in the revolutionary explosions of France; and, above all, in the stability of England.

The real conflict for political freedom in every land, has been fought on the lofty battle-field of TRUTH. To that, there is no half-way house. That is the only promontory which has ever commanded one unbroken prospect over the tide of time. From anything short of that there is no prospect at all. The lightnings of the political heavens may play around its summit; the popular billows may thunder at its base; but the PILGRIM of TRUTH, and the mighty pedestal upon which he stands, remain alike unscathed by the elemental war, and the red artillery of the skies: just as bigotry or candour, superstition or Christianity, may have borne sway, just so has been the forward march of true civilization. Here, then, Christianity is the key-stone to the political arch. Christianity embodies earnestness. It has made our merchants princes, and ennobled the body politic. Never was the grandeur of England more apparent than under its sway. All our great eras have been connected with it. It is thus that the times of Elizabeth and Cromwell stand boldly out as mighty landmarks, from whose summit these colossal statues project their shadows over our own and over future ages. It requires no sagacity to discern the religious movement again becoming a great fact, for good or for evil. It is at this moment actually the supreme ruling power in Austria; it is struggling for despotic sovereignty in Belgium; it is now crushing the constitutional laws of Naples; and it is overriding freedom in Spain and in Italy. On the other hand, we see it simultaneously giving a surging power to America, and assuming an unwonted activity in England. The present great movement in the National Church, will inevitably lead to political results of vast importance. Carried out vigorously, it cannot fail to leaven the greatest constituency in England; to purify the moral atmosphere of our great towns; and, above all, as a

necessary consequence, to raise into power a new party in the State—one whose influence will be paramount with the pith and strength of England, and whose vigour, straightforward dealing, and honesty of purpose, will make it welcome to the widening franchise of Great Britain. Such a movement will inevitably bring, nay, is actually bringing, this country face to face with the great despotism of the Continent. At this point, the true statesman sees the beginning of our difficulties. But we will not here anticipate a dark page of human nature and of history.

What, we ask, is the real element that heaves beneath the superincumbent masses of despotism? It is religion. Never has history presented to the statesman such a confluence of energies alternately rising and repressed. Europe is like the fabled giant of antiquity, with a brow trenched with thunder, while the bolt that has smitten him beneath the dust has blasted, indeed, but failed to annihilate his massive form. For the last three hundred years our nation has had spread open before it, for free study, a code of **LAWs** the most dignified, the most just, the most spotless. That code has been systematically closed, sealed up, hidden, desecrated, and reviled by the real rulers of Italy, Austria, France and Spain. And what is the result? The moral, social, and political degradation of myriads. And what, we ask, is yon lurid light that glows in the horizon of the far East? Is England an unconcerned spectator of this? Has she, too, no sentence of condemnation to read by the sheen of insurgent swords? And is the reflecting mind alarmed by these simultaneous marvels in the East and the West, and driven back upon its centre, as by a closing belt of flame, to be stigmatised as lymphatic, if it deem to be the signal fires of war that broad **LIGHT** that is now bursting over the horizon of our lower world from the ramparts of "the everlasting hills?" There are truer **ORACLES** than Italian infallibility, and older **TITLE-DEEDS** than the parchments of the Vatican. Let sacerdotal despots permit Europe to listen to the one, and to peruse the other, and the world may yet have peace. But what, as we have elsewhere enquired, are the special aptitudes which have made England the great colonizing power of the world? What has made her the great mother? What is that which has given to Great Britain a healthy, surging vitality unknown to the Dead Sea of continental politics? We answer, it is the mighty power of Revelation. Barrenness, utter barrenness, is the sentence passed upon the great despotisms of Europe. Effete offspring,

clad in armour, beneath whose ponderous weight they are well nigh borne down, they make gigantic warders to guard the battlements of the Castle of Superstition, but march forth they cannot from their savage lair of cruelty. If they move to other lands, they perish. What a moral for the statesman, the legislator and the Christian is presented by the history of Europe. Why is it that the great military powers of the West, have been stript of their vast outlying possessions? France, overborne in a death struggle in India, and thence expelled to make way for England, and her mighty sovereignty over two hundred millions of human beings; Canada, and the greater part of her island possessions torn from her grasp, with little more than the savagery of Algiers to console her for her losses; Spain, with her once vast empire of South America and the Netherlands lost to her for ever, with Cuba grasping under the pressure of the United States; Italian Genoa and Venice, with their former extensive commerce in the Black Sea and the East, long since decayed; and Austria, with the grasp of the Papacy upon her gorge, bidding her "Deliver or die;"—what and why are all these great facts in the world's history? Let the reflecting individual ponder deeply upon them, for they constitute the mirror of the future. Let the *Univers* meditate upon the singular spectacle, and honestly consider if such an array of remarkable facts harmonize with its own fond vaticinations of England's decay and proximate downfall? From these little islands what a magnificent progeny shall ere long have sprung! In less than fifty years there will be a larger number of the human race speaking the English tongue than any other throughout Europe; nay, with one or two exceptions, throughout the world. With the population of North America trebled, and its teeming multitudes crowding downwards to its souther regions; with the Canadas swollen with a vigorous and industrious people; with Australia, India, and the Ocean Isles wondrously replenished with our great Anglo-Saxon stock; what a grand spectacle will there not be present to the Christian and the philanthropist! And let us, above all, remember that this free race will not fail to take with it its free literature and free institutions. Of the former, what a mighty *pabulum* already exists for the intellectual nutriment of these energetic myriads! What nation is so rich as Great Britain in sterling, practical science, of wondrous travels, of interesting biography, of earnest and profound theology, of maritime discovery, of manly enterprize, of lofty Christianity?



Here is an ample store for the mental aliment of England's world-wide progeny. Let us not wilfully ignore the fact, that the true germ of policy in every land lies in the relative purity of its religion,—in the unshackled independence of soul, of intellectual, of moral action. Let us not forget, that when we talk of “social questions,” we are, in fact, standing upon higher ground, and breathing a purer atmosphere than belong to society. We cannot ever talk of morality without perceiving that this “morality” is not a parent but a child; not a master but a servant. Impartial history has taken the measure of these two stunted dwarfs of Greece and Rome, and handed down to us no very creditable tales of their conduct. We have no desire to drink from a badly scoured pig-trough, when we can have access to a CRYSTAL FOUNT. Poor Mungo Park had no choice, he was dying of thirst, and he shared the liquid life with the swine. How long shall the masses of what is pompously called “Christendom,” remain in a similar category? All freedom must begin from within. That is not a parasitic, but the tree. What a spectacle do nine-tenths of Europe present at this moment! Every where the old mediæval alliance established between the despot and the priest, the ghostly whisper instead of the outspoken truth, ecclesiastical operas for religion, dramatic pomp for devotion, a Laud for a Jewel, a Christendom without christianity, and free men without freedom.

“There is a terrific pause,” says an energetic writer, whom we have not long since reviewed in our pages, “in the pulsation of the free life of Europe:—it is unnatural—it cannot be of long duration. When that pulse resumes its throb, it will be with the bounding energy of a giant. In our eagerness to throw the weight of complaisance into the scale of civilization, it is to be feared that we have assisted to throw in the pound of flesh instead of the pound of iron. Let us not mistake our real position. It is nothing but that of an armed truce; a truce which must expire the very instant when that secret agency, which is simultaneously at work in all countries, shall have carried out political complications to the desired end. Let the men of England look around them; let them say honestly in what continental state they perceive the heartiness, the honesty of intention, and the freedom which characterise their own. In these qualities they stand absolutely isolated from Europe. And why? It is religious freedom truly carried out that has given them this dignity of position. It is this that has perpetually struggled and is still struggling against every attempt to centralize education, religion, and political patronage. It is this that has saved England from that dead calm of corruption,—the compulsory uniformity of continental states, and has given

a vitality, a surging power, a wholesomeness to a sea which, in the southern latitudes of papal influence, has no natural wave. Let England look abroad on a continent abounding in civilization, in politeness, in art, in literature, and behold the description of liberty of what is there called 'Christianity,' and let us be thankful for what are called our sects and our schisms. Are not these Christian substantialities even now steadily moulding the policy of statesmen, and enhancing the power and rectitude of states? Behold the un-schismatic Church in Italy, Austria, Spain and France. What a spectacle for Christians! Without vitality, without a Bible, and nearly all without God." \*

How melancholy has been the result of corporate ecclesiasticism, in contradistinction to individual christianity, upon nearly all the states of Europe, let the political status of each bear witness. In these, where is the sovereign power of the press?—where that of the nation? The former is muzzled as though it were some mad beast, and not a reasoning power; the latter is chained to the muzzle of cannon with the port-fire ready lighted to blow them into atoms if they dare speak, nay, even think. Behold France, and see in her present pitiable condition the result of the boasted honour of being the "Eldest son of the Church." Far better had it been for her, as it has been for England, had she been the son of Dissent. Authoritative religious decision, in her case, as in the various communities above noticed, has been her ruin. The fatal honour of being the eldest son has been dearly purchased; and the era of Pepin has given a melancholy bias to the martial instincts of the Gaelic nation. What Pepin was to Pope Stephen, Louis Napoleon was to Pio Nono. In the zeal of the French clergy of the present day, and in their active support, Napoleon has his reward. So powerful, however, has this body again become, that the most absolute sovereign of his day, dares not enforce the laws of France. Here, "all religions are equal in the eye of the law." So runs the French code. But how stands the actual fact! We know that the most disgraceful partialities and oppressive actions are every day shown forth in the case of the unfortunate Protestant community. Their chapels have been closed, and their pastors, in several instances, practically prevented from officiating, by the jesuitical casuistry of overstrained legal interpretations. The Emperor himself has been appealed to under the most vexatious and trying circumstances; the Emperor remits to the ordinary

---

\* "Caste and Christianity." By Temple Christian Faber. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row, London.

tribunals the consideration of these cases. In other words, he fears to offend the powerful party by whose aid he mounted the throne, who keep him there, and who keep the rural population in the bondage of superstition.

Could Dissenters from the Church of England be so treated in this noble country in the present year 1858? The very question is absurd! Could their chapels be closed, their pastors fined under strained interpretations of law, and criers be sent round to ascertain how many dissenters there were in such and such a place? We trow not: and what then has made this difference between France and England? We answer boldly, it is a free Christianity that has given birth to a free policy—a free Bible to a free press. The Bible has made the Englishman think for himself,—the priest made the Frenchman look to the State. And what is this State? It is ever the lucky holder of irresponsible power. In France the State does all—in England comparatively nothing. In France it is owner—in England it is but the trustee. In France it is the trumpeter that loudly blows—in England it is nothing but the trumpet. The refined paganism of France has made a slave of the individual man. He bows down to religious taste, and deems it Christianity. His god has left him a slave; the “truth” has not yet “made him free;” he himself is in bondage, and how can he emancipate his fellow man? It is the mighty aggregate of the Christian that has made England free, and reared her race of thinking, doing, freemen. These, as we have elsewhere observed, like the offspring of men, or of the forest, grow without legislation. The law of growth lies in their very being; it is not impressed from without. The soil is free, the sap is strong; and the plant, alike vegetable and human, upshoots not at the military word of command. It grows, it is not built. It is the forest oak, ever growing the more mightily, ever spreading its branches the more widely, ever striking its roots the more deeply from the shades of distant ages forward, down through sunlit glades, to that expanse of verdure which now allows the breath of heaven to play around its branches, and exhibits beneath its majestic shelter the elastic step of the freeman. In one word, it is the man that makes the State, and not the State the man; and the might of Great Britain is but the aggregate moral power of the individual. In England, then, policy has not arisen from politicians, nor institutions from institutes. No doctors of the Sorbonne have squared her constitution; no salaried legislature has struck out its decorous length, and

breadth, and depth, and height; no Communists have laid down on paper, trim and elaborate schemes for its formation. It is just what it has grown to be, and nothing more. Let us not, however, forget that it will continue to grow. Before we can stop that growth, we must root up the tree itself. Just in proportion as the various kingdoms of Europe have been moulded and cramped by corporate ecclesiasticism to the exclusion of individual Christianity, just so has been the political degradation of each. It is thus that the stamp and impress of mediæval Popery has its special action at this very day, even after the lapse of centuries, upon every state in Europe. That power which can enslave the individual soul, finds no difficulty in enslaving the whole nation.

Pepin, in common with his contemporaries, believed that presents made to saints and the Church, formed a sure means of obtaining forgiveness of sins and exemption from punishment. "He had," says Riddle, "unjustly seized upon the Frankish kingdom; and, in return, he presented St. Peter with a territory in Italy to which he had no right, in order that the Apostle might obtain for him the Divine forgiveness of this sin and all others." Charles, son of Pepin, visited Adrian in A.D. 781 and 787; and on these occasions he is said to have extended his liberal donations. These donations were obtained from the Frankish king, "for the forgiveness of his sins,—for the ransom of his soul." From A.D. 891 to A.D. 961, we find five or six emperors, in succession, who possessed no other claim to the crown, nor presumed to allege any other, than the appointment by papal authority. Indeed, after the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty, there was no other way by which the imperial crown could be obtained. "Saxon England," says Kemble, "was essentially the child of Rome," &c.; and, we would add, that it was Saxon England of which the Pope made a donation to its Norman Conqueror, and whose consecrated banner he blessed. "It was by the clergy," says Southey, "that Henry IV. succeeded in usurping the throne; and to prove himself as sincere in their cause, as they had been in his, he passed a statute whereby all persons who propagated a new doctrine by preaching, writing, teaching, or discourse, were required to renounce their heresy, and deliver up all their heretical books, and submit themselves to the Church, on pain of being delivered over to the secular arm and burnt alive." In A.D. 1076, we find Gregory VII. deposing and ignominiously treating Henry of Germany. During the pontificate of Innocent III. kings were created or dethroned at his

pleasure. His subjugation of the pusillanimous John, and his presentation of the throne of England to Philip of France, are well known. In 1296, we find Boniface VIII. laying claim to supreme authority over all the kingdoms of the earth, and summoning sovereign princes before his tribunal for the settlement of their disputes; and in A.D. 1303 the same Pope issued a bull prohibiting the clergy from granting supplies to princes without his consent. In A.D. 1328, Pope John XXII., having quarrelled with the Emperor of Germany, declared his throne vacant; while during the memorable quarrel of Clement VIII. with our own bluff Harry, that Pope prohibited all commerce between England and other nations. In the reign of Elizabeth, Pius V. published a bull, by which he denounced that Queen as an usurper and heretic, absolved her subjects from all allegiance, and exhorted all princes to take up arms against her. These same lofty pretensions are by no means given up. Their true agency, however, in these days, is being surreptitiously carried out by the confessional, and the enormous power given by that as a great state engine of repression.

The only regenerating influence that could have purified the legislation of unhappy France—the influence of the Bible, and Bible doctrines—were mercilessly crushed on their first appearance. With the ruin of that germ of freedom, fell freedom itself, destined never to exist save in a fitful, irregular, anarchical way; sometimes swelling into wild and ferocious license; at other periods, as at present, totally trampled under foot by the iron hoof of despotism. It is no answer to say that the French are excitable and wild in their impulses, and that, therefore, they require to be kept under with a firm hand and a firmer mind. What is it that has kept them wild and excitable? That is the true question. What has prevented their becoming a thoughtful, reflecting, firm, and progressive people? We answer, it is the exclusion and the violent repression of the great code of revelation and its principles. This it is which has built up amongst that impressible people the altar of taste—the altar of the “unknown God.” This it is which has made the priest a legislator, and the man a slave. It is in vain for the brilliant Frenchman to deny the fact;—his soul is still in the bondage of a paganized Christianity, and he is not yet free. His political freedom was crushed with the butcheries of the early Protestants, and the merciless uprooting of their principles. What was it that swept away in a moment, as with a flood, the ancient mediæval peerage of France? It was

the absence of that safe and progressive reform which, in England, has ever been the close successor of a more vitalized Christianity. The political institutes of France, when the first great revolution touched her, found her full of the atrocious system of policy which had been fastened upon her by the papal sway—for the many, nothing; for the few, all. At last came the democratic wave; and, lo! the barrier that should have opposed it was wanting; and in its place hung, stretched side by side, the tawdry curtain of false religion, and the tinsel pasteboard of theatrical pomp.

"No Christian population," says Maraden, "in any land, has suffered so long and so bitterly. From the Reformation to the nineteenth century the history of the Reformed Church in France is an unbroken succession of frightful injustice and appalling cruelty. It has suffered, too, the fate which attends a vanquished minority: ceasing to be feared, it ceased to be known. The first Protestant congregation in France was established in Meux, in 1521. Bruce and Melancthon had visited this neighbourhood just before, and created a thirst for the Reformation; and two noble women, the Duchess of Ferrara and the Queen of Navarre, were its first patrons. Bricconnet, Bishop of Meaux, wished to give a wide circulation to the four gospels in the vernacular, and placed a copy of the Bible in the hands of Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre. She encouraged the reading of the Scriptures, and afforded a safe refuge to the Protestant ministers at her court. Briçonnet was involved in a charge of heresy by the clergy of his diocese. The Pope thundered from the Vatican. The bishop was subdued, and paid a fine of two hundred livres. But the converts of Meaux were more resolute. A council was held at Paris, and it was resolved that the obstinate heretics should be exterminated. In 1523 an edict against the heretics of Meaux was published, and the congregation was dispersed. Of the two leading Protestants, Lefevre sought the protection of the Queen of Navarre, and Farel fled to Basle, where he carried on his ministry, and continued to circulate the Scriptures through France by means of pedlars.

"But a vast multitude suffered martyrdom; and, to strike terror, the executions were dispersed all over the kingdom. The consequence was, that everywhere the doctrines of the Reformation were canvassed, and the patience of the sufferers won over thousands of converts. Pavannes was burned alive at the Place de Grève, in 1524. At the stake he declared against the doctrine of the real presence. 'I wish,' exclaimed a doctor of the Sorbonne, who heard him, 'that the Church had lost a million of gold rather than Pavannes had spoken.' Louis de Berguin, a young man of noble family, was another victim. But 'those of the religion,' as they were called by a periphrasis, still increased in numbers and firmness. A scene was enacted at Paris on the 29th of June, 1535, almost unmatched in cruelty. The Sorbonne resolved to embark

the king, almost beyond the possibility of retreat, in the cause of the Catholics, and to whet the appetite of the mob for blood. Orders were issued to seize the Protestants dead or alive, and in a few days the prisons of the capital were crowded with victims of both sexes, and of all ranks and ages. Their trials were soon over; and it was resolved to strike terror into the hearts of the Huguenots of the whole kingdom by a procession, such as in other countries has since borne the name of an *auto-da-fé*. An innumerable concourse of people crowded the streets, covered the roofs, and hung upon the walls and balconies. Never had so many relics been paraded. The relics of the Sainte Chapelle were then brought out; then followed the head of St. Louis, a piece of the true cross, the true crown of thorns, a real nail, and the spear-head which pierced our Lord. Then came St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris. The cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, in their robes, took their places. The king in person followed them, bareheaded and carrying a lighted torch. The nobility, burgesses, and parliament, closed the procession. The king, seated on a throne in the palace of the archbishop, made an address to the court and the clergy, and then protested that he would not pardon the crime of heresy, even in his children. His religious frenzy had evidently been worked up to the highest point. 'If one of his own limbs were infected, his own hands,' he said, 'should cut it off.' On his return to the Louvre, he witnessed the horrible scene to which the procession was the prelude, and six of the Huguenots were executed. The boldest of them had their tongues cut out to hinder their dying words, so contagious among the witnesses on previous occasions of the same kind. They were then put to death by the *estrapade*, a moveable gibbet, which, alternately rising and falling, plunged the victim into the fire or raised him aloft into the air. An ordinance was published which decreed the extermination of the heretics, and pain of death to those who should conceal them. But Protestantism was by no means subdued. In the remote provinces a large proportion of the nobles entertained the new opinions. It was calculated that nearly a sixth of the whole population was imbued with them, in Normandy, Picardy, Flanders, as well as Languedoc and Dauphiny; and all the great towns—Rouen, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpellier—abounded with them. Many of the ecclesiastics forsook the Church of Rome; the scholars engaged in business; the regular clergy taught the doctrines of the Reformation. The Bible, and religious books, printed at Geneva, were distributed in vast numbers by the *colporteurs*. One of these men, in 1546, who was taken at Paris, was broken on the wheel and burned. But his execution, far from deterring others, served to show them by what agency the Reformation could be carried on most effectually. Pierre Chapot reasoned so well upon the scaffold in favour of his principles that the doctors of the Sorbonne made a formal complaint, that were the heretics allowed to speak all would be lost. The parliament resolved that all the condemned, without exception, should for the future *have their tongues cut out.*"

That is the same process now employed, in a milder form, in the case of the press : it is completely dumb.

If, again, we look at the disastrous political results of another legalised branch of Romanism, we shall find it equally terrible—Spain. “ I remember,” says the Rev. H. Rule, “ to have heard a few years ago, from the lips of the Padre de la Canal, one of the most accomplished scholars and historians of Spain, in his library in the Augustinian monastery in Madrid, the sentence, ‘ *The Inquisition has ruined Spain.*’ And Spain must be colonized, peopled anew, and made Christian, before these traces of ruin, more general and more lasting than the vestiges of Roman, Goth, or Saracen, will disappear from the social condition of that fine people.” Need we point to the mercantile distress and ruin brought on by the expulsion of the Moor from Spain, or the loss to France produced by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, which drove out of that fine country her best workmen and most skilful artizans ? Let it never be forgotten by English statesmen, that all the grand eras or Britain’s glory have been in connexion with her Christianity. Apart from this, she has become the drivelling slave of foreign despots, or the corporate property of a pagan Italian caste.

“ It is the Protector’s glory,” says D’Aubigné “ that he discovered in Rome the chief enemy to the liberty, prosperity, and piety of nations. This, in our days, is called prejudice and superstition. Severe lessons will teach the nations to their cost, which of the two is right—their modern leaders, or the great men of the seventeenth century. With his own name, Oliver spread afar the name of England, which he was the first to engrave on the distant landmarks of nations. It is he who opened to his people that path of glory and of power which their ships now traverse in every sea. The life of Britain, which had lost all vigour under the Stuarts, was aroused, electrified as it were, by the same principle which animated its chief : and once more was seen the accomplishment of the ancient promise, ‘ The Lord thy God will set thee on high above all the nations of the earth.’

Elizabeth had exalted England ; but subsequently to the year 1603, and especially after 1625, the Stuarts, and principally Charles the First, had weakened it by a clinging anew towards Roman Catholicism. Not only did they desert their stations as the chiefs of European Protestantism—not only did they cease to withstand fanatic Spain—but a Romish princess, Henrietta of France, was placed upon the throne. That, however, was of little moment ; another power than theirs prevented this mighty country from being placed by its monarchs under the yoke of the Italian pontiff. The people no longer walked with their princes. The cause of the Reformation was dear to them, and they were ready to abandon



their kings rather than the Gospel. This unhappy family, by wishing to exalt a traditional power in the Church, destroyed their own. While the monarchical authority was increasing every where on the Continent, it gradually declined in England; and a new force—the Commons, daily acquired greater strength, liberty, and courage.

“The ancient charters of England contained extensive guarantees in favour of the national independence; but these institutions had been, as it were, long dead and neglected, yet they still existed, and the skeleton, so long motionless, was about to be re-animated with a new life.”

And now mark the profound moral to be drawn by every statesman of this great country, so ably enunciated in the words of our author:—

“If England had been a nation devoted merely to secular policy, these charters might for ever have remained little better than old parchments. But a new motive power—evangelical faith and the interest of Protestantism—was about to revivify these great institutions, and by saving England from the abyss towards which the Stuarts were rapidly hurrying her, raised her ere long to the highest degree of influence and glory.”

Such was the state of England at the eventful era of the illustrious Cromwell, with a sketch of whose life, and religious and political principles, we here present our readers, from the delightful biography of the great historian of the Reformation.

“Along the banks of the Ouse,” says D'Aubigné, “near Huntingdon, lay a wide extent of fertile pasture lands, backed by the sluggish waters of that river, and broken here and there by little wood-covered heights. Towards the south, as you approach from Cambridge, stood an aged oak. Over these meadows a little boy frequently disported, and, perhaps, climbed the stately oak tree in quest of birds' nests. His parents, who were descended from an old and popular Saxon family, which does not appear to have mingled with the Norman race, lived in a house at the northern extremity of Huntingdon. The old mansion exists no longer. A solid brick building occupies its place.

“On the 25th of April, 1599, while Shakespeare was yet alive, and in the latter years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at a time when England already began to feel a presentiment of the greatness to which she would be called by her resistance to Rome, the wife of Robert Cromwell bore to him a child, who was to do more than any of his contemporaries in accelerating this glorious destiny. He was named Oliver, and was christened on the 29th of the same month. This is the little boy of whom we have already spoken. The family possessed certain lands round Huntingdon, producing a revenue of about £300 a-year, equivalent, perhaps, to £1000 of our present money.

" Oliver was four years old when the shouts of a magnificent hunting-party re-echoed along the banks of the Ouse. On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 23rd of April, 1603, a royal train, hounds, horses, and cavaliers, approached the green lawns and winding avenues of elder and willow trees that lead to the manor house. King James, son of the unhappy Mary Stuart, was coming from the north to take possession of the English crown. The royal visit to Hinchbrook-House must have been a great treat for little Oliver. He was an active and resolute boy, but his quarrel and battle with young Prince Charles, then Duke of York, is probably a fable. The king arrived on Wednesday, and set off again on Friday, Sir Oliver giving him costly presents at his departure.

" Amid such scenes as these, young Oliver grew up to manhood in the bosom of an austere family, and at a time when the North seemed to be preparing for a struggle with the South,—Great Britain and Scandinavia against Rome and Spain. The intrigues of the Jesuits, the tendency of the Anglican party which was ere long to muster under the banner of Laud, the power of the word of God, these were the engrossing subjects of thought and conversation, in the midst of which the child increased in strength in this rural solitude.

In 1616, Oliver at the age of sixteen, quitted the banks of the Ouse and the home of his boyhood, for the University of Cambridge, about fifteen miles from Huntingdon. He was entered at Sydney Sussex College on the festival of the Annunciation. Cromwell, it is true, never had any pretensions to learning, but he was far from being so deficient in this respect as has been represented. He possessed a familiar acquaintance with the historians of Greece and Rome, and on one occasion in particular, he conversed in Latin with a foreign ambassador.

" In the year 1617, when only eighteen years old, he lost his father. In the same year, died his grandfather, Steward, at Ely, and his mother saw herself at once fatherless and a widow, left with six daughters and an only son. Oliver returned no more to Cambridge, but took his father's place at Huntingdon. A few months later he proceeded to London to gain some knowledge of law.

" Among the families he visited in London was Sir James Bourchier's. This gentleman had a daughter, Elizabeth, to whom, on the 22nd of August, 1620, at twenty-one years of age, Oliver was married at St. Giles's church, Cripplegate. He immediately returned with his wife to Huntingdon, and settled down in the mansion of his fathers. Cromwell busied himself in farming and in industrial and social duties, living as his father before him had done. But he was also occupied with other matters. Oliver became a Christian in earnest. He now zealously attended the Puritan ministry, and chose his friends from among the nobility and gentry of his neighbourhood who held the same opinions. He became intimate with Hampden and Pym, with the lords Brooke,

Say, and Montague. Almost all the serious thought of England was then Puritan. Events were now becoming more serious every day, and thick clouds were already gathering over the people and the throne. The accession of Charles I. had been hailed with pleasure. His morals were virtuous; and what might not the nation hope from a prince only twenty-five years old? But when the king gave England a queen in the person of Henrietta of France, the affection that had been entertained for him immediately cooled. Nor was it without a cause. In the marriage contract, drawn up under the eyes of the Pope, there were several clauses favourable to the Romish faith. Henrietta arrived in London fortified by the instructions of Mother Magdalen, of St. Joseph, a Carmelite nun, and under the direction of Father Bercelli, accompanied by twelve priests of the congregation of the Oratory. These, having been sent back to France, were soon replaced by twelve Capuchin friars. Henrietta, a worthy pupil of her native court, wished to make everything bend to her religion and her humour, and her followers desired to celebrate their worship in all its splendour.

"The storm was gathering, and the horizon of England became more gloomy every day. On the 11th of February the House of Commons resolved itself into a grand committee of religion, in which one of the new members, Oliver, then thirty years of age, rose to speak for the first time. All eyes were turned upon him, and the House listened to him with attention. He wore a plain cloth suit which seemed to have been made by a bad country tailor, his linen was not of the purest white, his ruffles were old fashioned, his hat was without a band; his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance was swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, but his delivery was warm and animated; his frame, although exceeding the middle height, strong and well proportioned; he had a manly air, a stern look, a bright and sparkling eye.

"Certain ecclesiastics were then gaining notoriety by their zeal in forwarding, within the pale of the Church, the power of the king and the doctrines of Rome. Cromwell complained that the bishops permitted, and even recommended, the preaching of 'flat Popery.' 'If these are the steps to church preferment,' exclaimed he, 'what are we to expect?' '*What are we to expect?*' asked Oliver; and this was, in truth, the great question of the age. **THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF POPERY WAS THE OBJECT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AND CROMWELL'S FIRST PUBLIC WORDS WERE AGAINST IT.** He then set up the landmark which determined and traced out the course he had resolved to follow until his death. He was faithful to this one idea, which he proclaimed upon the house-top. And yet it is this man, so decided, so open, who has been termed a hypocrite! History was never guilty of a greater error.

"The agitation of England continued to increase. Charles was endeavouring to dispense with a parliament, and to govern his kingdom by drawing more or less near to France and Spain. Laud,

Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England, to whom Rome had offered a cardinal's hat, restored many of the practices and ceremonies of Popery. THE COMMUNION TABLE WAS REPLACED BY AN ALTAR, RAISED ON SEVERAL STEPS, AT THE EAST END OF THE CHURCH; THE CRUCIFIX, PICTURES, AND TAPESTRIES WERE RESTORED; AND THE OFFICIATING CLERGY, IN GAUDY DRESSES, MADE GENUFLEXIONS BEFORE THE ALTAR, AFTER THE ROMISH CUSTOM."

How strikingly similar are the present attempts to introduce Romanism into the Church of England; and how singular is the rise of that determined, resolute, and unbending spirit that now, in our day, rejects with scorn any advances towards a similar tendency!

"The middle classes," continues our author, "took the alarm. Associations were formed for the propagation of the Gospel; funds were raised to send preachers into various places, where it would be their duty not only to proclaim Jesus Christ, but to combat the popish superstitions under which it was now attempted to reduce the nation.

"Prynne, a very remarkable man, was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. The first crime that he committed, and for which he lost his ears, was his having published a work entitled 'Histriomastix;' 'The Players' Scourge,' directed against all stage plays, masques, dances, and masquerades. The king and queen were fond of masques, and dances, and Henrietta of France often won loud applause in the court theatricals. Prynne was accordingly accused by Laud of sedition. His second crime was a work against the hierarchy of the Church. As he had already lost his ears by the first sentence, the stumps on this occasion were literally sawn off. Dr. Bostwick also was condemned to suffer by this arbitrary court. As he ascended the scaffold on which he was to suffer mutilation, his wife rushed up to him, and kissed the ears he was about to lose. Upon her husband exhorting her not to be frightened, she made answer,—'Farewell, my dearest; be of good comfort. I am nothing dismayed.' The surrounding crowd manifested their sympathy by loud acclamations. When everything seemed to announce that the Protestants of England would ere long be trampled down by Popery or massacred by the sword, the Huntingdonshire yeoman, who had given the Commons some proof of his eloquence, was about to astonish the army still more by his courage and genius. The fervent orator was now to show himself a skilful general, and to become one of the greatest statesmen of modern times.

"On the 7th of February, Cromwell contributed £300—a large sum for his fortune—towards the salvation of Protestantism and of England. He then joined the Parliamentary army with his two sons, respectively twenty and sixteen years of age, and shortly after raised two companies of volunteers at Cambridge. On the 23rd

of October, 1642, the battle of Edgehill was fought, the indecisive result of which filled London with alarm. It was, perhaps, on this occasion that Cromwell lost his eldest son. On the 18th of June a skirmish of cavalry took place some few miles from Oxford. Here perished Hampden, Oliver's cousin. There was no officer of the army who braved danger with greater intrepidity than Cromwell. In the very heat of the action he preserved an admirable presence of mind. He led his soldiers up to within a few paces of the enemy, and never allowed them to fire until their shots were sure to take effect. 'His actions,' said Chateaubriand, 'had all the effect and rapidity of lightning.' At the same time he maintained the strictest discipline in the army. There was a certain invincibility in his genius, like the new ideas of which he was the champion. Such was Oliver in the midst of battle."

On the 14th of June the decisive battle of Naseby, so fatal to the Royalists, took place. The king fought desperately, but lost his private cabinet of papers and letters, which was sent to London, where it was carefully examined by the Parliament. In it they found the clearest proofs of his simulation and false dealing. By his deception Charles had forfeited the respect of many who were desirous to maintain the dignity of the throne, and from this period no hope remained.

We next come to the terrible episode of Cromwell and Ireton in disguise at the Blue Boar in Holborn, and their discovery of the king's treacherous letter, concealed in the lining of the saddle:—

"The impatient generals withdrew to a private room, and opened the letter. 'Be quite easy,' wrote the king, 'as to the concessions I may grant. When the time comes, I shall know very well how to treat these rogues; and instead of a silken garter, I will fit them with a hempen halter.' Ireton and Cromwell looked at each other. This, then, was what they had to expect from Charles. With perfidious hand he himself had rent the compact which united him to England."

The two chiefs left the Blue Boar, and rode hastily back to Windsor. From this time the separation between Charles and the future Protector was complete. Cromwell had desired to save the King, and that, too, at the very moment the latter designed to hang him. "Alas! it was the unfortunate Stuart who was caught in the snare he was laying for others. *'He that diggeth a pit, shall fall into it; and whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him.'* Such is the language of God's word."

The great historian of the Reformation then goes on to speak of the Irish Rebellion, and Cromwell's campaign in

Ireland, which are described briefly but graphically; followed by the Scotch campaign, and a powerful outline of the moral and political status of England under the Protector's sway.

"The superior morality which characterised England, showed itself abroad by incontestible proofs. The English nation, which under the first two Stuarts, foreigners had begun to regard as pusillanimous, suddenly displayed the most striking valour, both by land and sea. 'His maintaining the honour of the nation in all foreign countries,' says Burnet, 'gratified the vanity which is very natural to Englishmen. He was so very careful of it, that though he was not a crowned head, yet his ambassadors had all respect paid them, that our kings' ambassadors ever had.' The admiration was general. 'Cromwell,' says an historian, 'appeared like a blazing star raised up by Providence to exalt this nation to a distinguished pitch of glory, and to strike terror into the rest of Europe.' Cromwell was the great obstacle which, in the 17th century, that epoch of the victories of Rome, opposed the encroachments of Popery. While the Protector made war upon Spain, he was in reality fighting against Rome. This he did in England most effectually by the developement of the evangelical spirit. But he did not confine himself to this nation; he spread the terror of the English name over all Italy, even to Rome itself; the alarmed citizens, every moment expecting the arrival of Blake and his twenty-four ships, hastily put Civita Vecchia in a state of defence. At the same time, processions were made in the pontifical city, and the host was exposed for forty hours, to avert the judgment of heaven and preserve the patrimony of St. Peter. Cromwell was fighting the great battle against the papacy and royalty of the middle ages; the greatest that history has had to describe since the establishment of Christianity and the struggle of the Reformation. The result of this battle was, the deliverance of the present age and of ages yet to come. Without Cromwell, humanely speaking, liberty would have been lost, not only to England but to Europe."

And has Europe no lesson to learn from the great Puritan statesman? That politician must be shallow indeed, who does not discern the inevitable result of two systems so diametrically opposed, as false and true Christianity. True religion has ever, by a natural process, produced a corresponding political course of action, moulding alike state-manship and states, into what is open, free, and progressive. False religion, too, has eventuated in its own peculiar policy; narrow, bigoted and repressive. Silence is its dwelling-place, and the tomb its prison. And what was the secret of Cromwell's uniform victories over the brave and high spirited gentry of England? Let us hear the Protector himself, addressing his cousin, the celebrated Hampden: "I raised

such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did, and from that day forward they were never beaten." Here was the history of the great victories, won by christian resolution, over all the fire and all the magnificent impulse of the spirit of the mediæval chivalry. It was the spirit of the martyr, changed from endurance to action. And here, we would notice an observation that has been made, in connection with a true national army; which during the last three centuries she has never possessed, so unequal have been, and are still, the upper and lower members of the military profession: it is a passage pregnant with prophetic warning of no little forecast.

"The day must come," says the writer, "when the pith of the middle classes will be absorbed into our military system. Nor is it improbable that that period may be accelerated by the banded efforts of despotic Europe against the religious liberties of this country. England may expect collisions abroad, arising from the spirit of religious persecution; nay, she may even have to encounter them at home. Then will men like these—men of the mould of Cromwell's troopers—be the great instrument, by which the fierce aggressive spirit will be kept down, or for ever, ever broken. Then, nay now, let our military authorities beware of any attempt to force the conscience of the christian soldier. That would awake a redoubtable organization, which, having its centre in the Commons and the civil power, would take from the ruling powers their control of that magnificent instrument, never again to be intrusted to them.

"It is difficult for England, even in the full blaze of knowledge, with all the aid of science, of literature, and of civilization, to comprehend fully, the obligations we owe to Cromwell. It was not that he laid down rules applicable to a special object; it was not that he worked out the broad lines of what was best in legislation, commerce, or religion; his was no such fixed and irrevocable scheme. The grand motive power which he rescued from obscurity, was an agency partaking in no degree of such cramped, measured and mechanical appliances. It was not the stately temple that he would rear—it was not the graceful statue that he would exhibit! It was a glorious living principle that he inaugurated in England's realm of intellectuality and manly vigour. It was an ever living teacher, skilled in all the paths of knowledge, and all the recondite love of an imperishable philosophy, It was the germ of immortal life, brought to quicken the dulness of humanity. It was 'the great teacher sent from God.' Here then, around this divine instructor, were grouped the children of God, the offspring of science, the progeny of literature and of commerce. At the feet of this mighty Gamaliel, sat the aspirants for knowledge, immortality, eternal life. Can we wonder at the progress of pupils under such

a master. 'Do it with all thy might,' said the GREAT MASTER, and it was well done."\*

Let us never forget, that it is to the great Puritan that we are, at the present hour, indebted for the victories by which the LAW OF FREEDOM was wrested from Italian despotism, and for ever secured to ourselves and our children.

"Oliver," says D'Aubigné, "accomplished an immense work for his times: and England should now raise to him a monument—a triumphal arch—with this inscription,

TO THE FOUNDER OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY."

- ART. II.—1. *The Handwriting on the Wall: a Story.* By EDWIN ATHERSTONE, Author of the "Fall of Nineveh," &c. 3 Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1858.
2. *The Poor Relation: a Novel.* By Miss PARDOE, Author of the "Life of Marie de Medicis," &c., &c. 3 Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

IN this fiction-loving age it is fortunate, indeed, when those who delight in this kind of reading can meet with two such works as those mentioned at the head of this article—the one gorgeous with oriental splendour, the other rich in practical truths, and adapted to the less dazzling prospect of every-day life in our western isle.

We shall begin with the "Handwriting on the Wall." The very title thrills us with expectation; for it is impossible not to guess at once to what handwriting it alludes, and on what thunder-shaken wall that handwriting shone. It was a bold idea when the author took pen in hand to write a "Story," on a subject which it is impossible, even at this distance of time, to read, or to hear read, without an emotion of awe. But, as if inspired by the very sublimity and difficulty of the theme, the author has risen above the difficulties of the task, and given to the reading world a tale of breathless interest.

Though the story occupies three volumes, yet it narrates only the events of three days. And what three days are those!—the two which precede the fall of Babylon, and the eventful one in which Belshazzar loses his kingdom and his life. Every character in the wondrous drama has an interest of its own; every incident is a link in the chain of those events which

"Caste and Christianity." By Temple Christian Faber. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row, London.



are to lead to the conquest of the great city, and the downfall of her tyrannical ruler. Let us introduce to our readers some of those whose fortunes we must pursue until the close of the strange eventful history. The story thus commences :—

“On the seventeenth day of the month Sivan,\* and in the year five hundred and thirty-eight before Christ, two travellers were journeying over the immense and fertile plain in which stood then, in all her glory, the proud and mighty city of Babylon. To a spectator of that day their appearance would have instantly denoted them to be of the despised and long-oppressed people of Israel.

“Their dress consisted of a vest of thin white cotton; an undergarment, of cotton also, for the lower limbs, extending from the loins to the ankles; a loose tunic of the same cool material, descending to the knees, and girded round the waist by a belt of white leather, secured by clasps of brass; a cap somewhat resembling the modern turban; and boots, originally of a soft pale-coloured leather, turned up at the toe, and reaching above the calf of the leg. In two small bags of leopard skin, which at present hung upon the left arm of the younger traveller, were two ample cloaks of fine white wool, ready for use, should occasion call; a couple of bottles, formed of goat-skins, for carrying such liquids as might be obtained by the way, and dried fruits, which they had that morning purchased from the husbandman, in whose humble abode they had passed the night. But, with long travel, their garments were soiled and worn, and might easily have been taken to denote that the wearers were of a very lowly class, had not the aspect and manners of the men hinted the probability that such attire was less suited to their station than to their convenience and security as travellers.

“There was, in those days, little law to protect the wayfarer. Organized bands of robbers, and groups of wandering soldiers, fell remorselessly, as the hawk on the dove, upon travellers whose appearance indicated the possession of anything worth the trouble of taking it from them.

“Yet, unless confident in great superiority of numbers, or of weapons, few would have ventured openly to confront the two men who now, at slow pace, toiled on beneath a sunshine like a bath of fire. The long grey beard of the elder man; the furrowed face, grave and noble; the somewhat stooping figure, still tall, though bent now, perhaps as much with weariness as with age,—told that he had at least reached, if not passed, his seventieth year. Fatigue and the excessive heat caused large drops of sweat to trickle down his face. His eye was anxious, and, when not bent on the ground, was fixed on the sky-shooting summit of Babel’s tower, crowned by the colossal gilded statue of Baal, which alone, of all the mighty city, had for hours past been visible. Heavily he leaned on his

---

\* Corresponding to portions of our May and June.

staff; stopped now and then, as if unable to proceed; and lifting his cap from his grey head, yet holding it so as still to shade him from the fiery beams, appeared to be marvelling if the customary cooler air of declining day would never come to their relief. Slowly again then dragged he on his wearied limbs. At long intervals only did he utter a word; and feeble, indeed, would have been all the resistance which he could have made, against even the puniest robber of the way.

"But of other sort was his companion. Some twenty-five years would have summed his age. His stature was not absolutely gigantic, but by head and neck would have overtopped the common height of men. Broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and large of limb, he might have appeared one of that heroic race of the days of old, before the sweep of whose sword men fell in battle, like corn before the sickle of the reaper. But the mind, that looked out through the expression of his face, was not that of one who delights in war, either for the gratification of animal propensities, or for the glory, the pomp, or the power that may attend the successful hero. The long waving locks that fell beneath his cap, the short, thick, curling beard, were black as midnight. His large dark eyes were brilliant, yet mild. His complexion, naturally pale, was now, from long travel under a burning sky, flushed, like a white cloud touched by a red sunbeam of evening. His countenance habitually expressed thoughtfulness and gentleness, yet strength and majesty. The lion-heart, indeed, was within, and had at times irresistibly impelled him to action. Yet this had been, when the nobler human feelings had stirred up into flame the fire that usually slept, cooled—nay, almost extinguished—by lofty thoughts and holy feelings. He had, it is true, voluntarily entered the army of Cyrus, and, in the heat of battle, had made himself terrible to the enemy; but he had done this partly because of the high veneration which the fine nature of Cyrus—as seen in his actions, and widely bruited abroad—had excited within him; and partly—nay, chiefly—because in that great, though still religiously unenlightened man, he beheld the instrument appointed by God, and ages before predicted—nay, even distinctly named—by the inspired prophet of Israel as the overthrower of the Babylonish tyranny, the scourge of her wickedness, and the deliverer of the chosen people from their long, and, alas! too well merited captivity!"

Thus commences this extraordinary work. Who would imagine the scenes of gorgeous magnificence, the horrible tyranny, which are yet to be unrolled? Who would believe that these two wayfarers, so quietly wending their steps towards Babylon, were journeying from Jerusalem, laden with gold and jewels, hidden in their vestments? Who would imagine that on that very day they had, "while riding abreast, and gently discoursing together," been surprised by

the sudden attack of two lions, who had, with roars like thunder, dashed upon their noble steeds, and at once begun to devour them? Zadoc, the old man, believed himself lost; but "suddenly, however, the noise ceased; the tearing claws relaxed; the jaws were motionless; the fire of the eyes went out; the great lion rolled loosely from his prey, and lay still as though he had been a month dead." This had been effected by Michael, who, a descendant of Samson, and wearing the sword of that man of renown, had availed himself of that potent arm and his own strength, to smite the lions on the back-bone, and thus destroy them, and liberate his uncle and himself from the danger which menaced their lives.

As we have seen, the aged traveller had cast his eyes on the lofty tower in Shinar's plain; and they were dragging on their weary way, when another adventure assailed them. The whirlwind from the desert came rushing on, and, for awhile, they had to combat with this new adversary; but in less than an hour the furious gale had passed, and again they had pursued their way, until, on gaining the height of an eminence, the old man for the first time beheld the doomed city, then in all its pristine glory and dazzling with majestic beauty, at that moment lighted up with the rich splendour of the declining sun.

But we should first explain the cause of this perilous journey. It had been occasioned by an act of tyranny and extortion on the part of a lord of the court, who, according to custom, had had recourse to tyranny and injustice in order to replenish his coffers.

"Extortions of money, enforced by imprisonment and by torture, were openly practised; not by the despot king alone, but by the lords, and the rulers, and the dependants of the court. For the enslaved Jews there was no law in Babylon, or but the mockery of law. To a particular quarter of the city were their habitations confined, and their oppressors knew always where to find them. For the profit of their tyrants, more than for their own, were they permitted to follow the trades or occupations by which wealth might be obtained. They were regarded as a hive of bees, which are encouraged—nay, assisted—to work; yet merely that they may lay up the greater store of honey for their owner, whensoever he may choose to rob them of it. It was an occasion of such kind, that had taken the heroic young Israelite from Babylon, on that journey from which he was now returning. A certain lord of the city, who, in luxury and debauchery, had wasted his substance, had seized the person of his aged and infirm father, had chained him in a noisome dungeon, and demanded for his ransom a price

which, without utter ruin to themselves, the family could not pay. In the desolate city of Jerusalem still dwelt, unnoticed, a few of the despised people of Israel, and among them was a brother of the imprisoned man. He was known by his relatives in Babylon to be both wealthy and good; and to him, therefore, had they anxiously looked for aid."

The reply to the application had been a prompt and willing assent, for Zadoc felt grieved for the sufferers, and was indignant at the oppression.

"I will go with thee, Michael," had been the reply. "I am rich, and my days now can be but few; all that I possess will I exchange for jewels and for gold; and the cunning of the tyrants shall not discover the place wherein they shall be hidden. Thy father shall come forth from his prison, and I will abide with you, and that which is mine shall be yours also. Never yet have mine eyes beheld that mighty and wicked city, Babylon. I will look upon her; I will behold her in all her pomp, and her pride; for the day of her desolation cometh upon her, even as a thief in the night."

He does look upon the wondrous city, and is overwhelmed by the associations called up in his mind by the sight of the tower of Babel, and the architectural beauties which delight the eye.

"He stood up, and again looked forth upon the unequalled spectacle. One glance his eye unwillingly cast upon the brain-oppressing Babel; then wandered delightedly, as over a great sea of majestic architecture, over palace, tower, and temple; wide streets, running straight as the arrow's course, from north to south, from west to east; vast squares, gardens, and throngs of umbrageous trees, all loaded with golden light, and girding in the whole the tower-crowned walls like huge sea-cliffs, on whose giddy top might even then be seen the flash of chariot wheels careering, and the bright glitter of men clothed in mail of brass and of steel. To the north, what seemed as a ribbon of pale blue light, came from a distance over the plain, and disappeared as it touched the wall; to the south, right opposite, it appeared again as from the wall, and wandered far over the level lands till lost in distance."

This blue ribbon, which is the proud Euphrates, together with the different edifices, absorb his attention; until on a sudden, just as he is marvelling how this mighty city could be smitten down, his eye is arrested by the army of Cyrus encamped before it: he exclaims,—

"And look, Michael, look! verily till this moment I saw them not; so did yon great city steal away mine eyes. Look at the mighty armament that standeth against it, that seemeth to have compassed it as with a net! Look at the trenches dug before it,

as for graves unto the heathen! Look at the tents, thousands upon thousands, whence will go forth the armies, like clouds of locusts for their multitude! Behold, like a broad river of bright steel and brass, where the cavalry cometh on from the south! The earth shaketh beneath the stamping of their hoofs! Their ensigns are as flame; their spear-points are thick as a host of glittering stars! Hark to the neighing of their horses, as if they smelt the battle! Hark to the clamour of their trumpets, that call as though the would awaken the dead, or bring down yonder huge walls to the ground, even as fell down before Joshua the wall of Jericho at the blowing of the rams' horns!"

And then the excited old man bursts forth into exclamations of thankfulness, and belief in deliverance of his persecuted race, and the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem. But now let us pursue our way to the camp itself, whither Michael is bound, wishing to see again the mighty man whose life he had once saved in battle. Having enquired the way to the royal pavilion, and been informed—

"The travellers returned thanks, and went onward, hearing all around a vast hum of voices, and through the brief, fast-waning twilight beholding groups of soldiers who stood in talk together, or sauntered along in the enjoyment of the cooler air. 'May we not be in peril among these rough men?' said Zadoc, in a low tone. 'Methinks I have heard that the soldier in the darkness is not always better companion than the robber in mid-day.' 'Have thou no fear,' Michael replied. 'Against the soldiers of any other general caution could not be too active and ceaseless; but under Cyrus the moral discipline is exercised not less than that of the body. Though he knoweth not himself the laws and the worship of the only true God, yet is the love of virtue, of all that is noble in conduct, a principle of his very being; and that which is a law to himself he striveth to make the law of conduct unto all. Touching the soldiery of the many nations now bound together under his single rule, I would not indeed aver that every man would be obedient to the moral as to the military authority of this great prince, since fewer have been the opportunities, and much shorter the time, for due instruction; but for the soldiers of his country, Persia, and among those only shall we be this night, for from the cedar-hill I beheld the pavilion of the prince, and thitherward directed our course,—for the soldiers of Persia, I say boldly, not a lie, not a theft, not an act of drunkenness, throughout this camp, wouldst thou hear of in the course of a moon. This great moral, as well as military discipline it is, that hath rendered the Persian soldiery irresistible; and thus it is that the virtue of one man createth as it might seem a copy of that virtue in the minds of myriads; even as the light of one great lamp shineth in the eyes and directeth the steps of ten thousand men who might else have wandered in darkness.

Mr. Atherstone has strictly adhered to history in his general descriptions, and all that is said in this most interesting work concerning the riches and beauty of Babylon, is according to the accounts handed down to us by ancient writers, and even in the Bible itself. Nothing can be more conformable to all the notions which we have ever entertained of the doomed city, the sometime wonder of the ancient world, for its majestic architecture and its pleasant places, and now long the wonder of the modern world, first, as to its whereabouts, and next for the literal fulfilment of its doom. But there is one thing concerning which some readers are inclined to be extremely discontented with our author, and that is for the manner in which he has portrayed Cyrus, the conqueror of so many nations, the predestined destroyer of the Babylonian Empire; but, in our own opinion, this is one of the greatest beauties of the work before us, and by choosing to represent Cyrus in his every day character, as a model of cheerful good humour, noble simplicity, and excellent sense, he has done much more wisely than if he had represented him with the air of a hero of tragedy, too dignified to be approached, and too much enveloped in state to be interesting. It is, we think, very pleasant to meet again our old acquaintances, Cyrus, Croesus, Tigranes, and also Gobryas and Gadates in such pleasant moods, and divested of all the 'cumbersome pomp' which once surrounded them in our recollections. We will give the description of Cyrus in his tent ere we hurry forward to the magnificent palaces of Babylon.

"Unlike the watch that would have guarded the tent of a despot, amid soldiers who loved him not, the sentries round the pavilion of Cyrus were few and unsuspicious. The travellers were readily permitted to pass the door of the tent. Beside it stood two soldiers resting each his hand upon his spear; and to them Michael addressed himself, 'Let it be said to prince Cyrus, that Michael, the son of Adad, craveth to stand before him.' No reply was made; but one of the soldiers drew aside the curtain of the tent, and gave the message to a man who stood within. Almost instantly the attendant returned and desired the travellers to enter. The tent, brilliantly lighted by lamps fed with naphtha, was spacious enough, it seemed, to give ample room for two hundred men, or more; but at that moment its occupants were some six or seven only, seated in two groups at separate tables. No time, however, was permitted the visitors for more particular observation since their attention was immediately attracted by the entrance, through a curtain at the farther extremity of the tent, of a man who, though most plain in his military habiliments, bore on his countenance, in his form,

in his every movement, the attestation that he was one of Nature's kings. In person, he was tall and finely proportioned, and looked still active and strong, though threescore years had passed over him; his long hair, and beard of rich auburn, were as yet scarcely touched by the grey of time; and his large full eyes were bright and clear as dark sapphire. The commanding figure, the noble face, the lofty crown, the dome-like brow, the rich-toned voice, deep, strong, yet musical; the beaming eye, the eloquent-seeming lip, all struck upon the enthusiastic mind of Zadoc a conviction, that he beheld then really before him the man pre-ordained of God, and by Israel's prophets foretold, as the conqueror of the wicked city and the deliverer of the chosen people."

The reception of Michael by Cyrus was worthy of them both: and now we find ourselves in company with Crœsus, the Lydian king, much happier, as the friend and companion of Cyrus, than he had ever found himself when on the throne and possessed of unbounded riches. Tigranes and others welcome the travellers, and much confidential conversation takes place in the inner tent between Cyrus and Michael. We cannot enter into all the details of this wonderful story; but the interest is much heightened by the perils which surround Naomi and Ruth, the young and beautiful grand-daughter of Zedekiah, the captive king of Jerusalem, who had died at Babylon. Naomi is betrothed to Michael, and Ruth to Araspes, a young lord of Sardis, whose love for Ruth still detains him at Babylon; but not having, as yet, renounced his pagan errors, the marriage is delayed, until he shall become a believer in the God of Israel. Unhappily for all the lovers, the fame of the beauty of Naomi and Ruth reaches the ears of Belshazzar; and forthwith, in spite of their own prayers and tears, and the remonstrances of the virtuous and excellent Nitocris, the Queen Mother, the beautiful maidens are conveyed to his palace, where they are strictly confined, and pass the hours in dread and tearful forebodings. Nor were those forebodings vain. Naomi is lured by a stratagem to the chamber of the King, who, enraged at her persistence in refusing to become his concubine, tells her that Michael is at that moment chained in the river vault, and that on the morrow he was to be roasted alive, unless she averted his fate. Naomi, still trusting in the God of her fathers, resolutely refuses to accede to the wishes of the sensual tyrant, who, mad with anger,

"sprang towards her, and grasped her by the left hand. In a moment the dagger gleamed over his head; in another moment would it have fallen; but, suddenly, a look of terror inexpressible

shot over his face; his eye-balls started and stared, yet not at the dagger; he saw it not: he saw no longer the hand that grasped it; on something behind that threatening form his look was fixed: his face grew pale as the dead: he shrank together like a leaf before the fire: he howled like the dying dog, in his last feeble cry; and at last dropped to the floor, collapsed and helpless as a corpse drops from the gallows when the rope has been cut. Naomi sheathed her dagger; stooped, took from his vest the key; unlocked the door; drew it wide; and sent forth her voice; 'Help! help! the king is smitten with sickness.' Doors flew open; in rushed the attendants; they raised the seemingly lifeless body from the floor; they laid it on the bed; they sent for the royal physician."

And while they were occupied in restoring the king to life, Naomi pursues her way at all risks, determined to discover the river-vault where Michael is confined. Thanks to the assistance of Obal, a Phrygian soldier, whose life he had saved, Naomi is brought to her lover; and on being informed of the infamously treacherous conduct of Belshazzar in having put to death the fifty Jews, for whose safety he had delivered himself up, Michael no longer refuses to accept his liberty; but wrenching the staple from the wall, he gathers up his fetters, and leaving the dungeon, floats himself down the river in a boat, until safe beyond the walls of Babylon, he springs on shore, and directs his steps to the Persian camp, while Naomi, protected by the soldier, regains the chamber where her sister is anxiously awaiting her return.

It had been arranged that the family of Michael should escape to the Persian camp, and that Michael should meet them and conduct them to the tent of Cyrus; they, not knowing of the circumstances which had occurred during the day, arrive at the gate at midnight, and are met by a small troop of soldiers, who silently take charge of the party, and lead them on their way. We will extract the account of this midnight escape, as it appears to us very interesting, and in some parts graphic.

"In total silence proceeded the little troop of soldiers and those whom they conducted; till, having reached the Ninian gate, crossed the city trench, and passed also the trench of the besiegers by the moveable bridge, which had been left prepared for them, they felt that it was no longer necessary for them to be mute. In low tones, nevertheless, it was that he who walked beside Miriam first broke the silence.

" 'A grief to the sister of Michael must it be,' he said, 'that her noble brother meeteth her not this night: and a heavy grief to



me is it, that so sad a cause for his absence must be made known to her.'

"Miriam started and stopped. 'Tell me not that aught ill hath befallen him,' she said; 'for if so, then hath a false voice spoken within my soul, as never before hath it been with me. But, be it what it may, at once let me hear the worst.'

" 'Thou hast heard, doubtless,' proceeded the man, 'that the tyrant threatened death to fifty of your people, if, before sunset of this day past, thy brother should not be delivered up to his officers.'

" 'I heard it,' said Miriam, shuddering.

" 'Michael also heard it,' resumed the man, 'and straightway went and surrendered himself.'

" 'Thou knowest more than this,' said Miriam, after a brief pause; 'tell me all.'

" 'Need it be asked,' returned he, 'what would be the sentence of Belshazzar on the man whom he hated?'

" 'Then hath he been condemned?' asked Miriam, beginning to totter.

" 'Lean on my arm, and make thy heart strong,' said the man, hastily drawing near, and taking her by the hand; 'for much is yet the hope for him.'

" But more and more she staggered; and at length, from beneath her cloak, the great sword dropped to the ground.

" 'Sister of the heroic Michael, call up thy soul;' said the man, supporting her in his arms. 'I knew not that a spirit so delicate could belong to one of his house, or, if possible, I would have kept this from thee. But thou knowest now the worst, even as thou didst require of me; learn now the better part. Letters from Cyrus, and from Cræsus, king of Lydia, have been sent to Belshazzar, such as may make him fear to do the wrong he hath threatened; and at sunrise will there be a thundering at his gates, and a thick hail of stones upon the city, that will draw away his thoughts from private mischief. And if for but two days his hand can be thus held back, be thou sure that Cyrus will stay it for ever, and that a great day for your people will then come. Rouse thyself, therefore, Miriam, and let us go forward; else, when they find thee not with them, may thy parents be troubled.'

" 'I am strong again,' said Miriam, releasing herself gently from his arms, and looking toward heaven; 'for I feel that the hand of God is over us, and that Michael will yet be free. Like a heavy blow fell thy words upon me: but the voice speaketh again in my soul; and I *know* that he will arise, even as a tall cedar from the blast of the wind. Let us on.' She stooped after she had thus spoken, and lifted the fallen sword.

" 'Somewhat of weight thou carriest,' said the man, looking at the dark bag; 'permit that I bear it for thee.'

" 'Heavier will it be felt by those on whom it shall fall;' replied she. 'It is the weapon of our mighty ancestor.'

" 'The sword of Samson?' exclaimed the man: 'then fitter for my hand than for thine; though for mine also as unfit, compared with the gigantic arm of thy brother.' He took it from her hand and they went on.

" 'Much have we longed for this terrible scythe,' said he, 'knowing how it would mow down the tyrant's thickest corn; but Michael knew not how it might be brought hither, seeing that all of your house had fled; and that deadly would be the risk should he himself venture into the city. Can thy feeble strength have accomplished the task?'

" 'I felt in my soul,' replied she, 'and in a dream his own voice told me, that at my hand did he look to have it; and I went therefore alone, trusting in God, and brought it from the house.'

" 'A great spirit indeed thou hast,' said he; 'and in honour wilt thou be held by thy brother, and by all who hear of thy act.'

" 'And yet,' returned she, 'much more do I tremble to appear in the presence of Cyrus, than when I walked alone in peril of enemies.'

" 'But wherefore tremble before *him*?' said the man, with a gentle laugh. 'Surely thou hast not heard from Michael, that his aspect, or his voice, or his demeanour, have in them aught to terrify the good and the gentle! Believe me, thou wilt have no more fear before him than before me.'

" 'But as the man appointed by God,' replied Miriam, 'foretold ages since, by our prophets, as the destined overthrower of this wicked Babylon, and the deliverer of Israel from bondage,—as such can I not appear before him, as I might before even the greatest of mere earthly kings; for to me there must ever be about him a glory rather of heaven than of this world.'

" 'Why the good gods bless thee, thou little enthusiast!' exclaimed he, stopping, and looking on her with a smile which, in the faint moonlight, seemed to her like that of a somewhat young and even beautiful man, 'at this very moment dost thou appear before him; and if any heavenly glory thou seest about him, trust me, fair Miriam, 'tis but the light cast on him from thyself.'"

The fair and gentle Miriam is evidently much surprised at finding in her conductor the hero of whom she had spoken so warmly. We are not told that she was disappointed, but she certainly feels herself checked for the moment, as we are told that after this unexpected revelation,

"Miriam drew back, and for awhile remained unable to speak. 'Thou, Cyrus?' she said, at length, in voice little more than a whisper; 'do not mock me. Would Cyrus himself have come, and at such late hour, to conduct humble people as we are? Make not thy sport of me!'

" 'Ever have I found, Miriam,' replied he, 'that the good are alway, in their own esteem, the humble; but, more wisely judged, they are the truly great. Cyrus, be sure, doth *himself* honour in

honouring such : and to all of the house of that noble Michael, to whom he oweth his own life, respect would he render, more than to the children of kings who had not his royalty of nature. Give me then thy hand my brave-hearted Miriam,' added he with a gentle laugh, 'and let me swear upon it—sealing the oath with this kiss—that he I am whom men call Cyrus; he whose life thy brother saved in battle, and who in turn, to save him, will cheerfully put it again in peril; he who commandeth the armies now threatening this great Babylon; and haply he who is destined to overthrow it. As thy brother's friend, therefore, put thou thy fair hand upon mine arm, and let us onward; and be but thou to me as a sister, I will ever be to thee as a loving brother. Some glory rather of heaven than of this world may indeed be thus cast about me.' Seeing that, for the moment, she had no power to speak, he placed her trembling hand upon his arm, and with quicker step than before walked onwards.

" 'Hast thou even yet no word for me?' he said, kindly; and stooping to look in her face, after they had in silence proceeded a few steps. 'What didst thou look to find in Cyrus? A man perchance of more than giant's size? or terrible of aspect, and with a drawn sword ever in his hand? or one who demanded that all should tremble and bow down before him; and with everlasting praise and adulation, worship him as a God? But, believe me, dear Miriam, 'tis the dull fire only that requireth constant fanning.'"—Vol. ii., pp, 223—240.

The remainder of the speech of Cyrus is admirable; but if we dwell much longer on this moonlight walk we shall leave no room for those extracts which we have selected as descriptive of the terrible events of the coming day. The surprised and timid Miriam at length finds the power of utterance; and the remainder of the walk is equally interesting, and accompanied by the event of the falling of the statue of Baal from the Tower of Belus. At length they arrive at the royal pavilion, wherein the family of Miriam are already installed, and, ere long, the arrival of Michael completes their satisfaction.

The breathless interest with which we perused the third volume, especially the earlier chapters, is a proof of the author's skill and power. We all know the awful incident of the night which witnessed the overthrow of the proud and beautiful city; yet we read on with palpitating anxiety, shocked at the monstrous cruelties and impieties of the king, and expecting every instant the appearance of the wondrous hand, and the terrific "HANDWRITING ON THE WALL."

It is impossible to reflect on the subject of the work before us without a feeling of shuddering awe, when we consider the power, the riches, the beauty, with which Babylon

was invested ; and which were all overthrown, dispersed, and blighted by a blow so sudden and so terrible. The three causes of God's wrath against this marvel of nations were "her insupportable pride, her inhuman cruelties towards the Jews, and the sacrilegious impiety of her king." In her pride she believed herself to be invincible ; she said in her heart, "I am the queen of nations, and I shall remain so for ever. There is no power equal to mine ; all other powers are either subject, or tributary, or in alliance with me. Eternity is written on my brow, according to the observation of all those that have consulted the stars to know it."

In regard to her cruelty, it is God who thus arraigns it : "I was willing," says God, "to punish my people, as a father chastiseth his children. I sent them for a time into banishment at Babylon, with a design to recall them as soon as they were become more thankful and more faithful. But Babylon and her prince have added to the paternal chastisement which I inflicted, such cruel and inhuman treatment as my clemency abhors. Their design was to destroy, mine was to save ; the banishment they have turned into a severe bondage and captivity, and have shown no compassion or regard either to age, infirmity, or virtue."

Then comes the sacrilegious impiety of her king. To the pride and cruelty of his predecessors, Belshazzar added an impiety that was peculiar to himself. He did not only prefer his false divinities to the true and only God, but fancied that he had vanquished his power because he was possessed of the vessels which had belonged to his worship ; and as if to affront him, he affected to apply those holy vessels to profane uses. This was what completed the measure of God's wrath.

And how magnificent is the denunciation of the prophet Jeremiah against the fated city : "Make bright the arrows, gather the shields," saith the prophet, speaking to the Medes and Persians ; "The Lord hath raised up the spirit of the kings of the Medes, for his device is against Babylon, to destroy it, because it is the vengeance of the Lord, the vengeance of his temple."

Probably it is the knowledge that we possess of all these things which invests the story of the taking of Babylon with such deep interest. We see the whole city mad with the mirth and rejoicing which ever attended the feast of Baal ; we are shocked at the impiety and cruelty of Belshazzar, as demonstrated towards the Jews ; and revolted at the horrible joy of the people ; in expectation of the spectacle promised

them of the death of Michael, whom the king has accused of sorcery, and whose terrible death is to add to the *pleasures* of the day on which they celebrate the feast of Baal. We will now take a page or two from the author's description of those scenes of horrible impiety and reckless tyranny.

"Gloriously rose the sun, on the morn of the nineteenth day of the month Sivan. A pleasant breeze from the north tempered the heat; the river sparkled; leaves and flowers glistened; the early sun seemed to wash all things with gold; with first dawn the city was all astir, for the high festival of Baal had begun: all knew that with greater splendour than ever before would be the feast and the rejoicing, and that at the hour of noon would the chief of the Jewish magicians be burned alive. Also was it known that of that unbelieving people would fifty be brought nigh to the pile; and while they looked upon his torments, and heard his howlings, would be commanded, on pain of death, to bow down and worship before the image of Baal; and that if they refused to worship, then, on the next day, would every man among them be also burned alive: so that a great joyousness was all over the city; and the fearful things of the day past were thought of no more.

"In gayest attire walked the myriads amid the spacious streets and squares. Beneath the shade of trees were there tables, spread with meats, and fruits, and luscious cakes and wines; and every man, and every woman, and every child took free therefrom, as suited appetite; and for the brass, or for the silver, was no one questioned, for from the royal treasures had come payment for the feast throughout all the city. Sounds of music were everywhere about: the timbrel, and the harp, and the cymbals, and the flutes, male and female; and the voices of singing men and of singing women, and sprightly airs, tuning the dancers' feet, and merry voices and laugh, and cheerful cries of children in their sports.

"Gorgeous in garments of many-coloured silk, or of blue linen, wrought in the looms of Tyre, and thickly interwoven with gold; on their heads tiaras of ruby-tinted silk glittering with gold and precious stones; chains of gold and gems around their necks; on their arms bracelets of gold, and gems, and pearls; their eyebrows dyed black; their full beards curled; their hair parted in front, and hanging low behind, in large ringlets; moustaches carefully trimmed, and curled at the ends; jewelled rings in their ears; and carrying betwixt their gem-ringed fingers walking-staffs of rarest wood, surmounted by devices, and sparkling with precious stones,—in such proud guise stalked on the lords and rich merchants of the city, steeping the air with perfume as they moved, and with condescending smiles looking down, on that great holiday, upon the humbler people and their sports. Some, however, of these great ones were there, who, on horses richly caparisoned, rode slowly from street to street, and square to square, looking benignantly around; and some yet prouder, who, in chariots shining with gold,

and with golden trappings on their proud, impatient steeds, drove at easy pace among the multitude, that they might be seen in all the splendour of their state; and in the graciousness of their demeanour, might speak an acknowledgment, that the lowly ones whom they designed to regard were also men, and on that day might be permitted to move on the same ground, and breathe the same air, as themselves."—Vol. ii., pp. 259—261.

Who can read the above description of the pride, the magnificence, and the reckless gaiety of the Babylonians without a feeling of mingled awe and pity—for the reflection will arise, "And on the morrow, where were they?" Their gaiety quenched in tears or hushed in death; their magnificence the prey and the scorn of the foe; their pride trampled in the dust, and lost in humiliation and misery. Then we have an account of the soldiery, who, sharing the moral blindness of their rulers, were equally enjoying the festival, and, careless of the foe, whose near approach they only beheld with derision, yet by whom they were so soon to be vanquished.

"Among the myriads of soldiers who manned the walls, began also, at early morning, the feasting and the sport; and deridingly did they look down on their foes on the plain. In especial, they who from the western battlement looked forth, beheld a stir unwonted: horsemen, bright in scarlet and gold, flying from place to place, and great masses of men blazing in mail of steel and of brass, the heavy tread of whose measured march ascended to the summit of the lofty wall, and seemed to shake the ground. Yet did they but laugh, as they looked down and made of them their jest; for were not the walls like rocks, and the brazen gates against all the might of man, immovable as the hills? Their spears piled up against the wall, their swords unbuckled from their loins, the quiver unslung from their shoulders, their huge bows encased and laid by, and all ceremony of discipline put off till the morrow, joyously turned they to the feast. And of the myriads of soldiers whose stations were below, both near to the walls and in the city's heart, great also was the joyousness; and among the glad multitudes mingled they at will, eating and drinking, and having their sports, even like the rest.

"Over all the city, save in the quarter of the oppressed Jews, was one great voice of revelry. Here and there only might have been seen a solitary, yet dark with the terrors of the day gone by; but among the gay throngs, if for an instant brought to mind, as instantly were they flung aside; for by Jewish magic only had not all been done? And would not, on that day, at noon, their greatest sopher go up in smoke and stench, and all their power thereafter perish? So went on all the people rejoicing; and even yet ere the fourth hour had passed were their faces flushed, and sparkling eyes, and voices loud and fluent, more than in times of soberness."—Vol. ii., pp. 261-262.

As we have seen, Michael had escaped from his dangeon, and with his family was safe in the Persian camp, under the protection of Cyrus; and great was the rage of Belshazzar on finding that his victim had effected his escape. But the convenient charge of sorcery was laid against Michael and his unhappy people, of whom fifty more are to be put to death the next day; and if Michael does not give himself up, two hundred and fifty are to be crucified on the walls of Babylon, that Michael and the Persian army may behold the terrible deed. But the day is passing, and it is time for the king and his court to commence the festival in the palace,—in that hall ere long to be the scene of the awful event recorded in Scripture, and serving as the groundwork of the prose poem we are discussing.

“In the greatness of his glory Belshazzar sat at the feast. In the vast and gorgeous hall of Baal he sat, and with him a thousand of his lords, his ministers, and counsellors, the chief among the Magi, and the captains over his hosts. But not nigh unto the king’s majesty sat these. Against the southern wall, midway ’twixt east and west, a blaze of gold and gems, stood the great throne of state. On a spacious platform of cedar, two cubits high above the floor, and covered with a thick carpet of purple cloth interwoven with gold, did it stand. And in front of the throne, and alike glorious to see, stood the table of beaten gold, and the couches of purple silk stiff with gold, on which sat the king and his wives, and his princes, and his concubines,—a bed of jewel-fire. Steps of cedar-wood, covered also with cloth interwoven with threads of gold, ran along three sides of the raised floor; so that, if needs were, might the eunuchs, in great numbers, ascend or descend together and no confusion arise.

“Five hundred serving men, attired in white linen edged with silver, with collars of silver round their necks, armlets and anklets of silver, and belts of burnished silver round their waists, ministered to the guests. But for the table of the king were there eunuchs attired in pale blue tunics of fine linen, that descended to the ankles. Round their loins and across their shoulders were silken belts, thickly embroidered and fringed with gold. Ear-rings, armlets, bracelets, and necklaces of gold and gems, also had they upon them; so that, for splendour, looked they even as lords.

“Of gold or of silver were all the dishes, the plates, and the wine-cups for the guests; but the goblet of the king was of finest gold, studded with diamonds and rubies, and at the royal table was every vessel of the finest gold.

“Ever and anon, as he ate and drank, did the king, from his high seat, look proudly from end to end of that bright hall, magnificent more than aught of architectural glory throughout the earth beside. Few were the arms that, with strongest bow, could from

east to west have driven the steel-headed arrow; few that from north to south could have sent the rounded pebble from the sling, or with it reached the gold-fretted roof. Great as was the number of the feasters, ample room for thrice their sum had there been: so that in the centre of the hall, directly before the royal platform, was left a great space, and at either end, wide apart, were placed the tables; and for every guest was there a couch; and for the serving-men was there room, as on a highway, to go to and fro."

What a picture of Eastern splendour is here, and, we believe, by no means an exaggerated one. We will finish the description of the feast, as it serves to heighten, by contrast, the terrors which so shortly invade that scene of licentious splendour.

"Over the lower windows that faced the west were hung curtains of crimson silk, so that on the floor fell not the burning rays of the sun. But through the windows, high aloft, its glory entered; and, glancing down on the enamelled walls embazoned with gold; on the brightly coloured paintings and sculptures; the numerous statues of alabaster, of silver, and of gold; the great golden image of Baal; the richly-embroidered and many-hued garments, and thickly sown jewels of the guests; and, brightest of all, on the gem-blazing throne; the table of gold; the jewel-flashing garments of the king, his wives, and his concubines,—kindled up a very fire of splendour, such as in dreams alone may the eye of man ever again behold.

"In galleries, at the eastern and western ends of the hall, were musicians who played upon the harp, and the tabor, and the flutes, and the sackbut, and the trumpets, and the cymbals, and all other instruments of music; and singing-men and singing-women in great numbers, who, when the sign was given to them, played and sang together in loud concert, to make pleasure for the king and his guests.

"With all manner of savoury foods were the tables covered again and again; and wines of rarest delicacy, the vintages of every land in the wide East, were brought freely, as though they had been water. Nor was any stint at all thought of; for dishonour to Baal would it have been deemed if on that night should one man of them all walk with steady foot to his bed."—Vol. iii., pp. 1—4.

With such a religion, and such ideas of their principal deity, it is not surprising that the maddest revelry prevailed. The king is informed by his favourite concubine of the strange event of yesterday, and in his rage he sends a missive to Cyrus, for the purpose of obtaining from the Persian prince that Michael may be re-delivered into his hands. And, by-and-bye, mention is made of the vases of gold which had been brought by Nebuchadnezzar from Jerusalem; and which had, by order of that monarch,



"been placed within a secret chamber of the Temple of Baal, never to be thence removed, nor in any way to be used at all; because that, in his latter days, had the Israelitish prophet, Daniel, found great favour in his sight. Also did the king cause it to be proclaimed that the God of Israel is the only true God, and that thenceforth all men should bow down and worship him.

"'Then, by my faith,' exclaimed Belshazzar, "quickly learned they a wiser lesson, and bent themselves to Baal as before. But, Hadoram, as by the command of King Nebuchadnezzar were these costly vessels imprisoned within your secret chamber, so now, by the command of King Belshazzar, shall they be set at liberty, and be placed in the royal treasury, there to do for the king good service, after they shall have been melted in the fire, and have become money unto him.'"—Vol. iii., pp. 15, 16.

This Hadoram, who is the chief of the Magi, represents to the king that the value of the vessels in question does not consist merely in the fineness and weight of the gold they are made of, but in the extraordinary excellence of the workmanship bestowed on them; wherefore, much larger sums might be obtained for them from those who traffic in such merchandise than they would give merely for the gold; and still more would the Jews themselves give to ransom these vessels, which were once used in their holy temple at Jerusalem, and save these sacred remains of their former magnificence. To this Belshazzar accedes; and, as one last thought gives birth to another, he determines not only to extort the money for them from the unhappy Jews, but to have these very vessels brought into the hall of Baal, and made use of by himself, his wives, and concubines, while a hundred of the Jews shall be brought from their prisons, while himself and his company make merry before them, and deride their God.

When the Jews are brought into the hall of Baal, their horror at the impious desecration of the sacred vessels only excites the derision of the king and his court.

"Then, as the wretched men turned aside with loathing and with horror, vehemently laughed the king, and all the guests laughed with him; and again was there heard aloft a laughter as from things not of this world,—a laughter heavy and deep; a sound as of the voices of mirth and of great torment mingled in one."

Madder and madder grows the impious revelry. At length, when every cup was filled ready to pledge him,

"Belshazzar took in his hand the sacred cup, filled to the brim, and went and stood on the edge of the platform, so that by all he might be well seen and heard; and when all were silent, and

looking upon him, he lifted up his voice and spake. 'Glory to Baal, the god of gods!' he cried, as with the wildness of a mad-man, for much drink had fired his brain;—'Glory to Baal, the god of all gods! Confusion and overthrow to Jehovah, the foolish God of Israel!'

"When that was heard by the Jews, a great cry went up from them: some raised their faces towards heaven, and lifted their trembling hands, and called on God, and some fell prostrate on the floor, and groaned in agony. Then looked Belshazzar upon them, and with his fingers pointed mockingly and laughed aloud, so that the wine from this full cup ran over the brim and was spilled upon the floor; and when his mirth was seen and heard, all his lords, and his wives, and his concubines, and the loose dancers also who sat below looking up towards him, sent up great peals of laughter, again and again bursting out as they looked on the Jews, and beheld their dismay and their horror, and the contortions of their convulsed bodies. And again, like thunder over the heads of a noisy multitude, was heard the strange deep laughter from the roof.

"But while yet the tumult of mirth was at its height, behold! suddenly their fell a darkness throughout the hall, as when a great curtain hath been dropped! The unearthly laughter ceased; the mortal mockery died; and the gigantic golden statue of Baal, that stood aloft on its broad pedestal of green marble, plunged headlong down, and broke through floor and beam, and sank within, and was lost to sight!"—Vol. iii. pp. 32, 33.

This circumstance of course causes great terror, and the king himself is alarmed; but, remembering that all are looking to him "as a guiding light in the darkness," he nerved himself, and told his guests that the statue had only fallen because decay had gotten into some parts thereof: and his assertion being confirmed by those whom he had sent to examine the pedestal, and who, quite comprehending what was expected from them, gave such a report of the cause of the fall of the statue as served to reassure the revellers, and once more the cups were drained, and the hymn arose to Baal. And now new prodigies alarm them—the last act of the wondrous drama is about to commence, and thus our author describes the awful scene:—

"But as the hymn went on, more and more sank the voices, and the sound of the instruments, and more and more a darkness gathered throughout the hall; and a feeling, as of some strange presence therein, began to make every heart to tremble: so that, ere its close, the chorus which had ascended as a great cloud, melted away like a thin vapour, and the sound ceased, and the hymn was done. Dead was the stillness for a time, ere with pallid faces men looked upon each other, and towards Belshazzar,

dimly seen through the thickening air, and yet standing with the golden cup in his hand on the platform's edge. In the very depth of his black heart felt he a freezing awe, and gladly would he have been rendered invisible to all eyes, and have been transported from that place of glory to the quiet solitude of even the humblest chamber; but again he felt that on *him* solely depended all; that *his* countenance would be reflected on all faces, his voice be heard in all voices, his bearing fashion all demeanours; and he began to feel that shame would for evermore be flung upon him if now he stood not forth as a champion against that nameless terror which had come upon the guests. Forcing then a laugh, 'What? lords and rulers,' he cried, 'hath some witchcraft laid hold of you, that thus suddenly ye have become as statues? Fill up again your cups and let us drink once more to the goddess of love and beauty. But by my faith,' he proceeded, with an altered tone, 'some light must we have, or soon must we grope about for our cups. What meaneth this darkness? Hath the sun already set? Let now some of our astrologers speak out and say what is the hour. Hadoram, I call on thee, wheresoever thou standest, for I see thee not, hath the sun gone down? or is he under eclipse? or what else causeth this darkness?'

" 'Thy servant knoweth not what is the cause thereof,' replied the voice of the unseen priest, 'but he will go forth and look upon the heavens, and thereafter may better give answer to the king.'

" 'Get thee forth then, at once,' cried Belshazzar; 'but meantime, let the lamps and the cressets of naphtha be lighted up; and then, though the sun be utterly extinguished in the sky, splendour enough shall we have here. Ho! ye wild girls below there, for I see you dimly,' he cried aloud to the dancers, 'lift up your voices in some mad song, to make mirth for us while we sit in the darkness. On with you at once, and at your loudest and merriest.'

" But the hearts of the bold women were utterly subdued; and when they would have sung their voices were as the wailing of the wind.

" 'Nay, nay,' said the king, angrily, 'cease that mad woman's din, for doleful it is as a wolf's howl. Ho! musicians!' he cried, with a strong voice, 'strike ye up instantly some merry air, or the measure of a dance, lest the bold men here grow fearful, or fall to their prayers for want of candles. Up with you! and give breath to your trumpets as you would waken the dead.'

" In a little while a sound arose in the galleries, but faint and tremulous, as though every hand and breath were ague-stricken. The flutes sobbed; the clash of the cymbals was but a tinkling; the blare of the trumpets as the gasp of a dying man.

" But speedily now came survitors, bearing in their hands long reeds whose points were tipped with flame, and rapidly went they from lamp to lamp kindling up the naphtha blaze.

" Like sunshine was wont to be the splendour of the lighted

hall, but now, like a red star dimly seen through mist, feebly glimmered every lamp. Even the huge cressets, on either hand the throne, and on the northern wall over against it, which like great bonfires on a hill, should have flamed forth, were but as moons seen through a darkened glass. More and more, therefore, came terror upon the assembly. The musicians faltered and stopped; all was silence, save for the tread of those who still went from lamp to lamp to kindle their useless beam, or the quick drawn breath of one in sudden fear, or the faint hiss of whispering voice. Rapidly and loud did the heart of the king beat. On the platform's edge still stood he, the cup in his hand, for he knew not what to do. When he looked beneath him, and to either side, vaguely as forms seen through a deep water, seemed all things to his eyes. The Jews behind the table, in their dark raiment, were wholly invisible to him; clearest of all he saw the loose women, in their white garments, on the couches below, but their heads were bowed, and their hands were before their faces, like to those who are in great fear.

"A footstep at length was heard, and the low voice of a man, who had drawn nigh, came up to the king. 'May thy servant speak?' said the voice.

"'Who art thou?' demanded Belshazzar. 'Ha! I see thee now. What hast thou to say to me, Hadoram? Hath the sun gone down ere his time? or hath eclipse come over him?'

"'Thy servant speaketh with low voice,' said the priest, 'lest the ears of other men catch his words, and greater terror fall thereafter on the king's guests.'

"'Thou art wise, Hadoram,' returned Belshazzar; 'come thou up hither and stand on the stair, while thou speakest to me; yet speak thou quickly.'

This injunction to dispatch quickly whatever those who address him may wish to say, is hardly ever omitted by Belshazzar, and is in perfect keeping with his arrogant and tyrannical character; we have remarked that same disposition to hurry the speech and cut short the communications addressed to them in many who, in other respects, also bear a resemblance to the worthless tyrant described in the book before us. An inferior it alarms and throws into a state of trepidation, which defeats the intention of the hasty interlocutor, to an equal it is uncourteous and insolent in the extreme; but this *en passant*. The priest avails himself of permission to speak, and makes rather a long speech, considering.

"'More and more, O king,' said he, 'are the spirits of darkness let loose upon thee and thy people, by the sorceries of the accursed Jews. Thy servant hath gone forth by the western gate and looked upon the sky; and, behold, the sun shineth bright as at noon! He hath looked on the dial also, and hath seen that the fifth hour after

mid-day bath but now begun! Thus, while in the world without is full sunshine, and a sound of great merriment, both from the king's soldiers and from the city all around, within the royal hall is the sorcerer's blackness, and silence as a tomb. Hath the king taken thought that among the vile Israelites who now stand in his presence may the accursed magicians be?'

"'Ha!' exclaimed Belshazzar, 'thou hast well conceived, Hadoram; hence shall they go, and quickly; and to have assurance that the sorcerer, whichever he be, escape me not, every man among them shall, to-morrow, stand in the fire. But, by Baal! thicker and thicker waxeth the darkness.'

"'I see not now thy face!'

"'The lamps are going out!'

"'They are gone!'

"'The very strength of sorcery, indeed, is this? for so thick is the darkness, that methinks I could gather it in my hand, like a black dust!'

"'Ha-a-a! look! look!'

This exclamation is of course caused by the wonderful appearance of the supernatural hand.

"To the humble Jews, for they felt the presence of some divine nature, bright and beautiful it looked, as if fresh from Heaven, and filled with its glory, it gave out the pure light thereof, as a flower exhales its fragrance; but to the impious king and his wicked lords, a hand of fire it appeared charged with vengeance.

"And while they yet looked, behold! with extended finger, the hand began to write upon the wall; and as it wrote, the letters blazed out like fixed lightning: so that on the solid blackness followed a great radiance, as of a present sun, and men covered their eyes, or turned away, unable to endure its splendour.\*

"In their terror, some cried out aloud and cast themselves on the ground; and some ran like madmen through the doors, fearing they knew not what. But others were there who, though well nigh blinded by the great light, could not turn away from that mysterious hand their quivering eyes: and while yet they looked, behold, the hand vanished! but the letters remained on the wall. With glaring eyes, dropped jaw, and corpse-like face, stood Belshazzar, idiot-like with the excess of terror. '*The joints of his loins were unloosed and his knees smote together.*'"

Then ensue the useless efforts of the Babylonian Magi to expound the mystic writing; and Belshazzar's rage against them is great, until he is advised by the Queen Mother to send for the venerable Daniel, and she also pleads the cause

---

\* This grand idea of the intense splendour of the supernatural characters, is taken from that most magnificent, perhaps, of all poetic conceptions, ever embodied by art, (unless the sublime "Pandemonium" by the same great master, be allowed to rank with it)—the "Belshazzar's Feast," of John Martin.

of the unhappy Jews. To this he answers peevishly, but he sends for Daniel, who, in the well-known words of Scripture, first reproves the king, and then expounds the mystic sentence.

*"Now these are the words that have been written upon the wall, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN; and this is the interpretation thereof."*

*"MENE, God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it."*

*"TEKEL, Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."*

*"PERES, Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."*

"When the prophet had thus spoken, behold the writing vanished!

"Still, for a time, he stood and looked upon the king, expecting that he might speak; but when he beheld that a trembling and a great fear was upon him, and that he had no power of utterance, he turned away, and gathered up his robes and departed. Nitocris also went forth, for she had purposed to speak unto him. And as Daniel passed nigh unto the place where stood the captive Jews, with smiling countenance he looked upon them, and pointed toward heaven. 'Then were their hearts made strong, for they knew that the time of their deliverance was drawing near.'"

It might have been imagined, that after such unheard of terrors, Belshazzar and his lords would have ceased at once their drunken revelry, even if a belief in some power greater than that of Baal did not enter their minds and humanize their hearts; but no, when he once recovers from his state of terror, still greater pride and impiety are betrayed both in speech and action, and he commands that all present shall worship himself, saying with one voice, "Great is Belshazzar, the god of the Assyrians."

And even while the shout of servile obedience had gone up, and ere its echo had died away, Michael, the avenging Michael, clad in complete armour, appears at the door. Belshazzar, at once surprised and furious, issues his frantic orders for the arrest of one whom he at once hates and fears; and Phraortes, the lord who had seized the father of Michael, springs toward the gigantic warrior, but is cleft in twain by the sword of Samson; and the denunciations of the king are cut short by Michael himself, who seizing him with his stalwart arm, lifts him aloft, and carries him toward the chasm into which the statue of Baal had fallen by its own weight. The lords make a movement, as if to rescue their king, but the appearance of the Persian soldiers pouring into the hall repels the effort, and Michael, having gained the chasm, exclaimed—

“ ‘Lords and rulers of Babylon, behold your god ! Before this thing have ye all bowed down and worshipped ! ‘Great is Belshazzar, the god of the Assyrians !’ have ye all cried. Yea, before this vilest thing of clay, have ye all worshipped ! and at the Lord of Heaven have ye made your mock ; but the earth is sick of him ; hell gapeth to receive him !’

“ Turning then his severe face on the howling monster, ‘Tyrant ! murderer ! blasphemer !’ he said : ‘god Baal is already below ! god Belshazzar, go thou down also !’

“ As the last word was spoken, right into the vault he cast the yelling wretch ; one last wild shriek came up as he passed through ; the dull sound of a heavy fall was heard ; the shudder of quick-drawn breath, and the stifled cry of the horrified lords ; and then, throughout the hall, was there silence as of midnight in the desert.”—Vol. iii. p. 163.

And here, we think, should have terminated the career of the wretched king ; it would have been more probable than what followed—his resuscitation ; which, in fact, appears to have been done to show the righteous ire of Cyrus, who first of all declares that Belshazzar shall die a murderer’s death, and afterwards, when the tyrant has destroyed himself, he magnanimously resolves to give him burial with his kingly ancestors. But granting for a moment that Cyrus so far relented, he could not, with all his power, give him even the boon of a grave ; for it had been decreed by God himself, that for his iniquity Belshazzar should be rejected and denied a place in his ancestral tomb ; and how marvellously has every prediction concerning Babylon been accomplished. In the fifty-first chapter of the prophet Jeremiah, how awful are the denunciations against this doomed city ; at verses 36 and 37, down to verse 64, it is one continual anathema : “ Behold, I will plead thy cause (the cause of Israel), and take vengeance for thee ; and I will dry up her sea, and make her springs dry. And Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling place for dragons, an astonishment and an hissing, without an inhabitant. And I will make drunk her princes, and her wise men, her captains, and her rulers, and her mighty men : and they shall sleep a perpetual sleep and not awake, saith the King, whose name is the Lord of hosts.” And well do we know that every prophecy respecting Babylon has been fulfilled. Where once the proud Euphrates rolled its mighty waters, is an arid plain ; where thronged a busy multitude, intent on gaiety or commerce, is now silence and desolation.

But we will not leave a sad impression on the mind of our readers, but give one more extract, ere we resign our pleasant companionship with Cyrus and his friends.

“‘But Cryus,’ said Michael, in a low tone, ‘the dawn hath come, though these blazing lamps make it still seem night; for the voices of the early birds have I heard without. If nought of moment, therefore, thou hast for me to do, let me, I pray thee, hasten to the camp, and make known unto my parents, my sister, and brother, and the good old Zadoc, the great things that have come to pass; and, perchance, bring them all back with me unto our own house.’”

“‘Thou art yet my soldier, Michael, and must obey me,’ replied Cyrus, kindly and pleasantly as before. ‘Somewhat of moment I *have* for thee to do: even to receive, and make welcome *here*, those same beloved relatives of thine; and afterwards to conduct them, not to thy father’s house, but to that palace which already hath been prepared to receive you, and hath become thine and thy children’s for ever. And when thither thou bringest home thy bride, and not distant be the day, thou wilt not, I hope, refuse to Cryus a seat at the marriage feast.’”

“The face of the young champion flushed, as if a red sunbeam had been suddenly cast upon it. Eagerly he caught and pressed the hand of the prince, but said not a word.

“‘My invitation hath been given,’ said Cyrus; ‘and now get thee to thy pleasant task, that the sooner mayest thou return to me. Thy family, I doubt not, are already on the way hither: Araspes also, and, perchance, our good Cræsus, if so early he can leave his bed: for two hours since sent I messengers to invite them, and a command that two hundred men should guard them through the city. For those of thine own house are sent two chariots; but for Araspes and good Cræsus their horses will suffice.

“‘Nor have I forgotten the mother of thy betrothed,’ he added, as Michael was about to depart. ‘From Sarsechim learned I the place of her abode, and for her also hath a chariot been sent: so that here will ye all meet: and in that pleasant private chamber of the king, I hope that together may we eat our morning meal, and offer thanks to heaven for all the great good that hath been vouchsafed to us, and humble prayer for good yet to come.’”—Vol. iii. pp. 306-308.

The subject of this really admirable work is one that contains in itself the elements of poetry; but also there was much which did not allow of the graces of versification. Besides, as Mr. Atherstone had already given to the world his magnificent epic of the “FALL OF NINEVEH,” we think he did very judiciously in adopting the prose form for the “Fall of Babylon.” The same imagery is there; the same reckless disregard of all warning of ills to come; the same firm belief in the impossibility of their cities being taken, distinguish the two monarchs. But in Sardanapalus, at least, with all his faults, flashes of bravery, and brief though vain regret for committed wrong, with kindly feeling towards his



queen and children, create an interest which is never extinguished. But for Belshazzar it is impossible to feel one moment's concern. His blasphemy, his brutality, his sensuality, his utter disregard of his word, his deceptive promises, and his drunken madness, make of him altogether a character the most abominable and despicable that ever disgraced the pages of history, or shed horror over those of fiction.

Leaving the blazing sun of the East, the blue Euphrates, the mighty warlike array of the conquering Cyrus, and all the gorgeous Orientalism with which Mr. Atherstone delights to invest his works, turn we now to a very different subject, and an author who, while she delights us by the elegance of her style, deals in the practical as well as refined realities of Western life.

We have perused the work now before us with a pleasure and approval which it is pleasant to feel. The characters are well portrayed and true to nature, the descriptions charming, and the whole presents a vivid picture of life as it is in our own country at the time at which we live. We will introduce "The Ashtons" to our readers, and think they will join with us in admiring the fine old mansion, and its worthy, though not strong-minded, master.

"It was a glorious evening in early autumn, and the westering sun, as it slowly abdicated its higher place in the cloudless sky, shed gleams of gilded crimson and purple upon its downward track, which turned the summits of the forest trees into a galaxy of gems, and tinged the waters of the lake with quick-glancing tints that rivalled the hues of the prism. And the scene was almost worthy of the rich but transitory glory thus spread above and about it. In no country save England could such an one have been met with. The house, grim with time, vast, feudal, and imposing in its aspect, stood midway on an eminence whose summit was densely wooded, and was approached by an avenue of elms evidently coeval with its foundation; while on either hand a grassy slope, dotted with clusters of larches, interspersed with solitary trees of immense girth, centenary oaks and beeches, descended to the margin of a noble sheet of water, alive with aquatic birds. Along the façade of the building extended one of those fine old terraces, tier above tier, which were the pride of our ancestors, with its noble vases laden with brilliant exotic plants, its wide flights of shallow steps, its trim cut box-trees and its stately peacock. Over the park roamed a herd of deer, here browsing among the tall ferns, there reposing beneath the shadows of some leafy tree; while the frolicsome squirrel leaped from branch to branch above their heads, and wild birds called to each other from copse

to copse, or darted by on rapid wing, disturbed by some imagined intrusion.

"Nor was the scene within Ashton Court less attractive than that without. We will draw aside a rich curtain of crimson silk, and glance into the favourite apartments of the lady of the house. It is of moderate dimensions, although three noble windows open from it upon the upper terrace; nothing about the room induces the impression that comfort has been sacrificed to show; it was a half morning-room and half library. There are musical instruments—a pianoforte by Broadwood, and a harp by Erard; a small chamber organ and a guitar; an easel with a half-finished picture; a sketching-stool and portfolio; a carved oak bookcase with the key in the lock; a writing table with an open desk; new music, new pamphlets, and the leading journals of the day, littered over the table; and a tapestry frame and worsted-basket in the bay of the upper window. There is *home* written in every detail of that pleasant room."—Vol. i., pp. 1—4.

We mentioned the master of the delightful habitation so graphically described, but we must first introduce the lady of the domain, who is in every sense of the word the absolute mistress of Ashton.

"On a sofa beside the high, carved mantel-piece of white marble, reclined, as we intruded upon the privacy of the family, a remarkably fine-looking woman of some forty-five years of age. Hands white, small, and aristocratically moulded; a brow guiltless of a single wrinkle; dark hair touched, but not tinted by time;—we say touched, for it was easy to see that it had somewhat thinned about the temples, although not a line of silver had yet intruded itself among the sable braids that encircled her small and well-poised head; large eyes, full rather of decision and energy than of tenderness; a delicately-shaped nose, with flexible nostrils, like those of an Arab; and a finely-modelled mouth, save only that the brilliantly-tinted lips were too thin, and too compressed for actual beauty; combined with a majestic figure, rather inclining as years had stolen over her to a certain *en-bon-point*, destructive of the lightness and buoyancy of early womanhood, were the personal characteristics of Lady Harriette Ashton.

"Immediately facing his wife sat Sir Hercules, the representative and fourteenth baronet of the Ashton family—a worthy, honourable, and somewhat haughty country gentlemen; proud of his ancient descent; proud of his marriage with the brilliant daughter of an earl, penniless though she was; and, above all, proud of his children, a fine boy of fifteen at Eton, and two sweet girls, Florence and Matilda, at home, under the care of Madame Despreaux, their governess, and the superintendence of sundry professors from the adjacent post town. But, proud though he was of all these advantages and privileges, Sir Hercules Ashton was a discreet man, and bore his honours meekly at his own hearth.

If he ever were accidentally heard to boast, it was only of past exploits performed before his marriage, and when he was responsible to no one for his deeds or misdeeds; since that event he had assumed no independence whatever. All Hercules as he was, it was at once evident that the Omphalian phase of his existence had found him submissive to the distaff. The baronet was gouty moreover; and what gouty husband has ever, since the commencement of the world, or rather of the disease, been able to maintain, even if he were rash enough to assert, his independence of those about him."

From the above sketches of character we may be prepared for much that ensues in the course of the history. The thin compressed lips, the large decided-looking eyes, the flexible nostril of the lady, announce a despotic and imperious personage, while Sir Hercules is evidently brought under the joint control of his wife and the gout. Sir Hercules had been the elder born of two sons, and as such his father, Sir Hugh, had doated on him. He was tall, strikingly handsome, and athletic when young, his wishes unopposed, or at least so seldom thwarted,

"that he grew from youth to manhood, firmly impressed with the conviction that he was a person of strong mind and strong determination, as well able to preside over the councils of the nation as to convict a poacher from the magisterial bench. At two-and-twenty he had succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, who broke his neck in the hunting-field, and had found himself master of eleven thousand a year, and guardian of his younger brother Horace. Neither the estate nor the funded property presented any difficulties to the young heir; but as regarded his brother, he was soon compelled to admit that even *he* might find the task of government less easy than he had previously imagined."—Vol. i., pp. 6, 7.

In fact, Horace Ashton possessed that decision of character and firmness of will which Sir Hercules gave himself credit for. It happened that the family owned considerable patronage in the Church, so that the younger son was intended for the clerical profession, without any reference to what his own tastes and wishes might be. He was sent to college, where he gained honours and studied for Holy Orders, at the very moment he experienced

"the most decided distaste for the profession which had been selected for him by his father. Naturally energetic, by nature he panted for an opportunity of exertion, of enterprise, of struggle with the world, which might enable him to owe his future fortunes, whatsoever they should prove, to his own efforts; but to be seated down in a rich living, made a pluralist without even extending a

hand to grasp the purple and fine linen which was spread out at his feet, while older, wiser, and better men were pining with want, and sickening with blighted hope around him—to undertake the guidance of other souls while as yet almost unconscious of the existence of his own—such a prospect depressed and saddened him, and he wept hot and burning tears as he believed himself powerless to contend against his destiny.

“The death of his father, however, opened up new views and new resolutions in the breast of the long-enduring young man. He could no longer disappoint the hopes or thwart the wishes of Sir Hugh; for the doughty old sportsman had now attained the goal where neither wish nor disappointment could reach him; and accordingly his son had no sooner assisted at the reading of the will—where he found himself (in addition, as his father believed and intended, to the three snug livings which were sooner or later to become his) with a younger brother’s provision of three hundred pounds a-year—than he at once declared to the new baronet that he was at perfect liberty to dispose of his church patronage, as he had resolved to abandon all idea of a profession for which he felt himself to be altogether unsuited.

“Sir Hercules expostulated in vain. He offered no argument, it is true, affecting his brother’s personal happiness or preference; but he talked of the ‘honour of the family,’ inquired how Horace expected to live like a gentleman upon the income of a man-cook, and, in short, after the manner of elder sons who have been taught from the cradle to think only of themselves and their own interests, he did everything in his power to controvert the views of his brother, save offer to increase the income at which he sneered.

“‘Do not be alarmed either for the honour of the family, or my own respectability, Sir Hercules,’ was the proud reply of Horace to the verbose declamation of the young baronet; ‘my plans are already decided. What sufficed to maintain me like a gentleman at Cambridge will in like manner enable me to live in India until I succeed in pushing my fortune. You appear, moreover, to have forgotten that I inherit five thousand pounds from my godfather, Mr. Westland, a sum which will amply suffice to start me in the world.’

“‘Start you in the world! Are you going to degrade yourself by entering into commerce?’

“Horace smiled one of his cold melancholy smiles. ‘I shall follow where my destiny leads me,’ he said quietly.

“‘By heavens, sir, if you become a trader, I will disown you,’ exclaimed Sir Hercules; ‘an Ashton, the brother of the fourteenth baronet, a man who might, at the expense of two sermons a month, enjoy as many thousands a year. You must be a Whig, sir—a Radical, sir—a Socialist, sir.’

“‘I am no politician,’ was the calm reply.

“‘No politician!’ thundered out his brother; ‘of course you are no politician. What has a younger brother to do with politics? I

never asked you to become a politician; that is *my* prerogative. What *you* have to do is to become a parson.'

" 'I have already told you that my mind is made up on the subject.'

" 'So be it; and my mind is made up also. Until you are of age, you are under my guardianship, and you shall not go to disgrace yourself and your family in India.'

" 'Your authority, Sir Hercules,' was the tranquil rejoinder, 'will extend over thirteen months. I will endeavour to submit myself to it with patience.'

" 'You will do well, sir; and should you be as good as your word, I will undertake to pay your college debts.'

" 'I have none,' said Horace, as he lifted a newspaper from the table, and settled himself in his chair.

" The baronet gazed at him for a moment in utter astonishment. Even he, under the roof of his father, with ample means, had contrived, before he was of age, to involve himself to an extent which rendered him somewhat apprehensive of the elasticity of paternal indulgence; and he had consequently carefully guarded the secret of his improvidence until he suddenly found himself irresponsible.

" Such was the position of the two brothers on the untimely death of Sir Hugh. A brief visit to Cambridge sufficed to Horace for the cordial leave-taking which separated him probably for ever from his former tutors and associates; and then, without a murmur or an effort at self-emancipation, he took up his residence at Ashton Court, which soon resumed its accustomed aspect of noisy enjoyment and indiscriminate hospitality."—Vol. i., pp. 14—19.

The above extract will give an idea of the characters of both the brothers, and we are particular in placing that of the younger fully before our readers, because he, in fact, has a greater influence over his elder brother than the latter would have acknowledged, or was perhaps aware of at first. Time glides on, the term of guardianship expires, and the separation of the brothers is thus described. They have breakfasted together as usual, and—

" at length the repast came to an end; and as the baronet, anxious to escape, rose from his seat to leave the room, Horace extended his hand.

" 'Hercules,' he said, 'you are no doubt aware that since sunrise we have ceased to be guardian and ward, and that we are at length simply brothers. I am glad of this, for so better we should part, particularly as our parting to-day will, in all probability, be a final one. May you be happy. You have the proud task before you of upholding the honour of our house. I have no such duty before *me*; neither am I essential to the happiness of any one on earth. Our separation will involve no suffering on either side, for we know little or nothing of each other; nor do I ask you to forget me, for I have already read the human mind and heart deeply

enough to be aware that where there exists no tie of feeling, the memory of mere adventitious relationship is by no means tenacious.'

" 'But you do not mean to say,' interposed Sir Hercules, 'that I am never to hear of you again?'

" 'By no means; I am not so presumptuous as to be ignorant that circumstance is frequently stronger than will. I simply meant to imply that I should not voluntarily intrude upon you with details of my own proceedings, or appeals to your remembrance. It might diminish your zest in the hunting-field, were you to be informed on some occasion, that while you were pursuing a fox, I had been devoured by a tiger.'

" 'But suppose that anything should happen to *me*,' persisted the baronet.

" 'Oh! the public prints would duly herald *your* demise,' was the slightly bitter retort; 'or your marriage, or the birth of your heir; and beyond these events, I could not expect to know more than I have done while residing under your roof. You see, therefore, that I merely seek to spare you the unaccustomed toil of letter writing.'

" 'As you please,' said Sir Hercules, coldly; while, to hide his embarrassment, he affected to be carefully examining the lock of his fowling-piece. 'You know best; all I hope is, that you will never repent the step that you are taking. You might have been a rich man without an effort. As it is——'

" 'As it is,' repeated his brother, 'I am about to become an exile from my country, with my fortune to make; but of this rest assured, Sir Hercules, that should I fail, you will only learn my failure by the accumulation of my modest income at the bankers. I may sink in the struggle, but I shall never receive alms from the master of Ashton Court. Let us part like friends and brothers, with clasped hands and mutual good wishes. May all happiness attend you, Hercules. That we do not love each other as some brothers may do, is probably not our own fault; in any case it is too late to explain or to regret the fact. I shall leave for town by the mid-day mail.'

" 'At least have the family coach and the team of greys to the post town,' urged the baronet.

" 'You are merry, my good brother,' said Horace, as a momentary flush passed over his features: 'have you forgotten that you propose to me an honour which I have never yet enjoyed? No, no; I will make no false start on my journey through life. In an hour the mail will stop for me at the east lodge; and by this day week I trust to have left England, if not for ever, at least for a long term of years.'

" And thus coldly and indifferently parted the two last members of an ancient house, never to meet again on this earth."

Sir Hercules Ashton had accompanied his brother across

the park, just as he would have done with any visitor who was leaving his residence by the same conveyance, shaken hands with him, and seen him comfortably seated on the roof of the coach, always, we remember, a favourite seat with young men, and then the baronet had whistled his dogs to his side, and spent the afternoon in shooting. He then returned to his solitary dinner, drank his wine, fell asleep, and finally sought his bed, not because he required rest so much as because he knew not how to employ his evening. But the next day he finds out that something was wanting to his comfort, and that something was the presence of his only brother. He had missed the grave, handsome face which had lately become a necessity to him, when seated at his lonely breakfast; he had missed the low but melodious voice which he now found had made unconscious music to his ear, and the silence of the spacious room was now broken only by the foot-falls of the servants. And, moreover, Sir Hercules was dissatisfied with himself.

“Had he, the heir of eleven thousand a year, offered to share with his less well-portioned brother even the income of a few months? Horace was proud, and would probably have refused such aid; but still it might, and should have been tendered: and they might never meet again. Had Sir Hercules possessed his brother's address in town at that moment, he assuredly would have started off in pursuit of him; but no such information had either been asked or given; and now the gulf which Horace had foretold already yawned between them.”

For some time Sir Hercules contrives to endure his splendid solitude, enlivened by the society of his country neighbours; but at last he is weary of it, and resolves to profit by different invitations which had been given him by gentlemen from London, who had been in the habit of visiting Ashton Court during the sporting season. The reception the rich young baronet obtains in London is of the most flattering kind, especially from high-born mothers and fascinating daughters. So that poor Sir Hercules, forgetting the advantages of his wealth, and his social position, attributes the attentions by which he is overwhelmed entirely to his personal qualities; and returns home with a number of new friends, who spend the hunting season in mirth and revelry at Ashton Court. The Christmas season passed with equal gaiety. Sir Hercules and his guests were mutually delighted with each other; and in the spring he conveys those who had lingered the longest to town in a drag, drawn by that very

team of greys his brother had declined to use, and driven by himself.

At the close of this second season, Sir Hercules came not home with a troop of newly-made friends, but he returned not alone, for he brought home his bride—a tall, stately, and very beautiful woman, the daughter of the Earl of Disborough, who was exceedingly glad to bestow her on one who regarded not her being portionless, and whose settlements were magnificent. But the baronet soon found to his sorrow that the days of jollity were over for Ashton Court. She could not bear the noise of the hounds: she made Sir Hercules promise never to hunt again, when she heard of the fate of his father; she could not bear the smell of a cigar; and, in short, “the pertinacious Lady Harriette combated one after the other every taste and pursuit of her bewildered husband, until Sir Hercules, from being self-willed, dictatorial, and boisterous,” sinks into a quiet country gentleman; who was compelled to smother his pride and disappointment in the recesses of his own heart, and meekly to obey the behests of his more consistently energetic helpmate. So that after two years of struggle the Lady Harriette remained master of Ashton Court. Only once had Sir Hercules stood firmly to his prerogative as a husband, and carried his point. When the heir was born her ladyship had intended to have him named after her father, the earl; but the baronet insists on his being named Horace.

“‘I was not aware that your fraternal affection was so strong, Sir Hercules.’

“‘I can readily believe it,’ said the baronet, sadly; ‘for one of the most bitter regrets of my whole existence has arisen from the fact that I never knew how to appreciate my brother until we were separated. Enough, however, on this subject, which is always a painful one to me. The heir of the Ashtons must bear the name of Horace.’

“‘Is a mother to have no voice in what concerns her child, Sir Hercules?’

“‘It is with extreme reluctance that I oppose your wishes, my dear Lady Harriette. Do me the favour to remember that it is for the first, and may possibly be for the last time.’ And in order to avoid all further argument upon the subject, the baronet, agitated by his own audacity, hastened to leave the room.”

The heir of the Ashtons, at his pompous christening, accordingly bore the name of Horace. But no tidings reached them of the fate or fortunes of the Horace who had gone to seek a home in a foreign land. Three gay



happy children played amidst the shrubberies, and along the noble terraces of Ashton Court. Then the boy went to Eton: the girls were being educated under the care of an amiable and accomplished French governess, at the time the tale commences; but no word of greeting from the absent brother of Sir Hercules had reached the home of his childhood; and the good baronet continues to hope against hope, for tidings of his absent brother. Tidings at length arrive—sad tidings—Horace Ashton was dead, and had left his little daughter to the care of her uncle. Sir Hercules receives these tidings with deep emotion; he would himself have started for London to bring to Ashton Court the little niece whom he resolves to love and cherish for the sake of her father; but Sir Hercules is a martyr to the gout, and the Lady Harriette condescendingly despatches her own woman to meet the child and the native ayah who has the charge of her. They are to be found at the Blue Boar, Holborn, and thither the carriage is dispatched to bring them to Ashton Court. Of the arrival there we will give the description.

“‘To-morrow,’ said her ladyship, ‘we shall put on our mourning. She must find us outwardly, as well as inwardly sympathise in her grief. The feelings of children are keen; and I am anxious that her first impression of her new family should be a favourable one.’

“‘Miladi is quite right,’ said the French woman, ‘it will do her little heart good, to be so well understood.’”

On the morrow, accordingly, the family and the whole establishment appeared in deep mourning; all invitations for the ensuing months were declined; and Sir Hercules warmly expressed his gratitude to his wife for the care and anxiety with which she had superintended the arrangements that were to secure the comfort and happiness of his orphan niece. And at length that niece arrived.

“The carriage in which she had travelled, with its four steaming posters, drew up before the principal entrance of the mansion; and in five minutes more a tall muscular woman, as black as jet, with a head-dress and flowing robes of white muslin, her wrists and ankles encircled by ponderous gold bracelets and anklets, entered the drawing-room, bearing in her arms a shapeless mass, closely enveloped in a bright scarlet shawl.

“Her large flashing eyes rather glared than glanced round her for an instant; and then, rapidly approaching Sir Hercules, she sobbed rather than uttered, ‘Massa Sahib! please love brother’s piccanniny!’

“‘I will! I will! even as I love my own dear children,’ ex-

claimed the baronet earnestly, as he extended his arms towards the Ayah, still in doubt whether it were a mere infant or a young girl whom he was about to hold to his bosom.

"A bright smile flashed across the ebon face of the Indian woman: then murmuring a few words, in the melodious language of her own land, the stooped softly down, and carefully withdrawing the ample cashmere which had covered her charge, she placed upon her feet a little creature, so small, so frail, and so strange-looking, that even Sir Hercules himself was betrayed into an exclamation which savoured more of amazement than welcome; while Lady Harriette fell back in her chair positively sick at heart. There stood the beautiful heiress of her dreams, clinging to the dress of her nurse, and scowling from under her long black eye-lashes, not a scowl of temper but of terror. It was impossible even to guess at her age; for all that could be distinguished were eyes of such an extraordinary size, that they appeared to absorb one half of her face; a sickly complexion of a pale yellow, and an enormous mass of purple-black hair, dragged, rather than bound about her small head. She was dressed in the deepest mourning, from which her bare arms gleamed out, sallow and immeasurably long: nothing, in short, could be more pitious and repulsive than the whole aspect of the poor little orphan, to persons who had not yet learned to love her.

"A momentary pause ensued, during which the Ayah, who glanced angrily from Sir Hercules to Lady Harriette, and from Lady Harriette back to Sir Hercules, appeared as if she were about to snatch her darling up again, and to carry her away from the inhospitable home where she had met with so cold a welcome; and, doubtless, such was the first impulse of the attached and faithful attendant; but in the next instant, a sense of her utter helplessness in a strange land came over her, and bending down until she held her nursling in her arms, she wept bitterly.

"Her tears aroused Sir Hercules at once. 'Ella, my little Ella!' he exclaimed gaspingly, 'will you not come to me? will you not love the brother of your father?'

"'Papa! papa!' shrieked the child, resisting the efforts of her nurse to lead her toward her uncle. 'Take me to papa.'

"Again the Ayah strove to soothe, but in vain; she trembled like a bird in the hand of the fowler.

"'Lady Harriette,' said the baronet, 'would it not be well to send for Florence and Matilda? The sight of other children may perhaps re-assure this poor frightened dove.'

"'I will go myself and bring them here if you desire it, Sir Hercules,' was the cold reply, 'as I should not wish them to come unprepared, and to be unnecessarily terrified.'

"The Indian woman turned upon the speaker another of her scorching glances as she left the room, and again addressed the child; but she could produce no effect upon the shattered nerves

of her nursing, whose large eyes wandered restlessly over the apartment, as though seeking some means of escape.

"The baronet was bewildered; he felt like one under a dark spell. Could this really be the daughter of the magnificent Horace, whose stately form and glorious countenance were at that moment vividly before him?"

"What age is this poor child?"

"The Ayah extended six of her fingers.

"Is that possible?"

"True, Sahib."

"Poor little thing! Poor little thing!" sighed the disappointed uncle; "she is a delicate plant, and must be carefully nursed. If she would only let us love her!"

"Ella much love," said the Ayah.

"Try then to love me, Ella," whispered Sir Hercules, as he approached and took her hand, which she instantly snatched away with an imperious gesture.

"At that instant Lady Harriette returned, accompanied by her daughters.

"Go and kiss your new cousin, my dears," she said, resuming her seat; "for if you cannot succeed in making her sociable, the case appears to me to be hopeless."

"The two girls obeyed; and they had no sooner advanced with smiles upon their lips towards their new guest, than, tossing back her long hair, she made a step forward, and stretched out a hand to each with all the condescending dignity of a baby-queen. As she did so she smiled in her turn, and displayed teeth so dazzling white, and so strongly contrasting with the sallowness of her complexion, that for an instant she appeared scarcely human, but rather like some unearthly sprite, or fairy changeling. The smile died away, however, almost instantaneously; and then, withdrawing her hands from the clasp in which they were held, before the pre-ordained embrace could be given she turned appealingly to her nurse, who nodded significantly in reply, and took a small casket from her pocket. As the child received it, an expression of melancholy, painfully deep and concentrated for one of her years, darkened over her face; but she soon overcame the emotion, and drawing two massive chains of gold from the case, she glanced rapidly from one sister to the other, whispering almost inaudibly, 'For Florence—for Matilda—from papa.'

"Do you not understand, my dear girls?" said Lady Harriette, approaching the group: "your cousin brings you each a present from her home. Have you no thanks to offer for so rich a gift?"

"Ah! Ella, and I, who asked only a kiss have been refused," said the baronet reproachfully. The orphan fastened her wild, weird-like gaze on him for an instant, and then, with a timid and faltering step, walked slowly toward him, raised one of his hands to her lips and bowed her head over it. Sir Hercules clasped her

fondly in his arms, 'You will learn to love us yet,' he murmured, as the little head rested on his bosom.

"'It is now my turn, dear Ella,' said Lady Harriette, in whose busy fancy the costly offering made to her daughters had conjured up anew the magnificent visions of the previous week, which had for awhile been dispelled by the extraordinary appearance of the little stranger; but the child, as if unconscious of the invitation, after gently withdrawing herself from the clasp of the Baronet, again joined the sisters and presented a cheek to each. She had evidently been acting in obedience to a lesson previously learnt, and her overtaxed nerves could endure no more. She hung her head for an instant, and then, with a bound like that of a young panther, sprang to the neck of her attendant.

"'Poor little innocent!' said Sir Hercules. 'Let us not torture her farther. Everything is so new and so strange about her, and she must be sorely wearied. Had she not better rest for a while in her own room?'

"'Sahib, yes,' said the Ayah.

"The baronet rang the bell, and the three children withdrew, accompanied by the Indian woman."—Vol. i. pp. 73—81.

Our space will not allow of further extract; but, as may be surmised, all the affection Ella will obtain from the Lady Harriette will depend on her fortune. For two years it remains doubtful whether she has any or not. Her father, in a letter addressed on his deathbed to Sir Hercules, confides both his child *and her fortune* to his brother's care; but the money cannot be found. The Indian banker to whose care it had been confided, having business at Constantinople, goes thither, and there he dies, while the other partners in the firm at Calcutta can discover no trace of the large sums formerly invested in their house by Mr. Horace Ashton. Decidedly Ella is penniless, and from that time she is regarded by Lady Harriette as the "POOR RELATION," and by her treated as such.

Sir Hercules is always kind and firm, where his niece is concerned; but the gout confines him to his apartment so constantly, that he neither knows nor suspects how Ella is treated by his wife. There is no insult, no disagreeable which is spared her; and being too proud to complain, she endures in silence, for years, all that is inflicted on her: weeping for the loss of her Ayah, whom Lady Harriette had sent back to India; and having no friend, save the excellent Madame Despreaux, who also is dismissed as soon as her ladyship imagines that her own daughters no longer require her instructions.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this admirably

written novel the best Miss Pardoe ever wrote. This lady's style is always excellent, neither affectation nor vulgarity mar her compositions, and the language is always nervous and racy. In the work before us the characters are all firmly traced and perfectly consistent. Lady Harriette is made up of self-will, calculation, and selfishness, no matter the suffering caused by her plans, provided she obtains her object, whatever that may be. Poor Sir Hercules becomes a worthy, and, in everything that regards his brother's child, a firm character; and, thanks to his straightforwardness, many of Lady Harriette's unworthy schemes are rendered innocuous, and ultimately right triumphs over wrong.

Many of the scenes are most interesting: that, when the Ayah and her little charge are found in the root-house,—the return of the Ayah from India with the long concealed treasure,—the rescue of the family from ruin through the generosity of the "Poor Relation," for poor Sir Hercules had been persuaded against his own wish and judgment to enter into a railway speculation;—all is admirably and graphically described, and we trust that ere long we shall again be indebted to Miss Pardoe, either for some pleasant historical memoirs, or for some other interesting tale which may serve to cheat away some hours of languor or ennui.

- ART. III.—1. *Christianity in Ceylon*. By Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, K.H. London: Murray. 1850.
2. *The Hand of God in India*. By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S. London: Houlston and Wright. 1858.
3. *The Land of the Vedas*. By the Rev. PETER PERCEVAL. London: Bell and Daldy. 1857.
4. *Universal Mythology*. By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A. London: J. W. Parker.

AMONG the richest possessions of the British Crown stands a country far off in the Eastern Hemisphere. In this land, nature, opulent and gorgeous, has flung with a lavish hand her bounties on every side. From mountain chains, covered with eternal snow, so lofty that the eagle's flight scarce reaches their summit, flow down rivers the grandest in the world: like inland seas in their magnitude they roll on, through plains fertile with all the luxuriant vegetation of the East,—by ancient cities still rich "with barbaric pearl

and gold," once the seat of the mightiest monarchies, and of such hoar antiquity that their origin remounts to the ages of fable,—through forests where the animal kingdom displays all its sublimity and all its terror, through a land of gold, and silver, and costly gems,—a land of oil, and honey, and wine, till they pour their accumulated waters into an ocean equally prolific, and which bears on its broad bosom the fleets of nations. It is a country to which the words of the poet may be applied :

“ Where the cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime ;  
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,  
Now melt into sorrow,—now madden to crime :  
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,  
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,—  
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye.”

But, alas ! when we turn from the aspect of external Nature to the moral and religious condition of its inhabitants, we are compelled to add yet other words from the same great but wayward bard :

“ And all !—save the spirit of man, is divine.”

Sunk in the darkest and most terrible superstitions, one hundred and fifty millions of human beings inhabit that favoured land, worshipping gods of wood and stone ; bowing down to a mere abstraction, or fanatically following the fierce religion of Mohammed.

To our Indian Empire the national attention has been recently directed, almost to the exclusion of all other topics of interest. A mutiny, so gigantic in its character that the world has never yet seen an example so terrible, has been organised on a basis co-extensive with our Indian possessions. It has been carried out in a spirit of fell and sanguinary treachery, and accompanied by atrocities which disgrace human nature and curdle the blood of the most phlegmatic inquirer. In its suppression we have lost thousands of our bravest troops ; many of our most eminent commanders ; and so wide spread has been the desolation, that scarcely a family has not lost some dear member or some beloved friend.

Hostile politicians have raised the ill-disguised cry of jubilation, “ Hast thou, too, fallen ? Hast thou become weak like one of us ? ” they have prognosticated the downfall of the British Empire from the culminating point of her glory, and her reduction to a second or third-rate power.

It is the condition of this land, and the causes and probable

consequences of this rebellion, that we are now called upon to investigate ; and as a portion of an empire which claims to itself the title of most Christian, we are led to inquire, What has been done to plant the standard of the Cross among these benighted heathen? How have we fulfilled the duties which so obviously devolve upon us, not only as the leading power in Asia, but the first and chiefest among the dominions of the world?

Christianity is said to have been preached to the Indians in the time of the Apostles ; some legends (and there is quite as much reason to believe as to disbelieve them) assign the office of Apostle of India to one of the twelve, and tell us that St. Thomas \* there taught the truths of the ever blessed Gospel, and sealed his testimony with his blood. But whether this be true or not, one thing is clear,—that at a very early period there were missionaries in India, and that a bishop from that country occupied a place in the Council of Nice.

According to the best records of Ecclesiastical History, Pantænus was the first preacher of the truth in those regions subsequent to the apostolic age. Ambassadors, we are told, arriving in Alexandria from India, (the particular locality is not mentioned), implored Demetrius, the bishop, to send them instructions in the Christian faith. At first, it seemed likely that no one would offer himself, the difficulties of the way, and the dangers likely to be met with among the heathen, terrified the minds of the Alexandrian Christians ; at length Pantænus, one of the most learned philosophers of that learned age, offered his services, was at once accepted, and returned with the ambassadors to their own country ; this was about the year 185. Of the success of his mission we learn nothing, nor do we hear more of the progress of the Gospel in India till the time of Frumentius.

This eminent Christian, when very young, accompanied the philosopher Meropius to the East, on a commercial mission ; and he and his companion, Ædesius, became favourites of the king of that part of the country where they were, and

---

\* There is a legend that St. Bartholomew also preached in India, and that Pantænus found among the Indians some traces of his teaching : and among other proofs of his having visited that country, the Gospel of St. Matthew, in Hebrew : this volume Pantænus on his return to Alexandria took with him, and it was preserved with care as an inestimable treasure. Although we have no record of his success as a missionary, yet his philosophical principles, which were those of the Stoics, would probably render him very acceptable both to Brahmins and Budhists.—*St. Cave's Life of St. Pantænus.*

were raised by him to stations of trust and authority. So highly did he esteem them, that he left to them the guardianship of his infant son; and as they were thus prevented from returning, as they had intended, to their native country, they employed themselves diligently in disseminating a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. They built a small church, and organised a congregation; and as soon as they could obtain leave to return, Frumentius went to Alexandria, and there laid before the celebrated Athanasius the spiritual destitution of the East. Athanasius at once consecrated him bishop of the Indians, and sent him back to his diocese with both aid and encouragement. At a period long subsequent to this, we find the Syrian Church on the coast of Malabar powerful enough to elect a king of their own; and this kingdom continued till the royal line became merged in another.

"The Syrians, in the time of Dr. Buchanan, still preserved among them certain brass plates, on which were engraven, in very ancient characters, grants of honours, privileges, and immunities made to them by their Indian sovereigns in remote antiquity. They had, however, when Vasco de Gama landed, lost much of their rank and independence, and were labouring under heavy oppression from the surrounding kings. But they still remained firm in the faith of Christ; though, from the implicit obedience which they paid to the Catholics of Mousol, their creed must necessarily have embraced the Nestorian heresy, which admitted a distinction in the person of our Lord between his divine and human natures."\*

At the time when Vasco de Gama made his great discoveries, this body of Christians were both numerous and powerful, acknowledging the sovereignty of the king of Cochin, and furnishing him with troops in time of war; but in all other matters being under the direction of their own bishop, who had the chief authority in state as well as in church.

"Robertson, in his 'History of India,' observes, that 'in the ninth and tenth centuries the number of Christians in India and China was very considerable. As the Church in both these countries received all their ecclesiastics from Persia, where they were ordained by the *Catholicus*, or Nestorian primate, whose supremacy they acknowledged, this became a regular channel of intercourse and intelligence; and to the combined effect of all these circumstances, we are indebted for the information we receive from the two Arabian writers concerning those regions of Asia which the Greeks and Romans never visited.'†

---

\* See Works of Dr. Claudius Buchanan.

† Hist. Disq., p. 105.



"This voyage of the two Arabian travellers, was published at Paris, by M. Renaudot, in 1718."

As soon as the Portuguese obtained a footing in India, they introduced the doctrines and discipline of Rome; they sowed dissensions among the Indian Christians; cut off their communication with the primate of Mousol, to whom they professed ecclesiastical subjection, till, at length, partly by force, and partly by fraud, they reduced the whole Church to the obedience of the Roman See. For this purpose the Synod of Damper was held, A.D. 1599, under the presidency of the crafty and intriguing Alexis de Menezas, Archbishop of Goa. From this time the spiritual interest of the Church declined. Prayers were recited morning and evening in the ancient Syriac, a language rarely understood even by the priests themselves. Baptism was almost entirely neglected, and holy orders were conferred at as early an age as seventeen years.

Thus remained the Syrian Church till the arrival of Dr. Buchanan. That devoted missionary strove to rekindle the sparks of truth still remaining among them to a new flame. He found that they had, in many respects, gone back to their old doctrines and their old rites, and he drew the attention of Europe to this scanty and dying remnant of Christianity in the far East, furnished them with copies of the Scriptures, and by his influence obtained such assistance as revived this long decayed branch of the Catholic Church.

"Dr. Buchanan succeeded in obtaining from the Metropolitan of Malabar, a declaration that he considered a union with the English Church would, if practicable, be highly advantageous. This was signed Mar. Dionysius, Metropolitan of Malabar. When Dr. Buchanan left that country, he carried with him their only copy of the Bible, promising to send them a supply of the printed version in return. But before this could be accomplished some years of necessity passed away. The Syrians fearing that they should never again behold their valued treasure, execrated the very name of the man who had, as they imagined, so deeply injured them; but when the printed books arrived, and on being compared with the imperfect copies left among them were found perfectly correct, their joy knew no bounds, and Dr. Buchanan is to this day revered as the father and second founder of the Syrian Church."

Meantime, in Ceylon, and many parts of Continental India, Romish missionaries had been what they called remarkably successful. They had baptized their converts by thousands, where only a few individuals were the result of Protestant

exertions. They pointed triumphantly to these outward trophies and claimed, according to their usual custom, that they were the true apostles of the only true faith. But when these records of conversion came to be examined, it was proved that all which had been obtained was but an external conformity, and that the baptized Cingalese were, after all, only baptized heathens. They were permitted to attend all their idol-festivals, to bow down still in idol-temples, to frequent what was significantly called "devil-dancing," and, in fact, they still worshipped Devi under the title of the most Holy Virgin, and their millions of Devas under the denomination of Saints.\*

But all this while there was growing up a power in India which was destined, at no great distance of time, to absorb all the existing dynasties. Province after province was embraced within the fold of its encircling arms. Sovereign after sovereign was compelled by its influence to exchange his crown either for a pension or a prison, and more commonly, a tomb: till the few merchants who, in the time of the great Elizabeth, had obtained a charter, granting to them a monopoly of the Indian traffic, had now become a senate of kings, bearing rule over some of the wealthiest regions of the globe. They began by being tolerated: they went on to rule and to conquer. The Mogul Empire became a thing of the past; the Mahratta princes lost in turn their dominions; a crowd of smaller kings fell, each in his appointed order, till over those plains, once swept by the resistless hosts of a Zenghis Khan, a Tamerlane, and an Aurengzebe, once ruled by the liberal and munificent Akbar,† the British flag waved supreme, and the commands of power went out from the great capital of the west. And now, surely we are about to open a new and brighter page in Indian Christianity. The victories of a Clive, a Baird, and a Wellington, must lead the

---

\* See on this subject a most deeply interesting work, entitled, "Christianity in Ceylon," by the learned and accomplished Sir James Emerson Tennent.

† What impression the mild administration of Akbar made on the Hindoos we learn from a letter of Jeeswant Singh, Rajah of Judpore, to Aurengzebe, his fanatical and persecuting successor:—"Your royal ancestor, Akbar, whose throne is now in heaven, conducted the affairs of this empire in equity and firm security for the space of fifty-two years, preserving every tribe of men in ease and happiness, whether they were followers of Jesus, or of Moses, or of David, or of Mahommed,—they all equally enjoyed his countenance and favour, insomuch that his people, in gratitude for the indiscriminate protection which he afforded them, distinguished him by the appellation, Juggot Gro—'Guardian of Mankind.'"—*Notes and Illustrations to Robertson's India*, p. 369.

way to the adoption of British Protestantism. An enlightened and Christian nation would surely argue thus:—God has committed to us this our supremacy in acts, and arms, and commerce, and civilization, that we who have freely received may freely give, that we may extend the knowledge of the Redeemer's kingdom whenever our banners wave in triumph, wherever our sails whiten the ocean. Other nations before us have had this supremacy, and they have abused it. They have employed it only in vain and selfish aggrandisement; they have sought to bring home cargoes of precious ore and priceless jewels, rather than to send out the treasures that neither rust nor thief can diminish,—the pearl of great price. They forgot that they were called Christians; they remembered only that they were traders and soldiers. Their rule has been marked by rapacity and tyranny, and the Christianity which they have professed to teach has been confined to ritual observances. For these things God has visited them with his fierce anger: their riches have departed, their glory has waned, their empire has decayed, their colonies have been rent away; and now, instead of being the chiefs among nations, their voice is scarcely heard in the councils of princes.

But *we* will act as becometh the followers of Christ; we will not merely be humane and gentle to those placed under our sway, but we will especially teach them that greatest of all knowledge, whereby they may become “wise unto salvation.” Every Briton shall be a pioneer of the Gospel; and our commerce shall be the handmaid of truth, bringing, wherever she goes, in her train, arts, and science, and literature, and civilization; and, to crown and complete the whole, Christianity.

This would, indeed, have been regarding history as philosophy,—teaching by examples: this would have been reading the future in the light of the past. But, alas for our consistency, the poisonous notion soon took root,—that a mercantile company had nothing to do with religion,—that they should not only abstain from proselyting, but even maintain and support the religion of the natives, in order to gain their good will for British commercial speculations. Strange notion this!—that what men are each and all bound to do separately, can be removed from the list of duties by a company of them being banded together;—that souls were of infinite value in God's sight, but might, without crime, be regarded as utterly worthless in the eyes of men! There is something absolutely fearful in the ac-

counts of the sums paid by the East India Company for the support of idol-temples, of heathen festivals, of devil-dancing! —of other sums received by the same Company from the foulest sources,—from the most degraded and polluting rites,—and unblushingly paraded in their annual statistics.\* Surely those who were at the head of Indian affairs in those days must have fancied that God would hold his peace,—that he was altogether such an one as themselves.

Nor did the iniquity of the case stop even here. There were plague-spots arising out of the Hindoo religion spreading through the length and breadth of the land. The burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands was an article of the Brahminical ritual which had a strong hold on the popular mind. By this means alone would the unhappy woman escape many degrading transmigrations, and be permitted to rejoin the departed in the Paradise of India, the Swerga, or the more glorious heaven of Meru. Infanticide was common throughout the whole country; and so little was it thought a crime, that no one took any trouble to deny, or even to conceal it. And British rulers winked at one of these iniquities, and openly encouraged the other. British officers honoured the suttees with their presence, and in some cases, even derived a revenue for its permission!

"The practice of suttee was not accompanied by any religious feeling among the spectators of the scene, nor very often among the family of the victim. Mr. Ewer, the acting superintendent of police in the lower provinces, thus speaks, in his appeal to the Governor-General, of these rites:—"Her relations, her attendants, and the surrounding crowd,—men, women, and children,—will be seen to wear one face of merriment, such as in our days attends a boxing match or a bull-bait. The crowd assembled to see a show, which in their estimation affords more amusement than any other public amusement with which they are acquainted. And the sacrifice is accomplished because the family is anxious to get rid of an encumbrance, and the Brahmins desirous of a feast and a present."†

It is but a few years ago that this plague-spot has been removed, and suttee finally abolished by British authority; and will it be believed the abolition of this crime was long and loudly opposed even in this country! It was denounced as a wanton and mischievous interference with the liberties

---

\* The East India Company actually derived a clear revenue of one thousand pounds per annum from the Temple of Juggernaut,—(See Poynder, p. 261), and a still larger revenue from the Temple at Gya.

† Poynder, "Human Sacrifices in India," p. 10.

of the Hindoo people ; an unwarrantable tampering with their religion ; an act of most unjustifiable persecution. We were told that if we permitted such legislation as this, we must bid farewell to our Indian empire ; for that the true policy had been most fatally forsaken. However, by God's mercy, the motion was carried,—and the sacrifice of widows abolished. And what has been the result ? There was no tumult, no murmuring ; the whole population, save a few high-caste men, recognised at once the wisdom and the humanity of the law,—and it had a quieting, a tranquillising effect. Still there remained many horrible customs. British soldiers were still called on to salute idolatrous processions, and to do honour by their presence to idolatrous festivities. Christianity, so far from being encouraged, had “ every heavy blow and sore discouragement ” inflicted upon it that the wisdom of this world could devise. It will hardly be credited in future years that, as the consent of the East-India Company was necessary, before leaving this country for their Eastern territories, Christian missionaries were, until within a very recent period actually shipped as contraband articles from foreign ports, because that consent could not be obtained. The late excellent Bishop Middleton led a life of constant anxiety, from the petty warfare carried on against him by the local authorities ; and it was reserved for the amiable and accomplished Heber to be the first welcome Christian bishop in British India. With facts like these before us, can we wonder that the anger of God should have made itself known against those whose rule has been thus not only unchristian, but antichristian ? If we believe that there is any connection between national transgressions and national punishment, then the rebellion of our Indian army will seem a most natural consequence of our own neglect ; and were we to lose the whole of our Eastern empire, there would be nothing to excite surprise in any well-organised and deeply reflecting mind.

But we gladly turn to a brighter page. Sodom and Gomorrah would have been saved had there been ten righteous men among their inhabitants,—and, blessed be God, there have been many tens of righteous and devoted men among the British residents in India : and their labours have been so far blessed, their prayers have been so far heard, that very different counsels now prevail with that great assembly of merchant princes who bear rule over the Indian peninsula. Now it is understood that we are Christians, and are bound to act as such ;—that the state of the case is altogether changed since we were a small company of adventurous

traders, seeking permission to carry on a small and precarious commerce in the ports of India. The example of a Martyn and a Heber, a Turner and a Wilson,—the labours of such men as Carey and Fox, and many more whose names are enrolled in the Book of Life, have had their effect; and as yet we are but turning over the dark page. It is but the grey light of the early dawn which is breaking upon us; there is a little lustre, but still more gloom,—just illumination enough to show us how great is the work which lies before us: and oh! were it not for such gracious promises as that which is contained in the words, “and the idols he shall utterly abolish,” our only exclamation would be, “Who is sufficient for these things?” But that promise cheers us; and in the events which are taking place around us day by day, we see the proofs that God hath not forgotten to be gracious, but that in the midst of wrath He remembers mercy.

And how can this land, this rich and noble country, so committed to our care, be rescued from its degradation? How can an enlightened public opinion be raised up? There is no want of learning, no want of intellectual capacity among her children; her philosophers have been among the most profound as well as the most acute that the East has ever seen, and there are passages in the institutes of Menu which would have been by no means out of place, even in the grandest works of Plato. How can that learning and that intellectual activity be so purified and exalted as to do its work well and truly? How can the standard of morality be raised so that virtue may be revered as virtue, and vice detested as vice? These results can only be expected from Christianity. Idolatry and atheism have had their day, and produced their effects. Infanticide and suttee have been put down with a high hand; but the former still prevails secretly through many districts. The Thug still wanders through the forest, and by the scarcely beaten path, in search of his human prey; the poisoner still walks with head erect, acknowledging his nefarious profession as though it were the most honourable of all vocations; there are still the foul rites of many monstrous gods, and still more monstrous goddesses,—celebrated not always in secret. And these are the fruits of those systems of idolatry which encumber the land. Dacoity, as it is called, or organized robbery, still renders travelling unsafe; and whole regions are, from time to time, inaccessible from these causes.

One attempt has been made to introduce a purer faith, and a higher code of ethics. In the middle ages Mohammedanism

swept over the land like a torrent. Conquerors with armies such as Europe has never seen, rolled the tide of war, like a devastating tempest, from sea to sea,—broke down idol-temples, prostrated idols on the thresholds of their own shrines, and preached, at the sword's point, the Unity of the Godhead, and the mission of the Prophet; and so far as it succeeded, so far did it ameliorate the condition of the multitude. But its success was but small; it wanted the requisite vitality. It made few converts, though it left many colonists. Side by side grew up the indolent and vicious Hindoo with the active and energetic Moslem: but, alas for all human systems, the evil always overcomes the good,—the Moslem became treacherous and effeminate, the Hindoo remained the idolator he was; both parted with somewhat of the small good which they possessed, and, after a few centuries, the faith of Islam found the country no better than when it entered it. Man's depravity cannot be overcome by man's ingenuity; He only can cleanse who at first created; none but He knows the secret springs of human motives, and can supply the requisite power.

We are now to investigate a system of idolatry at once the most ingenious and the most complicated that the mind of man has ever devised. That scheme of religious belief, which is received by a vast majority of the inhabitants of Continental India, is called Brahminism, either from the name of one of its principal deities, Brahma, or from that order of men who alone are permitted to examine its mysteries. It has to deal with almost every degree of human intellect, and to suit its requirements to almost every variety of human character, and, as might reasonably be expected, it aims, and that with a wonderful power of adaptation, to satisfy them all. For the learned and metaphysical, it has its inner teachings; for the coarse and vulgar, its outward show. It allows the sensualist to indulge his passions, and the ascetic to nourish his pride; it tells the careless that its demands may be satisfied by proxy; and it encourages the ritualist by assuring him that his services have each an absolute value, and that the devotion of the heart is altogether unnecessary. It has its gorgeous and varied stores of the richest poetry, and these it holds forth to the enthusiastic as revealing the actual lives, the loves and hatreds, the wars and heroic achievements of gods and demons, while at the same time it tells the calm and sober inquirer after truth, that all these are to be understood as having a spiritual meaning, and as representing the inward life of the soul of man.

"It is the opinion of the most eminent Eastern scholars, that there is no part of the Indian mythology which has not some hidden meaning, either philosophical, astronomical, or historical; and, apart from this personifying system, they acknowledge but one God. This great being, who is called Brahma, is never addressed in prayer or praise. It is to his embodied, or rather personified attributes that all religious worship is due. 'Of that being,' says the Veda, 'whose glory is so great, there is no image,—this is that invisible eternal being which illumines all, which delights all, from which all proceed, by which they live when born, and to which they must all return.' It will be noticed, that in this beautiful passage the Supreme Being is not spoken of as 'He;' in fact, such an approximation to human nature would seem blasphemy to the mind of a Hindoo. When speaking of Brahma, the Indian priests exhibit a more rational and correct spirit of philosophy than could be expected from men living in the practice of idolatry."\*

The lovers of the lofty and magnificent are captivated by its sumptuous temples and its solemn rites, its splendid processions and its infinite variety, while the vilest and most degraded find in its ceremonials opportunities of satisfying the foulest and most loathsome propensities.

We shall endeavour to represent this strange and yet mighty system, first, as it addresses itself to the more erudite of its votaries. With them it begins by setting forth the existence of one only Supreme God, the creator and preserver of all. Lifted far above his human creatures, this great being, who is called Brahm, is not to be approached by prayer or praise,—to him no temples are to be erected, of him no images are to be made. He is the formless, the boundless, the infinite in power and wisdom. The holiest of the saints only, may ever make him the subject of contemplation; by the rest of mankind he is only to be adored in his attributes. These are chiefly three,—those of Creation, Preservation, and Destruction; with this last is joined, philosophically enough, that of Reproduction. The creating power is personified under the name of Brahma; the preserving under that of Vishnu; and the destructive and reproductive power is worshipped under the appellation of Siva, or Mahadeva. Each of these attributes is regarded by the multitude as a separate divinity, and together they form the celebrated Hindoo Triad, or trinity, which the philosophers declare to be One,—in Brahm, the Eternal.

"Now, this seems to imply Time, not Eternity; nor does it very well agree, except upon this supposition, with the following re-

---

\* Christmas's "Universal Mythology."



mark:—When Kal, or Time, shall have devoured all things, the three personified powers will cease to exist. And one of the Puranas has the singular and valuable passage: ‘Kal, devouring himself, shall cease to be, and nothing shall remain but Brahm, the eternal one.’ It has been already noticed, that of Brahm there are no images,—no temples: he is considered too awful to be addressed by mortals, too sacred to be made the subject of poetical romance. But the Hindoos are too devoted to allegory to forbear touching in some way even this forbidden subject; and hence, by a distinction not easy to be entertained by a European mind, they have personified ‘the Spirit of God’ under the name of Narayana. It is worthy of note that the name, Narayana, signifies, ‘moving on the water.’ While thus moving upon the water, resting upon the thousand-headed serpent Sesha, from the navel of Narayana sprang the lotos, and from the lotos, Brahma! It seems best to give this fable in a form more unmixed than it will afterwards appear, because it serves here to introduce this creating power as an emanation of the Spirit of God, in which light the more enlightened among the Hindoos wish it to be considered.”\*

Speaking on a passage in one of the *Puranas*, a recent author remarks:—The mass of votaries was divided into three sects, each worshipping especially one of these divine manifestations; but many years ago, one of these, that of the Brahmavas, became extinct through wars and persecutions; and there now only remain two, the Vaishnavas, or adorers of Vishnu; and the Saivas, or votaries of Siva. It is perhaps not difficult to understand why the especial worship of Brahma died out. The Creator, considered solely in that light, was not likely to attract the same hopes as the Preserver, or the same fears as the Destroyer. And when to this latter is assigned also the power of reproduction, we no longer wonder at his being entitled Mahadeva, or the Great God.

But as Brahm himself is removed by his grandeur even from the contemplation of earthly affairs, so these principal manifestations of his power are too high and too august to be practically engaged in carrying on the operations of Providence, and they are supposed to do this by another and secondary personification. Each acts by means of his Sacti or pervading energy, and this Sacti, taking a female form, is represented as the consort of the divinity whose active power she becomes. Two purposes are served by this. The principle that calm and active contemplation is the highest state of existence, receives an additional support from the

---

\* Christmas's "Universal Mythology."

examples of the great triad. While the inferiority of the female character is exhibited in laying on the Sactis what would have been beneath the dignity of the gods. Besides this, we have the beginning of a theogony, a stem for a divine family, which may fill heaven and earth with its branches, like that of the Greeks of later days. The result is, that we are presented with no fewer than thirty millions of Devas or gods, to say nothing of evil spirits innumerable; and all are provided with adventures, many which could not be recited in an assembly of Christians.

"Each of the three powers which have been already mentioned, is figured to have his consort, that is to say, a personification of his actual power; for in some systems of Hindoo theogony, the consort, Sacti, or pervading energy, is made to proceed from the body of the god, as Eve did from that of Adam. In short, as Brahma, Vishnu, and Mahadeva, are personifications of creating, preserving, destroying power, so their Sactis are personifications of the several instances of their action. This will be found to be a correct account of their origin; but having once introduced a person,—no matter by what process,—the Eastern poets will never let it go without a string of adventures, by which adventures it does, as has been already noticed, become mixed with other allegories, and produces difficulties not to be unravelled." \*

It will be obvious that a system such as this can readily adapt itself to every palate,—that its statements may be taken literally or spiritually, just as they may be required; and that it may thus embrace within its circle at once the wisest and the most ignorant, the most virtuous and the most degraded. But having thus laid a broad foundation, it proceeds to build up a spiritual despotism. Its teachers are not to be common men, but of a class exalted far above the rest of mankind; to them the earth is to belong, and its proudest rulers are to be their devoted and humble slaves.

"A few passages from the Institutes of Menu will show in what light the Brahmins are regarded: 'A twice-born man, who barely assaults a Brahmin, with intent to hurt him, shall be whirled about for a century in the hell called Tamisra. Never shall a king slay a Brahmin, though convicted of all possible crimes; let him banish the offender from his realm, but with all his property secure, and his body unhurt. No crime is greater on earth than slaying a Brahmin; and the king, therefore, must not form in his mind the idea of killing a priest. A Brahmin, whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity,—whether consecrated or popular. Thus, though Brahmins may employ themselves in all sorts of mean occu-

---

\* Christmas's "Universal Mythology."

pations, they must ever be honoured, for they are something transcendantly divine.' These extracts show the light in which this favoured tribe is beheld, and point pretty strongly as to who were the law-makers. The same authority tells us that the 'natural duty of the Soodra' is servitude.

"Castes are hereditary distinctions, and well calculated for the object at which they were intended to aim. They exalt the dignity of the Bramin tribe above all others, it matters not how situated, and portion out honours and reverence in exact proportion to the proximity to that favoured tribe. Many books are prohibited to all but the Brahmins; others are allowed to the Chetri, others to the Vaisya also; but the Sudra are confined to the hearing, and there are some which none may even hear, but the first class. The distinction is known to those who look on the dress, by the difference in the Zenaar, or sacred thread, of which a Brahmin wears four, and puts them on at eight years of age; a Chetri three, from that of eleven; and a Vaisya two, from the period of twelve."\*

For this purpose, the history of creation is told in a very remarkable manner. Brahma, resolving to create man, did not, as we are told by our Scriptures, "make of one blood all the nations of the earth;" but, at various times, and in various ways, he proceeded to create those who were to "replenish the earth, and subdue it." From his head sprang the Brahmins, the priestly caste; to them, alone, are the sacred books committed; and they represent the wisdom of the great Supreme. So great are the privileges divinely bestowed upon them, that to refuse the least request of a Brahmin renders the criminal, if of a lower caste, liable to a thousand years' punishment in hell. The second caste is that of warriors, called Chetri, or Kshetrya, which sprang from the arms of Brahma. The third, or mercantile caste, called Vaisya, derived their origin from his loins; while the fourth, or servile caste, arose from his feet. Thus, with a different origin, different duties, and an impassable barrier between men, a provision was made for a sacerdotal despotism, supported by the weapons of the second, and the riches of the third caste.

Intermarriage between different castes was strictly forbidden as an act of unutterable presumption on the part of the lower, and of inconceivable degradation on the part of the higher. The vessels used by the members of one caste may not be touched by those of another; and every thing is done that can be done to make this separation form a part of every

---

\* "Caste and Christianity."

act and every habit. It is interwoven with the whole substance of life : with the whole framework of society. It is the keystone of the entire structure, and, whatever affects it, must infallibly touch in its most vital part the complete system of Brahminism.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of the way in which this singular religion lends itself to the worst passions of humanity may be found in the history of Thuggism. The Thugs are worshippers of the Sacti of Siva, not under her more usual and attractive form of Parvati, in which she appears as the universal mother, and is honoured much as was of old the great Diana of the Ephesians,—nor under that of Durga, in which she becomes the personification of terrible, but righteous retribution, but under the name of Kali, which name indicates her as the patroness of indiscriminate and sanguinary destruction. These persons are, by profession, murderers ; they lie in wait in the great highways of India ; and, wherever travellers may be met with, they slay and pillage them, supporting themselves on the plunder, and offering the victims, with many mystic rites, to the “terrible and devouring goddess.” Some of the most fearful, as well as romantic adventures are related of those who have come into collision with this singular tribe, and have providentially escaped their hands. We have already spoken of the suttees, of the professional poisoners, and of the practice of infanticide ; and we may take the whole of these things together as evidences of what this religion of Brahminism can do towards rendering man virtuous and holy.

“The Thugs went on their adventures in large gangs ; and two or more were commonly united, in the course of an expedition, in the perpetration of many murders. Every man shared in the booty according to the rank he held in the gang, or the part he took in the murders ; and the rank of every man, and the part he took generally, or in any particular murder, were usually well known to all. From among these gangs, when arrested, we found the evidence we required for their conviction, or the means of tracing it among the families and friends of their victims, or with persons to whom the plundered property had been disposed of, and in the graves to which the victims had been consigned.

“Again often almost before the new-born babe could breathe the vital air, gaze upon the light of heaven, or experience the sensation of its new existence, that existence has been extinguished by its cruel mother’s hands ; and the ‘felon sire,’ instead of welcoming with a father’s joy a daughter or a son, has dug its grave upon the spot, or among the thick-grown bushes a few yards distant. On

receiving the warm palpitating body from its mother's hand, he has with awful unconcern, deposited the precious charge, not in a father's arms, but in its early sepulchre; and instead of gazing on the tender babe with all that thrilling rapture which a father only knows, has concealed it from his view by covering its mangled form with the unconscious earth; and to obliterate all traces of the dead, has trodden down the yielding soil, and strewed it over with green boughs, or covered it with verdant turf."\*

But there are some points which call for particular notice. The doctrines of Brahma teach, that man can only be recovered from his present condition (and which they acknowledge not to be his normal state) by the advent of an incarnate deity; and, accordingly, Vishnu, the second person of the Hindoo triad, has nine times become incarnate, in order to confer some great and signal benefit on mankind: one of these was for the purpose of obtaining the Amrita, or water of immortal life. We cannot contemplate fables such as these, without wondering at the truths which they contain. Perhaps, before the coming of Christ, this doctrine, derived from the prophecies of a more favoured race, found its way into the Brahminical scheme. We might imagine, that a theory such as this must surely bring forth some good fruit. Must it not be evident, that if man could do nothing for his own salvation,—but that an incarnate deity was requisite to bring to light the water of life,—a principle of self-distrust, of confidence alone in the great and holy being by whom this glorious gift was conferred, should characterise his religion? that prayers, and penances, and offerings, could not have any specific effect, but that they must be rendered acceptable, “by simplicity and godly sincerity,” to him who had toiled to procure that wondrous boon? Another incarnation is that of Krishna, in whose history are several circumstances which seem to have been borrowed from the narratives of the Gospels; and it is not at all unlikely that they have been foisted into the original story at a much later period.

“While the Vedas were lost (that is, before the flood), mankind was in a state of ignorance and barbarism; but when they were recovered, the human race became just and pious again. In the flood, however, those comforts and conveniences which had been previously enjoyed, were lost: the life of man was saved; but not being artificers, the remnant of the human race was deplorably destitute of those advantages which make life desirable. To restore them to these, or rather to restore these to them, Vishnu

---

\* “Caste and Christianity.”

proceeded to churn the sea; and the history of this churning is that of the second avatara, called the Kurmavatara. Vishnu, in this incarnation, assumed the form of a tortoise, which is, in the Sanscrit language, kurma, and thus gives a name to the avatara."

It will not be necessary for us to follow any further the wild legends of Hindoo fable; to describe its fantastic heavens, and its still more fantastic hells; and to relate the doings of its myriads of deities. From what has been already said, it will be clear that its chief objects were to embrace as large a circle of worshippers as possible by means of its esoteric and its exoteric teachings; to establish, by means of caste, a perpetual spiritual tyranny; and to feed the imaginations of men to the full with fables that would prevent their desiring to dive deeply into the truth. Religion, therefore, became a thing totally distinct from morals. There was a "*left-handed*" as well as a "*right-handed*" manner of conducting divine service;\* and there were modes in which crime, however detestable, might be at once visited with human severity, and yet be acceptable to the deities themselves. Again; it is wonderful to what extent future rewards and punishments were, by Brahminical teaching, dissociated from good or bad actions. The Thug might be put to death by public justice, and this by the hands of those who believed in Kali as much as himself; but he would not the less be admitted by his patron goddess into her own especial paradise. A man may have lived an openly wicked and godless life, and yet, when he comes to die, if he can cause himself to be carried down to some *ghaut*, or landing-place on the Ganges, the pre-eminently sacred river, and there perish, with his mouth full of the holy mud, he is safe: his sins, no matter what they are, cannot hinder him from entering into eternal life. One of our greatest poets has founded what is, perhaps, his best work on another notion of

---

\* "We now proceed to a goddess of far more consequence, Parvati, by which name she is usually called when considered as the consort of Mahadeva, and an inhabitant of the celestial mountain, Kailasa, whereon Siva dwells. In this character she is the genial goddess of fecundity. Exquisite in beauty, she is worshipped as presiding over marriage, and, more properly than Laksmi, as the mother of all created things. It was in this attractive character that she put her hand over the eyes of Mahadeva, and caused the eclipse that occasioned so much consternation. Her exclusive worshippers (and in this shape she has many, or, rather worshippers of Mahadeva, who recognize in her the active principle of her lord) are called Sactas, more properly Yoynas. The worship paid to her is of a mystic and typical character, and is paid to her only as the universal mother and the principle of fecundity. There is a right-handed mode of conducting it, and a left-handed,—that is, some sects adore her in a decorous, and others in a licentious manner."—*Christ. Univ. Myth.*

the same kind ; and his tale is strictly in accordance with the doctrines of the Hindoo religion.\* A certain rajah, whose ambition is to become a universal monarch,—that is, to rule over the three kingdoms of earth, heaven, and hell,—practises the needful austerities, and performs the needful devotions. The gods, who know the wickedness of his heart, look on with terror at the progress he makes ; the earth becomes his own ; the paradise of Swerga falls beneath his power ; the gods are driven from their seats by the man almighty, all save the mystic three ; he claims, and obtains the throne of Yamen, in the lower world, and then calls for the Amrita, whereby his power would be perpetuated for ever. He fails in this attempt ; not because the Amrita is refused him, but because it produces a widely different effect from that which he had anticipated. An eternity of wickedness is an eternity of misery ; and the unhappy rajah becomes an illustration of this maxim. There is nothing in this at all overstrained ; it is precisely what the genuine records of the religion relate again and again ; it is a picture of what man invents as a substitute for God's truth. But, notwithstanding all the varied rules of poetry and philosophy, which the teachers of the Hindoo religion can lay before their pupils, those things are still wanting which can render it fit for man's necessities.†

---

\* In Southey's "Curse of Kehama," another instance is related, thus : A certain Daitya, name Hirana Yatsha (or the Golden-eyed), having performed certain acts of devotion, and, indeed, spent a life in religious austerities, demanded, as usual, a boon of Brahma ; and, like all the other devotees of his class, he modestly asked for universal empire, and freedom from danger through noxious animals, which, to make assurance doubly sure, he enumerated one by one ; he, however, forgot the hog. Brahma granted the prayer, which he had no right to deny, and made the ambitious Daitya almighty. The demon accordingly acted as such a being might be supposed to act ; he seized upon the earth, now become his own, and carried it with him into the depths of the sea. Vishnu, willing to preserve the earth, took the form of a boar, and descending into the abyss, had a contest with the Daitya, which lasted a thousand years ; eventually he slew him, and rescued the earth on the point of his tusk.

† Turn we again to India, says the author of "*Caste and Christianity*," and we shall observe the results of falsehood and perjury from Brahminical as from Romish moral theology. "The Brahmin," says the Abbé Dubois, who probably knew the Hindoos better than any European, "lives but for himself. Bred in the belief that the whole world is his debtor, and that he himself is called upon for no return, he conducts himself in every circumstance of his life with the most absolute selfishness. Feelings of commiseration and pity, as far as respects the sufferings of others, never enter into his heart. He will see an unhappy being perish on the road, or even at his own gate, if belonging to another caste ; and will not stir to help him to a drop of water, though it were to save his life. There is no country on earth in which the sanctity of an oath is less respected, and particularly amongst the Brahmins. That high caste is not ashamed to encourage falsehood, and even perjury, under certain circumstances, and to justify them openly,—as

There is no account of man's fall; no acknowledgment of man's depravity; no invitation for sinners to come to the God whom they have offended; and even the incarnate deity does not become the representative of mankind; does not die for their sins, nor rise again for their justification; nor does he send his Holy Spirit to renovate the hearts of those who believe in him. These are, indeed, truths of God's revealing, and not of human invention. They could only have proceeded from the All-wise and the All-merciful; nor did the wisest of men ever succeed in attaining to the knowledge of any mode by which sinful man could be reformed, and the inhabitant of earth made meet to be the inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. And yet, perhaps, a knowledge of this system may be, in the hands of the devoted missionary, more than commonly useful. False as it is, it affords, sometimes, a fulcrum whereupon to rest the truth. There are, indeed, gleamings of the true among its wild and tangled masses of the false; and it may be, that as the apostle of old addressed the Athenians by declaring unto them, as the one God, Him whom they had ignorantly worshipped, so might the idolatrous Hindoo be addressed in our own days.

There is an anecdote told, that a certain Hindoo rajah having committed some great and terrible sin, inflicted on himself the severest tortures, that he might, if possible, expiate it. He had perhaps struck, possibly killed a Brahmin. He forsook his throne, and wandered through highways and byways,—exposed to the burning rays of the sun by day, and to the cold dews by night, he had swung himself by hooks from lofty poles, he had covered his person with venomous insects, and now he was lying on a bed of spikes, with the pitiless glare of an oriental sun beating upon his head. A Christian missionary passed by: "Behold the Lamb of God," he exclaimed, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world!" "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." The rajah started from his couch of torture: "Ah!" exclaimed he, "this is what I have been seeking by day and night for so many years! The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin!"

But the great point which has to be carried is, the abolition of that unrighteous institution of Caste. To say that it

---

vices, no doubt, when used for ordinary purposes, but as virtuous in the highest degree when employed for the advantage of the caste." This is identically the spirit of Dens' theology,—which allows the doing of acts perfectly wanting in moral rectitude, *for the good of the Church. The end sanctifies the means.*



is a bar to the moral and social development of the national life, though this is bringing a heavy charge against it, is still short of the truth; it levels all aspirations, it encourages a dull and lifeless despair, it represses that emulation, which, among the peasantry of other lands, gives birth to great conceptions, and developes great characters; but, above all, it prevents that quiet and childlike faith which regards the Great Father as loving alike to all, and recognising all in the same degree as his children; it prevents the association, in the mind, of crime and punishment, and hangs like a gigantic cloud over all the moral and spiritual energies of the race.

“Coolies will carry any load, however offensive, upon their heads; bid them carry a man a few paces, and though it be a matter of life and death, they will answer you, it is the business of another caste. The Robillas will submit to be flogged within an inch of their lives with a leathern martingale, but to be struck with a whip or cane, would be an indelible disgrace. The Brahmin is polluted by drinking from the same cup with a Sudra. In Mysore is a caste, in which the mother amputates the middle finger up to the middle joint, on the marriage of the eldest daughter. Caste, in one form or another, existed from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya,—from the Ganges to the Indus,—its spirit penetrated every institution.

“‘It is an impropriety,’ says Irving, ‘for a Brahmin to use the same cup as a Sudra. Sooner than this should be an obstacle to his partaking of this mystery [the sacrament], we would gratify his prejudice.’ So would not Christianity; for this would be singularly to forget, that if the Brahmin has become really a Christian, he is no longer a *Brahmin*. As a Christian, he has already learned to ‘call no man common or unclean.’ Such a Brahmin is not yet worthy to take the sacrament, for he has not, in that case, learned the very first principle of Christianity, viz., humility; and his heart has been totally untouched by its vital power. This is the effect of confounding the intellectual knowledge of Christianity with its spiritual results. Formality says ‘Compromise!’ Christianity, with the beaming eyes of love, says, ‘*First go and be reconciled to thy brother,*’ or ‘*Thy heart is not right in the sight of God.*’”

“If now we turn to India, we find the same selfish caste of assumed holiness. Of all the singular anomalies to which superstition gives rise, religious mendicity, and the honour paid to sanctified beggars, bear the palm. ‘Crowds of sturdy beggars,’ says Irving, ‘in general, members of some religious caste, parade the country, and extort a plentiful subsistence from the united effects of compassion, fear, and superstition. They may be seen each day wandering from house to house, and extorting their customary handful of rice or other food, from the poor ryots, with a regularity and insolent importunity, worthy of the mendicant friars of the

middle ages. It has been calculated that no less than one-eighth of the inhabitants of Bengal and Bahar, about two millions, subsist in this manner, and cannot levy less than two or three millions sterling from the wretched ryots.

"But of all fanatics who have ever commanded respect, astonishment, or fear, the Senniasie Fakirs bear the palm. They are an assemblage of men who unite the several characteristics of saints, jugglers, robbers, and cutthroats, which, according to Indian notions, are not irreconcilable. These wander over the country as beggars and profess to live by alms, but really plunder and steal. The Fakir and Bairagi, covered with sores and filth,—an object often as disgusting as can well be imagined,—still wanders through India, and still extorts alms from the inhabitants."\*

Our holy religion teaches us that we are to call no man common or unclean,—for on Jew and Gentile alike fell the gift of the Holy Spirit; and the parable of the good Samaritan shows us that where suffering humanity calls, there we find our neighbour. Caste annuls all these divine charities—it forbids even the cup of cold water; it commands its victims to pass on the other side, lest they should be defiled by contact with one of an inferior grade, and so haughty does it make those who rejoice in its high places, that the Brahmin commands the man of low caste to cover his mouth with a cloth while addressing his superior, lest perchance his breath should reach, and so contaminate, the person of one holier than himself!

"Caste is the cause of extreme selfishness, which makes them look upon the misfortunes of others without sympathy. The traveller may fall sick by the way, but not a soul will render him assistance. If his caste be unknown, all will avoid him, for fear of pollution. The Jesuit missionaries truckled to this selfish principle for the sake of gaining converts, the result was the gain of heathens under a Christian name. 'The Jesuit missionaries separated themselves entirely, even from their own brethren in the same country, and endured all the privations imposed upon the Pariahs. One missionary might be seen moving about upon horseback, or in a palanquin, eating rice dressed by Brahmins, and saluting people as he passed. Another, clothed in rags, walked on foot, surrounded by beggars, and prostrated himself as his brother missionary met him, covering his mouth lest his breath should infect the lungs of the holy man.'"<sup>†</sup>

We are now to consider a religion of a very different character. Brahminism delights in the multitude of its idols, and the endless variety of their symbols; it crowds its temples with hideous and mis-shapen images,—it endows its

---

\* "Caste and Christianity." † *Ibid.*

deities with many heads and many arms, and aims thus at exhibiting the multiplied power of those beings whom it worships. Its processions and its ritual are splendid in the extreme, and it calls on the grandest poetry that the East can produce, to celebrate the loves and conquests of the Immortals. Side by side with this, rises a stern and silent system, which, in its purest form, rejects all images save one, and repudiates all idol-worship: the one figure found in its temples is to be considered as strictly commemorative, and not the object of any religious adoration.

"Budhu himself, as seen in many temples, appears seated upon a throne, placed on elephants, or encircled by a hydra, or in the habit of a king, accompanied by his attendants. In many of the modern images, however, he is represented in a sitting posture, with his legs folded, his right hand resting upon his right thigh, and his left upon his lap. A yellow cloth is cast over his left shoulder, which encircles his right arm. His hair is short and woolly, like that of an African, and he is not unfrequently represented with the thick lips which characterise the negro race. This, which seems to indicate an African descent, is a subject upon which the priests are unwilling to communicate information, and are always displeased when the subject is brought before their notice. The ears of Budhu are long, as if distended by heavy earrings. The statue is generally placed in the centre of the temple, under a small arch prepared for the purpose, or under a small porch of wood, neatly gilt. Images of celestial attendants, male and female, are frequently placed in front of the image; and in some places the image of Jivanakara,—a mendicant who had four hundred thousand disciples, and who foretold the deification of Budhu,—is to be seen in an erect posture, having four mendicants behind him, with begging-dishes in their hands, and Sumedha, a form of Budhu, lying prostrate before him in a posture of reverence."\*

It deals chiefly, if not wholly, with the future destinies of its adherents; it prescribes no caste, it recognises no privilege of one race or tribe above another, and its moral precepts are undoubtedly precepts of virtue. Possessing a minority among the inhabitants of India, it is, nevertheless, the ruling faith in some portions even of that country; while in China, Thibet, and the Birman Empire, it is the religion of the great mass. Budhuism reckons among its followers at least one quarter of the earth's inhabitants; and thus, even were there no other reasons to interest us in its examination, we should still look upon it as calling imperatively for a careful study. Presenting in itself a remarkable contrast to Brah-

---

\* Christmas's "Univ. Myth."

minism, it has, nevertheless, permitted a strange mixture of Brahminical fables, and before we can weigh it and its influences with an accurate balance, we must endeavour to weed it from these excrescences, and to contemplate it as its most enlightened followers do.

There have been many discussions between the adherents of the two religions, as to which of them was the most ancient; and the Brahmins point with pride to their sacred books and traditions, in which it is stated that the ninth and last incarnation of Vishnu, was in the form of Boodh, or Budhu; thus, they admit it to be a lawful creed, though not to be compared in comprehensiveness to the older faith. A close investigation has satisfied the most careful inquirers that Budhuism is the more recent, and may, indeed, have arisen from some tenets of Brahminism, expanded into a system, to the exclusion of the rest.

"The ninth avatara is the incarnation of Vishnu in the person of Budhu, and is the most important of all, since Budhuism has become a separate religion, and is more extensive in its reception than that of which it is here considered as a separation. Speaking, however, of Budhu as an avatar, we hear of him, that he was born to rectify the voluptuous character of the times; he required celibacy from his priesthood, and abstinence from animal food from his followers. The æra of this avatar was, according to Sir William Jones, about 544 B.C. In the first century of our æra, the religion of Budhu was introduced into China, and it now prevails in that empire, as in Japan, Thibet, Siam, Ceylon, and the Birman Empire. In China he is called Fo, or Fohi, and in other kingdoms and empires, the name, though differently modified, is nearer the Sanskrit, Budhu, or Boodh. Moor remarks, that a Vaishnava, or a Saiva, becoming a follower of Budhu, need not do any great violence to his own sect; for, in fact, he may recognise in him half the mythological persons of his scarcely rejected Pantheism."\*

Budhu,—the teacher, prophet, and subsequently the deity of this scheme,—is generally regarded as the son of Mahapati, a powerful Hindoo king or rajah, and his birth is assigned to about forty different years, ranging from 2099 B.C. to 400 B.C. Remusat, who is perhaps the best European authority, prefers the Chinese date, which places this event in the year 1027 or 1029 B.C. One thing is, however, certain, that in the first century of our æra, the professors of Budhuism were driven out of India, and compelled to take refuge in foreign lands. The nations into which they retreated, and which almost immediately embraced their doc-

---

\* Christmas's "Universal Mythology."

trines, were the Birman Empire, Siam, Ceylon, Cochin China, and Tonquin China; not to speak of Thibet and China Proper, which have been already mentioned: there can, therefore, be no doubt, that whichever be the more ancient Budhuism is by far the most extensive, and therefore the most important.

The character assigned to Budhu is that of an ascetic,—a character of all others most likely to gain credit with the generality of the people in India. All the personages of their multifarious worship have been noted for austerity, and, in spite of the foul impurities of many Hindoo sects, those, deified persons whom they most esteem have obtained their high station by penance and self-inflicted torture. The history of Budhu, as taught in the Jatas, is this: His father, a king of Benares, was anxious, by his prayers and sacrifices, to cause his son, whose birth was shortly expected, to be free from all faults. It is worthy of note that this was the only son of the king who had sixteen thousand wives,—and his birth was miraculous. Chundra, his mother, was a woman of so perfect a character that a great saint condescended to become again incarnate, to be born of her and to restore the pure form of worship. On the same day which witnessed this auspicious birth, five hundred gods were born in the houses of the chief nobles of Benares; these were at once adopted into the royal family, brought up with the young prince, and destined, when they arrived at years of maturity, to form for him a guard of honour. Even in the days of his infancy Budhu displayed his austerities, and to avoid the splendours of a kingdom feigned deafness, lameness, and dumbness. In vain was every kind of childish temptation thrown in his way; in vain were punishments, even amounting to torture, tried in turn;\* at length his instructors told the king that he must be put to death. After much resistance on the part of his mother this cruel command was given; but while his grave was being dug, Budhu gave proofs of his divinity, and his first worshipper was the officer employed to put him to death. The king, the queen, and the courtiers

---

\* For sixteen years they tried this plan, each year varying the means used. When one year old they tried him with sweetmeats,—when two, with fruits,—at three with toys, and at four with feasts. Finding that he was not by gentler means to be induced to break his apathetic silence, they next tried fear for three years, employing first fire, then elephants, then serpents; but this plan proved as unsuccessful as the other. They then had recourse to the lively spectacle of dances, and then for four years more, tried fear, by means of, swords, shells, drums, and fires by night, but all was in vain."—*Univ. Myth.*

visited him, and were all persuaded to remain with him in the desert. Other kings, with their armies, followed the example, and the story concludes in this remarkable way: "The elephants and horses became wild, the chariots fell to pieces, the coin of the treasuries, mingled with the sand of the hermitage, became earth, and the whole concourse of people, having accomplished their austerities, went to heaven." After this, the spirit of Budhu passed through all the gradations of perfection, till in the year 1842, of our æra, he entered into Nirvana.

But we must hasten to speak of the doctrines taught by this divine instructor, whose ascetic course we have already described. The first duty of man is to be joined to the Deity; here, indeed, we have something promising. Christ himself offers no more,—“They shall be one with me, even as I am one with my Father.” But how is this union to be accomplished? The notion of the Godhead still remains the old Brahminical one:—absence of all passion, of all excitement; to be without hope or fear, love or hate, desire or emotion; to move not, to think not, to dream not. “It is better,” says the old Indian proverb, “to walk than to run; it is better to stand than to walk; it is better to sit than to stand; it is better to lie down than to sit; it is better to sleep than to wake; it is better to die than to sleep!” We must know what is the characteristic of the deity before we can understand what union with him can be, and the purest form of Budhuism represents the Deity as—NOTHING! “Nothing,” say their authorities, “is the beginning and end of every thing that exists; from nothing our first parents derived their existence, and to nothing they returned after their death. This NOTHING, this universal principle, is extremely pure,—exempt from all change. It remains continually in a state of rest: has neither virtue, power, nor intelligence. Its essence consists in being free from action, without knowledge, and without desire! To obtain happiness, we must endeavour, by continual meditation and frequent victories over ourselves, to acquire a likeness to this principle; and to obtain that end, we must accustom ourselves to do nothing, to will nothing, to desire nothing, and to feel nothing. When we attain to this happy state, we have nothing more to do with virtue or vice, rewards or punishments, providence or immortality.”

Such is pure Budhuism; and if we take the opinions of Mr. Ward, it does not, when carefully examined, differ much from this in India. “The Budhuists,” says he, “do not believe in a First Cause. They consider matter as eternal;

that every portion of animated existence has in itself its own rise, tendency, and destination; that the condition of creatures on earth is regulated by works of merit and demerit; that works of merit not only raise the individuals who practise them to happiness, but, as they prevail, raise the world itself to prosperity; while, on the other hand, when vice is predominant, the world degenerates till the universe itself is destroyed. They suppose that there is always some superior deity, who has raised himself to glory by religious merit, but they do not regard him as the sovereign of the world." It will be seen that the whole theory resolves itself into a practical Atheism.

"There are, they say, four superior heavens, which are not destroyed at the end of a kalpa; below these there are twelve other heavens, followed by six inferior heavens; after which follows the earth, then the world of snakes, and then thirty-two chief hells; and besides these, there are one hundred and twenty hells of milder punishment. The highest state of glory is absorption. The person who is unchangeable in his resolution, who has obtained the knowledge of things past, present, and to come, through one kalpa,—who can go where he pleases, make himself invisible, and who has attained to complete abstraction,—will enjoy absorption."

But we have not yet exhausted our description of that religion, whose professors so far exceed in number those of any other. We must now inquire what is the meaning of that NIRVANA, or absolute perfection, into which, but fifteen years ago, Budhu himself was, according to some of his disciples, received. There was a remarkable exemplification of this, given by a Cingalese priest to a learned missionary, not more than thirty years ago, and communicated to us by the missionary himself. He pressed the priest strongly to say what would become of the deity at the end of the kalpa (or age). "He will be in NIRVANA," was the reply. "And what is Nirvana?" asked the missionary. Instead of answering in words, the priest took a lamp that was burning before him, and placing it on the ground, extinguished the flame by treading upon it. "That," replied he, "is Nirvana!"

This fearful tenet of utter annihilation prevails amongst great multitudes of the priesthood and other learned men among the Budhuist community; and though there are some who repudiate it, and claim instead an eternal repose, an everlasting apathy,—a boundless ocean, whose waters are lightened by no sunbeam, and stirred by no zephyr; yet few will hesitate to say that the alternative is scarcely preferable, and that absolute annihilation is at least as great a boon as a

life without thought, hope, intelligence, and emotion. The way in which this greatest of blessings is to be obtained, is, as we have already seen, by self-mortification and penance; but the highest degree of merit is assigned to an act which by its nature must be extremely unfrequent,—the feeding an infirm and hungry tiger with one's own flesh.

The traditions of Budhuism are strictly in accordance with its principles; but they seem also to have been adapted, for the most part,—at the least, the most important of them,—from the Hebrew Scriptures; that amount of amplification and multiplication being applied to fit them for more Oriental tastes. We learn from some writings, considered particularly sacred, that the destruction of the world takes place at the end of every kalpa, or age; that the three sins which bring on this periodical ruin, are luxury, anger, and ignorance. From these, by the power of fate, arise the physical or proximate causes—fire, wind, and water.\* When, at the end of a kalpa, luxury prevails, the impending destruction will take place by fire; if anger be the predominant sin, a flood will be the instrument of the divine justice; and when ignorance has characterised the age its termination shall be accomplished by storms of wind. The last kalpa concluded by a deluge. A thousand years before that event, a prophet was sent to announce the coming destruction. With his hair dishevelled, and his garments unbound, he sought the abodes of men, calling on them to repent, and predicting the awful deluge about to take place; but his words were unheeded; rage and fury, violence and lawless war prevailed over the whole earth. At last the rain began to descend, first in gentle showers, then in fiercer torrents, till the greater part of mankind perished; a few, who took warning by the words of the prophet, and fled to rocky caves in high mountains, escaped the general destruction; these repented of their sins, and after the subsidence of the waters, replenished the earth. It is impossible not to recognise in this legend the Scripture history of the antediluvian world, of the preaching of Noah, and of the great deluge; only that while all beside is mag-

\* The Cingalese have this comparison, to convey some idea of what the length of a kalpa must be: If a man were to ascend a mountain nine miles high, and to renew his journeys once in a hundred years, till the mountain were worn down by his feet to an atom, the time required to do this would be nothing compared to the fourth part of a kalpa. Budhu, before his exaltation, told his followers that after his ascent his body, his doctrines, and an assembly of his disciples, were to be equally respected with his glorified spirit. When a Cingalese, therefore, approaches an image of Budhu, he says, "I take refuge in Budhu; I take refuge in his doctrine; I take refuge in his disciples."—*Univ. Myth.*



nified, and the warning voice of the patriarch is extended over a thousand years, the extent of the flood itself is diminished;—the mountains are not covered, and many families are saved from perishing in the waters. Another scriptural tradition which they have preserved in a modified form, is the gradual decrease in the duration of human life. In the beginning of a kalpa, it is extended to an almost immeasurable length; as mankind become corrupt, the span of their existence is shortened, till at length it becomes reduced to the space of ten years; when this stage is reached, the age is brought to a conclusion. It is singular, and very instructive, to observe, how this same notion runs through every system of mythology. The Greeks had their golden, their silver, their brazen, and their iron ages. Nebuchadnezzar, in his divinely-inspired vision, saw the image which represented the same gradation; and to him was also vouchsafed the additional symbol of the stone cut out without hands from the mountain, which became itself a great mountain, and filled the whole earth!

There is only one more point which we shall notice in connection with the doctrine of Budhu. His followers admit the existence of the Hindoo divinities, and believe in their power; but they do not recognize them as divine, nor consider them fit objects of worship. They form to the Budhuist a kind of demonology, and he is not unfrequently found willing to join in certain deprecatory rites. There is a parallel to this in the early ages of Christianity. The less enlightened, and less spiritual-minded, who received the truth, still regarded the gods of the Greek Pantheon as actual intelligences, and not unfrequently gave them rank among the fallen hierarchy of heaven. In the case of Budhuism, this adaptation of the Brahminical deities to another system is the more remarkable, as that system itself, when pushed to its conclusion, is mere Atheism.

“By night the Atheist half believes a God,”

says the poet. He believes when the glory of the midnight heavens glitter around him; he believes when his heart expands under the influence of Nature's most sublime aspects; he believes when panic-fears and emotions, not the less powerful because he cannot analyse and dares not avow them, take possession of his mind. Budhuism, which in its pure form, is but a scientific Atheism, thus provides gods, angels, saints, and demons to its adherents, at no other sacrifice than that of philosophical consistency.

We have been led to regard these two great systems, which thus stand side by side, in our Indian dependencies, as representing the two extremes to which human ingenuity will proceed in creating for itself a religion; the one offering to our notice Polytheism in all its infinite variety; the other taking refuge in Atheism and annihilation. The picture is a profitable one, "God made man upright, but he hath found out many inventions." Even those fragments of Divine truth,—the necessity of an incarnate God; the issue of a Virgin, born to raise man to a closer communion with the Great Supreme; the fact of Divine interpositions in mercy and judgment; and the promise of God to be with his people when they call upon him;—these are so overlaid with mere human inventions as to become useless either to the improvement of individuals or to the renovation of society. Both schemes are alike deficient in that wherein the vitality of Christianity consists. They do not present to us any sacrifice for human sin; they offer no practicable means of reconciliation with God. The very fables which speak of Divine power being communicated to mortals, speak of tens of thousands of years being employed in the requisite austerities;\* and the way to bliss in one case, or to absorption in the other, lies through difficulties and torments degrading to reason, and shocking to humanity.

We may learn more than one lesson from those so dark and so degraded. They know that there can be no other way of renovating the world than that which is supplied by a God, taking on him the nature of man. May we not in purer language express this truth thus: Christianity is the only true civilization. If we wish a nation to arise to new life, to shake off the fetters of despondency, to call forth its latent resources, we must apply this true, this effective civilization; we must carry the banner of the Cross as the only standard of progress. Nor must we be satisfied with our work until we behold it producing its ennobling effects. They have thus far the true theory; it remains for us to apply it to their own case,—to give them, in lieu of Budhu

---

\* The austerities and penances which a certain devotee performed are thus described in one of the Puranas. Each penance lasted one hundred years. 1. He stood on one foot, holding the other, and both hands up towards heaven with his eyes fixed on the sun. 2. He stood on one great toe. 3. He took for sustenance nothing but water. 4. He reduced himself to an aerial diet. 5. He was immersed in the water. 6. He was buried in the earth. 7. He remained in a fire. 8. He stood on his head, with his feet upwards. 9. He stood on one hand. 10. He hung by his hands on a tree; and, lastly, he hung on a tree, with his head downwards. During the eleven hundred years so employed, he continued in undeviating adoration.

the ascetic, Christ, the renovator! But we must do more than this. While they know and acknowledge the sole effective means of lifting up an age and recovering a nation, they do not perceive that the same means will be found sufficient for the individual also. Budhu came, they say, to restore a purer religion, a higher philosophy, and a nobler morality: but every man must save himself by his own works and his own sufferings.

“At their temples, the priests make, or should make offerings every day: they consist in flowers, incence, rice, betel, and in repeating certain forms of prayer. The temples are kept clean, and the lights are preserved by the priests, who likewise receive the offerings; though it is not indispensable that he should present them, as the worshiper may do this himself if he know the proper formula. Another part of the priestly office consists in the daily repetition of the five commandments of Budhu to the people: they are, first, a prohibition to destroy life; second, a prohibition of theft; third, of adultery; fourth, of falsehood; fifth, of spirituous liquors. The priests themselves live in celibacy, and the more religious classes abstain from dancing, songs, festivals, music, perfumes and many other things of like nature.”

Hitherto we have considered systems which have sprung up in India, and which, divers as they are, are nevertheless both so adapted to the modes of thought and habits of life prevailing in that country, that, notwithstanding the incredible amount of evil and falsehood they contain, they still retain their hold on the vast majority of its inhabitants. We are now to contemplate a religion of foreign origin, forced on the people at the edge of the sword, and presenting few points of sympathy with all their previous education.

The faith of the Koran was preached in India not long after the departure of the Prophet himself, and by a race who had readily and fanatically imbibed its tenets. Less than half a century after the first proclamation of Islam, the Afghan tribes embraced the new, and to them most congenial faith. The simple strength of their own minds readily adopted a doctrine so clear and so beautiful as the unity of the Godhead; and the entire prohibition of all image worship only served to bring the doctrine and practice of the new teachers into union, a consistency which had as yet been wanting in all erroneous phases of faith. That the truth was to be propagated by the sword made it only the more palatable to fierce and warlike tribes, who held the arts of peace in comparative contempt, and have never looked with respect on any other character than that of a conqueror. What the Afghan tribes

thus commenced, was completed afterwards by Tartars of various races and from various points, and the doings of their chiefs, the victories they obtained, and the empires they established, make up the greater part of the history of India during the middle ages.

“ This was 1,100 years ago, or at the beginning of the eighth century since the birth of our Lord. The tide of Mohammedan conquest having once set in an easterly direction, it continued incessantly ; and although much stout resistance appears to have been offered to the successive invaders, whether Afghans or Tartars, they seem by the commencement of the sixteenth century to have established their dominion over the whole of the Indian continent, governing in the south by deputy, and allowing Hindoo sovereigns to retain their possessions only on the condition of their paying heavy tribute.”

We have already alluded to one remarkable fact, that the followers of the Arabian prophet made few converts. They settled colonies, they built cities, they immigrated as a conquering race, they ruled in the north of India in person, and in the south by deputy ; but they did not, and could not recommend their religion to the Hindoo mind, and the consequence at this day is that the Moslem population is a different one in race as well as in faith. This will become more intelligible if we do now, with regard to the tenets of Mohammed, what we have already done with regard to those of Brahma and Budhu, if we give a brief sketch of the principles and teaching of the Koran, as well as of the objects and character of its author.

In the year 571 of our æra, was born of the noblest tribe among the Arabs, Mohammed, the son of Abdallah. With his early life, and the circumstances which induced him to proclaim a new religion, we have here little to do ; suffice it to say, that he was led to look with a profound disgust on the corrupt Christianity which prevailed among his countrymen, and which was perhaps the strangest and most inconsistent mixture of truth and fable ever received in the world.

“ There was a sect, however, among them, who by means of compounding Judaism and a little Christianity with this ancient religion, made a religion far better than that of Mohammed. These persons (who were sometimes called Christians of St. John the Baptist) fasted three times in the year ; the first time, thirty days, the second, nine, and the third, seven ; they offered sacrifices, like the Jews, and prayed three times a day. Virtue was, they deemed, the principal object to be sought after by man ; and they believed that the wicked would be punished for nine thousand ages, but

would afterwards be received to mercy. They had the Psalms, and a book which they attributed to Seth, and used a sort of baptism.

"This sect, who were tolerated by Mohammed, were not very numerous, and the major part of the Arabs worshipped idols, and acknowledged, at the same time, the Supreme Being. These idols were, for the most part, female figures, and were thought to represent angels. Allah-al-Uzza, and Manah, were the chiefs so honoured; but there were many more, which, though not worshipped so universally as these, were not left without followers. The Supreme Being they called Allah Taala, the Most High God; whereas the others were simply called, Ilahat, goddesses. This, as Sale observes, accounts for the Greek view of the Arab idolatry, for that people, always resolving every form of worship into their own, tell us that the Arabs adore Bacchus and Urania, calling the one Orotalt, and the other Alitat.

"The other deities mentioned in the Koran are, Wada, Sava, Yaguth, Yawk, and Nasr; these are all said to be antediluvian idols, worshipped respectively under the shapes of a man, a woman, a lion, a horse, and an eagle. Against these idols it was, they asserted, that Naah preached, and for the worshipping of which the deluge was sent upon mankind."

Deeply impressed with one truth, that of the Divine unity, and struck at the same time with the grandeur of those moral lessons with which both Old and New Testament abound, Mohammed promulgated a faith which he believed would be more acceptable to his countrymen than that either of Jew or Christian, and which might at the same time give a higher tone to all their social and moral relations. War was the normal condition of the Nomade tribes among whom he lived, and he saw no other mode by which his new religion could be propagated; and the first vizier rightly interpreted at once the will of his master, and the necessity of the case, when he exclaimed, "O Prophet, I will be thy vizier. I will break the teeth, and crush the skulls, and cut off the legs of all who will not believe in thee." The chief doctrines of the new faith were, an assertion of the unity of the God-head, and of the crime of idolatry; that Mohammed was the Apostle of God; and that the truth was to be proclaimed to all nations, giving them only the option of the Koran, the tribute, or the sword. Piece by piece, and as circumstances seemed to call for it, the sacred volume appeared, and its precepts were wonderfully in advance of what had been taught for ages in that land. Its beauties are, much sublimity when speaking of the Divine Being, great elegance in its general composition, and a system of ethics much purer than Christians generally are willing to allow. Its defects are a great

want of arrangement and order, a barefaced plagiarism of the most extravagant fables of the Talmud, and the command of many minute and absurd ceremonies, most of which are alterations from the Jewish ritual.

“The Mohammedan opinion of it is, that it is of Divine origin; that it is eternal and uncreated; and that the first transcript is by the throne of God, on a table of vast dimensions, called the Preserved Table. On this are also written the divine decrees, past, present, and future; and if any one object to the eternity of the Koran, that much of it was adapted to the circumstances of Mohammed's times, and not a few passages to the gratification of his private wishes, it is answered, that these things were predestinated from all eternity. The revelation, or pretended revelation of the Koran, extended over a period of twenty-three years, during which time, as soon as a chapter had been collected from a number of separate revelations, which were taken down by amanuenses, it was read over to the followers of the Prophet, till the whole was committed to memory; the original was then thrown without order into a chest, called the Chest of Revelation, and committed to the care of Haphsa, one of the wives of Mohammed. It was, however, they say, by the direction of the angel Gabriel that the arrangement of the verses in each chapter was made.”

To a nation warm, impetuous, and highly imaginative, the circulation of legends, poetical in character, and clothed in the most sublime and nervous language, must have been particularly pleasing; and with such did Mohammed take care plentifully to supply them; accordingly we find the Koran read with avidity, and its author implicitly obeyed. But an age like that in which he lived will ever be more prone to act than to deliberate, and totally averse from all metaphysical speculations. To such men was the Koran addressed. Its author was noble, rich, popular, fascinating in manner, and endowed with talents the most splendid and profound: he had travelled much, and thought much; and though, in the usual acceptance of the term, he was unlearned himself, he well knew how to use the powers of those who were not so; he adapted his scheme to the people to whom he offered it; he called an active, ardent nation to war; he proposed an exaggerated but poetical picture of religion to an imaginative race of men; they were unreflecting, and he required no study; they were voluptuous, and he promised them an eternity of sensual pleasures. He flattered their prejudices; he allowed them to retain the most popular part of their Pagan ceremonies, only taking care to purify them from idolatry and immorality; and since there was nothing in his system to disgust, and much to attract them, he boldly demanded

from his followers implicit faith and implicit obedience. How this demand succeeded among his own countrymen we know, and are quite prepared to expect similar results wherever we find similar conditions. The nomade and warlike tribes of Turkestan and Tartary were as easily and as powerfully attracted as the equally warlike and nomade tribes of Arabia; and the Afghans, finding themselves thus supplied with a sufficient excuse for irruptions into India, took advantage of their position, and made their aggressions accordingly. But the religion which had been so acceptable to a wild and wandering race, who cared nothing for philosophical speculation, and would willingly have spent the whole of every day in active exertion, was far from recommending itself to a nation submissive and slothful, fond of abstract metaphysics, and long habituated to a corrupt but elegant civilization. Alike in what it commanded, and in what it prohibited, the Koran was highly distasteful to the Hindoo mind; and even the most persecuting monarchs, Aurungzebe for instance, could never imagine that they had, by any powers of persuasion or any amount of force, won many proselytes to the faith of the Koran. Moreover, the genius of Mohammedanism is not persecuting; it declares everlasting destruction to be the penalty of all who do not join its ranks, but at the same time it leaves men free to choose the alternative of tribute. In India, this alternative was almost universally accepted, and the Hindoos were protected in the enjoyment of their religious freedom by their Moslem conquerors. It may be that, through this, a certain amount of good-will grew up between the professors of religions so different; it is so clear that such a good-will did arise, and is maintained to this day. One thing, however, must be carefully noted: wherever the Mohammedans went, they took care to have it clearly understood that their toleration was not approbation. They allowed Hindoos to worship as they pleased, so long as they were good and loyal subjects, but never joined in that worship, nor recognised it as a worship at all. The Hindoos, on the other hand, did join in Moslem worship,\* and at the principal festival of the Mohammedan year in India, Brahmins and

---

\* The most extraordinary feature at the present time, in the commemoration of the deaths of Hossein and Houssein, is the participation of the Hindoos, who are frequently seen to vie with the disciples of Ali in their demonstration of grief for the slaughter of his two martyred sons, and in the splendour of the pageant displayed at the anniversary of their fate. A very large proportion of Hindoos go into mourning during the ten days of the Moharrem, clothing themselves in green garments, and assuming the guise of fakeers.

Budhuists are found strangely enough mingling with the Moslem population, and displaying a similar feeling with them.

Let us consider the present aspect, then, which the professors of these three creeds bear one towards another. The Mohammedans are the descendants of what was long the dominant race. They were never remarkable for mildness and humility; and the history of India shows clearly that they assumed no such qualities in that country; yet there were but few attempts to throw off their authority, and the nation seems to have been, for the most part, happy under their alien rulers. To understand this, it must be borne in mind that the Mohammedans were the chief merchants\* of the middle ages; that they fostered the commerce of India, and opened, perpetually, new markets for her productions; and, by keeping Christian merchants, so far as they could aloof, they both avoided rivalry, and prevented any interference with their own subjects. They were, also, peculiarly prone to pilgrimages, and in all practical affairs were as much beyond their Hindoo subjects as, in mere speculative philosophy, they were behind them. The effects of the mixture were not, however, wholly of a favourable character. Like the hardy troops of Hannibal at Capua, these bold and energetic followers of the Prophet became, by reason of this very energy, more vicious and more depraved than the Hindoos; while the influence exerted on them, in return, is in no respect advantageous. Had it not been for the advent of a mightier people, India would have been, to this day, under Moslem domination; and a very slight examination as to what the state of the country was a century and a half ago will show how vast are the benefits which India owes to Christian rule.

Before making any remarks on those festivals of the Mohammedan religion, which will be necessary before we can understand the bearing of the three religions upon each other, and of Christianity upon them all, we shall point out

---

\* Many Mohammedans, imitating the example of the Persians described by Cosmo Indicopleustes, settled in India and the countries beyond it. They were so numerous in the city of Canton, that the emperor (as the Arabian authors relate) permitted them to have a Cadi or judge of their own sect, who decided controversies among his countrymen by their own laws, and presided in all the functions of religion. In other places proselytes were gained to the Mohammedan faith, and the Arabian language was understood and spoken in almost every sea port of any note; ships from China and different places of India traded in the Persian Gulf, and by the frequency of mutual intercourse, all the nations of the East became better acquainted with each other.—*Robertson Disq. conc. India.*



one inherent defect in the scheme of Mohammed. His demand of implicit faith and of implicit obedience, inasmuch as it tended to render the minds of men stationary, could only act beneficially for a time. So long as his revelations were in advance of his era, or rather in advance of the conceptions of his followers, the result was advantageous to their social and political state ; but directly they arrived at that stage of cultivation when the powers of abstract reason are drawn out, and men contemplate the natural bearings and metaphysical result of every question laid before them, then they feel that their reason, or their religion, must, one of them, be wrong ; or, at least, the aspect of the case gave them a yet undefined suspicion that it might be so, while the awful denunciations of the Prophet on all who doubted recurred to their minds, with all the prejudices of habit and education ; and, to escape the dilemma, they determined not to reason upon it at all. But he who reasons weakly, or refuses to reason at all on one point, is but too likely to do so in others also ; and, if we take anything for granted in one case of which we have secret misgivings, we shall soon lose the power of resistance to prejudice, and our minds will become little more than a mere memory of events.

And here is one of those points in which Christianity contrasts so favourably with the religion of the Arabian prophet. Not only does it command us to search the documents on which it is founded, but the more that search is prosecuted, the more clear and obvious becomes the great truth which our holy religion unfolds before us. The Koran requires a dark age for its light to shine in. It is bright compared with the Vedas and Shasters ; but it is dim indeed, compared with the lustre, the divine and ever-increasing lustre of the glorious Gospel ; and in proportion as men become more truly refined and more profoundly philosophical, in like proportion will that Gospel be more highly valued and more completely understood. It is quite true that there are many current theories of divine truth, which must be overthrown by a diligent search into the Scriptures ; and hence we find many who imagine themselves, and are imagined by others, to be more than commonly religious, who yet oppose all free and independent examination of God's word, and virtually require men to make up their minds as to what the Scriptures ought to say, before they investigate their contents at all. These are the great hindrances to the spread of the truth. They present a scheme which they call Christianity, and which is but a caricature of the truth ; and they will not al-

low this scheme of theirs to be made a matter of discussion ; it must be received whole, or not at all. But one of the great beauties of the Gospel is to be found in the fact, that the more enlightened a man is, the more enlightened does true Christianity appear to him ; the more large-hearted he is, the more unfettered appear its magnificent promises. In these respects, the contrast between the Koran and the Bible may be read in the fate of the books,—the one is increasing in power and influence, because it is suitable to all times and to all conditions ; the other is decreasing, because it wants this universal applicability. In this respect, indeed, the latter is even inferior to the sacred writings of the Brahmins and the Budhuists, for they are capable of being understood in an allegorical and spiritual manner ; and when this is done, they do present some astonishingly sublime aspects of truth ; but the Koran is susceptible of this only in a much smaller degree, and is consequently less expansive than they.

It is fortunate for a nation with such a creed, when the powers of imagination are common, and cultivated among all classes. Poetry, romance, and the fine arts may perhaps flourish while philosophy lies in the dust ; and if commerce and war be successful, the start which such a nation has taken before others may continue, even when those others have begun to act upon a more rational and a more intellectual system. This was peculiarly the case with the Mohammedan countries ; they advanced almost at once to a pitch of refinement, which made them the wonder of their Christian cotemporaries ; but when arrived there, they became stationary, while those whose *religion* would bear the test of reason were encouraged to use that reason in other pursuits. Among the Moslems, science and philosophy are in the same condition now that they were ten centuries ago ; and they imagine that they have fathomed the whole ocean of wisdom. Among us, on the contrary, though they have been prosecuted every year with increased vigour, it seems as though we have only just discovered to what a boundless treasury of knowledge the human mind may have access ; and as in other things, so in divine truth also.

We must now turn to one or two of the Mohammedan festivals in India, remembering that they take place at once under an alien government, and among an alien people. And first we must speak of the Moharrem, which is a celebration of the deaths of the two caliphs, Hossein and Houssein. It is, therefore, especially a mournful anniversary, and much lamentation takes place ; but still the whole is accompanied

with so much pomp and splendour, that the mourning forms a very secondary feature. In this festival the Hindoos share without scruple: indeed, they seem rather to regard it as a family than a religious festival, and perhaps they are right in taking this view of the case. As, however, it is a period of general license, deadly feuds are often fatally settled at the Moharrem; and it was considered a more than usual blessing of Providence that the late Moharrem passed off in Calcutta without any convulsion. At the Hooly, a kind of Indian saturnalia, the Moslems repay the courtesy of their Indian fellow-subjects; and if they do not join in heathen rites, at least mix freely with those who do so.\*

There is no part of social life which is not affected by religious faith; and life in the East is in one respect alike, whether it be among Brahmins, Budhuists, or Mohammedans. We allude to the condition and education of women. Here, as in all other respects, shines out pre-eminently the great light of the Gospel. It is Christianity which has placed woman in her proper position; assigned to her her proper duties, and invested her with her proper dignity. In India no woman is educated, save among Christians. She is considered but as "asoulless toy;" her furthest acquirements are but a few external accomplishments to while away the monotonous weariness of the harem. It is so in Turkey; it is so in Persia; it is so in Egypt; it is so wherever the Koran prevails. All religions in India agree in this fatal defect, and the consequence is, that all those most dear and precious influences whereby the young heart, even in its infancy, is turned towards the truth, are unknown; all those deep and expansive sympathies which in a Christian household double all joys, and divide all sorrows, are not experienced. The means by which European society attains at once its polish and its purity are here untried. The one-half of humanity becomes an intellectual waste, and the other suffers more than any computation could show.

Fatalism, too, in one way or another, is alike characteristic of all the three false religions which have been the objects of

---

\* The followers of Mohammed have another annual festival, called the *Buehra Eade*, or goat sacrifice. Claiming to be descendants of Abraham, through his son Ishmael, whom they aver to have been chosen for the offering to the Almighty, and not Isaac, they celebrate the event. It is commemorated by the sacrifice of particular animals—camels, sheep, goats, kids, or lambs, according to each person's means; this is supposed to answer a double purpose, not only honouring the memory of Abraham and Ishmael, but the sacrifices assisting in a time of great need.

our investigation. The Mohammedan puts it forth simply and plainly as his creed.

"Mohammed asserted that the space of every man's life being marked out by the Divine Providence, those who were predestinated to die, would die, wherever they were; that had they not gone out to battle, their houses would have fallen and crushed them; but that as they perished fighting for the true faith, everlasting felicity would be their portion. Thus he quieted the fears of those who deemed success the only token of Divine approbation, and at the same time calmed the sorrows of those who lost their friends and relatives in the battle; and though many fell away from his standard, yet, in this case, as in most others, the ultimate consequence of his sophistry overcame the prejudicial influences of that circumstance which called it forth."

When the Koran was first published, this fatalism was necessary for the very existence of the new faith; and it was eminently serviceable in its progress. It added daring to the heart of the soldier, and resignation to those who were for a while overpowered. Its baneful effects were not felt while each man imagined himself predestined to conquer, and was only anxious to distinguish himself; but now that the armies of Islam are more often unfortunate than victorious, it has induced an indolence of body and mind, which is the melancholy characteristic of the Mohammedan races all over the world. To conclude: Mohammed was, in the strictest sense of the word, a Unitarian. He admitted that Jesus was a prophet, just as he claimed to be a prophet himself; and it is remarkable that in the celebrated *Mesra*, or "Night Journey to Heaven," he not only states that he found Jesus in the seventh heaven, surrounded by the Divine light; but he makes this distinction between Him and all the other prophets;—that whereas they commended themselves to the prayers of the Prophet, he, for his part, commended himself to those of Christ. Yet he did not recognise Him as the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person; "as One who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God," and who emphatically exclaimed, "I and my Father are *one*!"

It is a most wonderful coincidence that we have in this, the greatest dependency of the British crown, three faiths, which are types of all that man has ever been able to do for himself: one which deifies and then multiplies the powers of nature; which presses into its service every passion and every imagination; which tells us that there is a water of immortality, and that it needed a God to become incarnate

in order to obtain it; and then bids us save ourselves how we can; and prescribes for the obtaining of man's highest destiny, every kind of impossible penance. From the whirl and confusion of its tumultuous festivals, from the gloomy halls of its unholy temples, we escape only to find ourselves face to face with another system which changes idolatry into Atheism; and which, breaking the fetters of caste, only does so to make the freedom valueless. Both affright us, for both show us the depravity and degeneracy of men, though without meaning to do so; but neither can show any means of escape,—neither can furnish any clue to make our exit from this worse than Dædalian labyrinth. Another faith yet boasts of its superior purity, and does indeed cry aloud, "The Lord our God is one Lord." It admits of original sin, though it only can tell of one who was ever purified from its contamination.

"It was in the twenty-third night of the month Ramadan, according to his own account and the belief of his followers, that the angel Gabriel came down from the presence of God, and, opening the breast of Mohammed, took therefrom his heart; he then wrung out of it the black drop of original sin, washed it with pure water, and restored it to its place. This night, the Koran, or, as it is very improperly called, the Alcoran, came from the highest to the lowest heaven, that it might be ready for revelation to the Prophet, as the exigencies of the world might require."

Mohammedanism deliberately repudiates the great sacrifice of Him "whose blood cleanseth from all sin," and whom yet it believes to be in the seventh heaven, and surrounded by the Divine light.

"In the seventh heaven," says the Koran, "which was composed entirely of Divine light, Mohammed found Jesus Christ, who, saluting him, the Prophet recommended himself to his prayers, thereby reversing the style which he had hitherto used. In this heaven there were twice as many angels as in all the heavens besides, and one, perhaps, the most extraordinary creation of fancy that the realms of fiction can show. This angel had seventy thousand heads, in each head seventy thousand faces, in each face seventy thousand mouths, in each mouth seventy thousand tongues; and with each tongue he spoke seventy thousand languages at once, with which he praised God day and night."

Recent events have done much to diffuse truth through the Mohammedan world. The Scriptures can now be freely circulated, where, but a short time ago, they were sternly prohibited. Inquiries are made in quarters where, even but two years ago, such an act would have been thought almost apostacy.

In that very empire which stands at the head of all Islam, and whose sovereign is the chief representative of the Prophet here on earth, Christians have been admitted to be equal before the law with Mohammedans themselves, and the persecuting edicts which made a change of religion a capital crime have been repealed. We may trust that these good things will have their effect afar off, and that those who have a purer faith before them, as exhibited by the British in India, may have the further influence exhibited also of a holy and consistent life. In this respect we have, indeed, much to be thankful for. No longer does the example of British residents altogether neutralize the lessons taught by their religion. God has raised up another generation, who are not ashamed of Him and of His Word in the midst of a perverse and idolatrous nation; and the followers of Brahma, and of Budhu, and of Mohammed, may now compare the conduct of each other with that of Christians, without being able to say, "Our system is at least as good as theirs." But we want still much improvement; we want more zeal, more prayers, and a greater sense of responsibility. We do not sufficiently remember that those responsibilities which rest on us at home are multiplied a thousand fold in India. Here, we may bring scandal on the faith; but there, we shall be taken as examples of what that faith can do; and if we are to aid in making India Christian, it must be by being in deed and in truth Christians ourselves.

ART. IV.—1. *Imago Primi Sæculi Societatis Jesu.* 1640.

2. *History of the Jesuits.* Steinmetz: 1848.

3. CRETINEAU-JOLY. *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus.* Nutt. 1846.

4. BACKER. *Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus.* Nutt. 1857.

THE order of Jesuits owes its rise to a Spaniard, and it partakes, necessarily, to some extent, of the peculiar complexion of the country and age in which it rose. There are many that may consider the Order extinct, more especially after its dissolution by Clement XIV.; but this is a strange mistake; and we can trace them, at home and abroad, as still exhibiting that wondrous activity and pertinacity of principle that marked them in the highest days of their world-wide influence. It is an Order remarkable for great versatility,—

certainly the most extensively informed of all the Romanist associations; but, notwithstanding its great and ever to be commemorated efforts in the varied fields of literature and science, we think we are safe in affirming that, in the highest regions of imagination, literature, and science, the Jesuit has been rarely successful, and still more seldom supereminent.

In 1491, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, there was born, from a noble Biscayan house, *Ignatius Loyola*. He was the last son of eleven children. His mother imitated the Virgin Mary in giving birth to him in a stable. His life is filled with wonders; and not the least remarkable is that recorded of him, that he named himself *Ignatius* before children generally talk. He was a Spaniard, and a high and chivalrous one; and when, from his crippled form—having suffered some fearful wounds in an action—he could no longer devote himself to a *terrestrial* charmer, he converted himself into that of the Knight of the Virgin, and prepared for spiritual Quixotism. His leg was broken by a cannon-ball, in the year 1521, in a battle with Francis I., and, from the unskilfulness of the surgeons of his day, he remained a cripple for life.

During the long illness incident on this accident, Loyola turned the enthusiasm of his heart to other than military pursuits, which were now precluded. He rose the fiercest of Luther's antagonists from that illness; and was designed, for some wise ends, to undo a great part of what the mighty German reformer had done. They are a remarkable antithesis,—Luther looking to the future for his way, Ignatius finding it only in the past. One vows himself to Christ, the other to the Virgin.

The life of Luther is not surrounded with the preternatural, but that of Ignatius, in his later biographers, abounds in it. The celebrated *IMAGO*, published a hundred years after his death, has added to this. Thirty biographies of Ignatius have appeared, each more full of miraculous accretion than the other, after the first simple form by Maffeus. They are of the same class so rife in the "*Acta Sanctorum*." The Virgin Mother appeared to him, bearing in her arms the infant Jesus; which is a somewhat singular manifestation, since the child had become a man fifteen hundred years previous. The result of that interview is described as a total removal of all concupiscence from his heart. This has been granted to but *few* saints, unless they followed the path of Origen.

The "Lives of the Saints," the faulty picture of devotion before him, furnished him with patterns of mortification not to be mistaken. Their Faquir style of separate torture afforded him a nearly unbounded choice. He could live on raw herbs, sleep on a stone, sit on pointed stakes, repose on a pillar, like Simon Stylites, who, however, was not the solitary commonly imagined, for the Arabs came in thousands to see him. He could lash himself after the wondrous fashion of Dominic, who was miraculously assisted in the means to give himself more stripes in the hour than human hands could inflict. He could imitate the thousand blows per diem of another saint, if not satisfied with the three thousand lashes per week of Dominic, repeating the Psalter twenty times through. But, in even arriving at this degree of excellence, his exploits were trivial compared to those exercises which Indians perform to get rid of the three temptations of existence—*land, money, and woman*.

Ignatius never reached the ascetic height of those Faquirs whose nails grow to the length of birds' claws, whose hands become fixed by paralysis, who hang with their heads downward in flame; or of those who, to the perpetual vow of silence, add the fearful swing by a hook thrust into the tendons of the back, and who remain suspended by it in the air. Ignatius was not an Indian, but did pretty well, considering the lower patterns of asceticism before him. He lived parentless, motherless, relationless. His hair was a mass of filth, his beard the same. His nails, though not of twenty years' growth, the Faquir measure, were still imposingly long. The children yelled at him as a horror, the women fled from him, and most people thought him insane. He sought out disgusting objects, sucked their ulcers, and imitated his monastic patterns as closely as possible. Thus did *the knight of the Virgin* consume those hours not spent at her shrine of Montserrat, where he met a solitary, and commenced a vow of poverty.

He then hung up his sword and dagger, and descended thence to the spiritual Quixotism described. Spanish and chivalrous, a mingled compound of superstition and war, his Order long remained like its founder. But as the days of the Knight of La Mancha soon passed away, it became necessary to add to them other points of the age; but the Order never parted from the same bigotry and bloodshed that attended the steps of Cortez and Pizarro. Under these singular circumstances, the book called the "*Spiritual Exer-*



*cises*” \* was composed. He proceeded from Montserrat to Jerusalem, took Italy on his way, and received the Pope’s blessing. The monks of Jerusalem would not receive him, and he returned.

Finding himself prodigiously ignorant, at thirty-three he commenced the study of grammar at Barcelona. The *mens sana* may not always exist *in corpore sano*, but assuredly it cannot in a frame ruined by asceticism. He could learn *nothing*; and we really believe, and the Jesuits found it to be practically true, that *ascetics* cannot learn, save in one direction. Their senses are not open to a reach of subjects. Nay, Jesuitism itself was not equal to Monachism united with it; and hence the great contest of ages between them and even the Pope, was to obtain freedom for their own peculiar bents and inclinations.

Their founder’s ignorance has not been imitated by the Order; for, though seldom *deep*, they are generally conversant in most matters. If he performed no miracles in the regions of learning, he excelled in miracles of another kind,—raising a man from the dead, who died again directly after he had received absolution. *The Spiritual Exercises* were denounced, and he was forbidden to preach for four years. He retired to Paris in consequence. Here Faber was his first convert, Lainez the next. Xavier, Salmeron, Bobadilla, and Rodriguez, all famous names in the annals of the Society, followed, or rather enlisted.

In the subterranean chapel of Saint Denis, where that saint is said to have lost his head, and, far from sustaining any inconvenience, to have walked back to Paris without it, simply holding it like a lantern without light, they arranged their future plans. Here Ignatius enjoined his companions to call themselves *the Company of Jesus*. As to

---

\* This is Ignatius’s plan of perfecting one’s self:—

1. Trace on a paper lines of different sizes, which answer to the greatness of thoughts.

2. Shut yourself up in a chamber, with windows half closed.

1. In the contemplation of hell—which comprehends two preludes, four points, and a conference—figure to yourself the place of the scene representing hell in its breadth, length, and depth: your first consists in seeing, in imagination, the vast furnaces of hell, and the souls shut in ignited bodies as prisons.

2. In hearing in imagination the groans, cries, shrieks, and blasphemies against Christ and the saints, who escape from this place.

3. The third, in feeling the smoke sulphur-infected exhalations from a sink of filth and corruption.

4. In tasting bitter things, like tears; or something unpleasant to smell, such as the worm of conscience.

the journey from Vicenza to Rome, Ignatius, in reference to a vision which he professed to have seen, *en route*, actually says, "When the Eternal Father placed me with his Son." Blasphemy of this fearful character one records with dread, and it does appear to be the peculiar character of the Romish church, this invention of heavenly intercourse, this express elevation of individuals above mortality. Thus, who can think that Dr. Wiseman can internally believe what he records in his Life of Liguori, that a person on entering saw the saint preternaturally raised, and saying his prayers at a corner of the ceiling. The same story of elevation is recorded of Ignatius.

Paul the Third at this period was persuaded to issue a bull in favour of the Jesuits in 1540. Ignatius, with military notions, still called on the Jesuits to elect a general, whose troops were to bear the standard of the cross, to serve the only Lord, and the Roman Pontiff, his vicar upon earth, &c. They obeyed, and chose Ignatius general. On this occasion he did not himself vote. The general is elected for life. The Jesuit possesses neither power, office, riches, credit, will, or sentiment. All power belongs to the general. The constitutions give the quality of the general. A general congregation may depose him. He had five assistants. Italy, Spain, Germany, France, and Portugal are the countries from which they are selected. Every superior has a monitor, not excepting the general. The general knows the consciences of every member; he possesses a full knowledge of all their secrets with regard to other men. A list of houses and exact quality of the inmates in them is annually prepared. His missionaries are sent where he pleases. It is a mendicant order divided into four classes:—First, professed; second, coadjutors spiritual and temporal; third, scholastic; fourth, novices on probation two years. The qualifications are numerous, embracing natural talents or acquirements, good memory, desire of spiritual perfection, elegance of expression, agreeable looks, health and strength. The age for admission is fourteen, for the final vow, twenty-five. On Sunday they must enter in their diary sins of thought; on Monday, sins of words; on Tuesday, sins of deeds; Wednesday, omission; Thursday, sins against the rules; Friday, neglect of penance; Saturday, faults in confession. To the casuists only are works permitted in their full foulness. Richelieu termed their institute a model of administrative policy. The Jesuits vowed to take no ecclesiastical dignity. Their great literary men, such as Bourdaloue, Cheminai, and others,

were powerless ; the order was governed by its Cottons, La Chaises, and Le Telliers. To each of the nine companions Ignatius offered temptations skilfully adapted to the man.

It is needless to indicate the missionary honours held out to Xavier, the scholarship and rule of the order to Lainez and Salmeron, all had equally tempting offers adapted to the existing state of their mind and inclinations. Our country in the sister island soon experienced the services of two out of the nine, Salmeron and Brouet. Pope Adrian the Fourth had given Ireland to Henry the Second of England, who dissembled the grant until a fortunate circumstance enabled him to seize on the island, of which he was proclaimed lord paramount ; so that whatever evils Ireland may have reaped from English rule, she has in the first instance to bless the Pope for them.

Times altered under the eighth Henry, and then Paul the Third set about raising his subjects against their king, and sent Salmeron and Brouet to effect his deposition. After many vain efforts, the two Jesuits were expelled the country ; but John the Third of Portugal, a king eminently Jesuitic, and to whom the Order owes its Indian fame, opened his kingdom to them. Le Fevre and Lejay were in Germany, but so disliked that they threatened Le Fevre with death in the Danube. "What care I," said the intrepid Jesuit, "whether I go to Heaven by land or by water." Compelled to leave, he founded in Spain the great Jesuit college, and died.

Duke Francis Borgia joined the Order on the death of Le Fevre. It prospered wonderfully, and from the ten landless, homeless mendicants of 1540, they increased in three years to eighty : the Pope rescinding the limit of sixty, originally conceded. In 1549, nine years from their foundation, there were twenty-two establishments and two provinces (spiritual military divisions). Rodriguez in Portugal maintained a perpetual line of excitements. His men perambulated the streets, crying, "Hell, hell for those who are guilty of mortal sin." Others were sent out in rags to beg ; others to the hospitals, where they suffered almost unrepiningly all manner of insults from brutal officials, who did not desire their presence. Men were suited to his purposes by Ignatius, and gradually brought to his measures. A rich man had made a costly crucifix : Ignatius permitted him to have it ; he soon acquired great self-control, and then it was removed. To do away with the distinction of rank, he poured on men their titles of honour until they supplicated to be freed from them.

He brightened up melancholy with music, and gave his novices unbounded license, until they sought restraint and rule as a relief. He checked a love of courtly life, and divined the ruin of his Order when that became a ruling principle. He opened a "Martha" for prostitutes, and at the head of a penitent troop conducted them thither. Founder of the Jesuits, thou wert wise and holy in that work, and in the way to it! He founded houses for orphans, and set about the conversion of Jewish children; and here his usual policy failed him, for he induced the Pope to order that the wealth of the unbelieving parent should be taken from him and given to the believing child. He was now the correspondent of John of Portugal, Ferdinand, king of the Romans, Hercules of Ferrara, Albert of Bavaria, and Philip the Second of Spain. He directed Margaret of Austria, daughter of Charles the Fifth. He was also the Pope's beloved counsellor, who consulted him against John of Portugal, who would not admit the nomination of a cardinal without his permission. Ignatius compromised the matter by conceding considerable privileges in favour of the Inquisition—that dark engine of the Spanish Dominic—and although their founder had himself suffered from it, the Jesuits did not refuse to adopt it. They might have been great had they opposed it, which from the peculiar character of their order they were better enabled to do than most other orders, but they did not, and used it everywhere; and this is not the meanest of the accusations of history against them.

Then came the Council of Trent, in 1545, which lasted eighteen years. If Rome then thrust Protestantism, or rather pure Catholicism, from her with countless anathemas, these curses were winged on their way by the Jesuits Lainez and Salmeron. They were selected by the Pope as the theologians of the Holy See. Lejay also represented the Cardinal Bishop of Augsburg. Ignatius himself drew up a remarkable document to guide them. Faithful to the letter of their vow, they appeared at the Council in rags; they confessed; they catechised; they visited the hospitals. Their appearance created a disgust by no means favourable to their influence, and they instantly trimmed their sails to meet the popular breeze. The labours of Lainez in that Council were prodigious, but still the supposed opinions of the Fathers seem to have guided him beyond the simple conclusions of the Bible. That was the great hour of patristical tradition, and, to the astonishment of the Council, Lainez announced that he would quote no Father's opinion unless he had read his entire

works. On one occasion he quoted thirty-six fathers, one, Alphonso Tostat, whose works extend to seventeen volumes, folio. The labours of Lainez injured his health, and the Council actually suspended its sittings until his recovery. Well might the famous Council of Jesuits boast—in the language of one of their order, that they formed the decuman, or tenth wave, by which the bark of the pirate Luther would be destroyed—with such a testimony to their theologian as this! And the honour of two bishoprics, Trieste and Trent, was refused by Lejay and Bobadilla, Ignatius himself declaring that such appointments were contrary to the principles of his order.

By the Jesuits Charles V. was driven into opposition to the Reformers, and Bobadilla fought in his army; crucifix in hand he dashed along over the dying and the dead, calling mercilessly for fresh carnage. This man could call himself a follower of Jesus! Their hatred of heretics was, however, quite mated by their avowed dislike of women. Some would eat nothing dressed by female hands; others affirmed that they were ashamed of being woman-born; and yet all this while they were woman-worshippers! Strange inconsistency! Unaccountable issues of contradiction! Ignatius at this period dispatched two Jesuits to Fez and Morocco, and by his order Lainez, the prudent Lainez, accompanied the army of Charles V. as a compensation for the offences which the fiery Bobadilla had offered to the Emperor. Four others were sent into Ethiopia by John III. of Portugal; South America received others. In Brazil and Asia they had long previously entered. The Society must have possessed a wondrous charm, for Don Antonio of Cordova, a cardinal elect, the favourite of Charles V., renounced all to become a simple novice: a splendid pendant to the Borgia.

It was formerly the fashion to represent Ignatius as a simple enthusiast: he was far more. His *craft* was quite equal to his enthusiasm, and often went beyond it. The disarming the hostility of his celebrated opponent Melchior Cano, by making him Bishop of the Canaries, proves that in the first bishop made by their influence, the founder thoroughly understood the best way of silencing opposition. Ignatius had among his other distinguished friends the Cardinal of Lorraine, Charles de Guise. By his instrumentality in 1550, Henry II. established them as firmly in France as Borgia had ruled them in Spain. The Parliament opposed them, the Archbishop of Paris, and the University, but still they remained. He had his difficulties even with Lainez, and he

took care in his treatment to place even the penance of that distinguished theologian in the line of his favourite pursuits. And his own famous letter on *obedience*, in consequence of the troubles in Coimbra, when the Jesuits took upon themselves to appease his wrath, (the line of the flagellants) is well known. Like the rest of his order, which, having no ties of relationship or property, is necessarily cold to most human interests, Ignatius suffered no mother's tears, no parent's anxiety to win from him the cold symbol of even outward sympathy.

When the Society had touched upon its twelfth year, it had to deplore the loss of him whom they termed the Apostle of the East—Francis Xavier. We would concede that title gladly, but strict justice can give no such award to a system that varies but a few shades from Mahommed's conversion by the sword. As Xavier is selected by the Bishop of Melipotamus (a place that every gazetteer ignores, and which we believe its bishop never saw) to taunt us with our inaptness for missionary exertion, let us examine the labours of Xavier. It was by the influence of Portugal that Xavier entered on that mission; and if conduct such as that which Sepulveda, the historiographer of Charles V., records, could convert to Christianity, why then Pizarro and Cortez were equally qualified to teach Mexicans and Peruvians *mercy*. The moral infamy of the Portuguese in India exceeds belief. The instructions of Ignatius to Xavier were to go and set on *fire* everything. Xavier, at all times a wretched linguist, could not by any possibility make himself understood; yet we are gravely told that a single sermon converted a thousand souls. The "Arabian Nights" are nothing to his marvels. He stands on Cape Comorin, and 20,000 idolators at once acknowledge him the ambassador of heaven. In ten years all the nations from Goa to the extremity of Asia are instructed and converted. This far exceeded the apostolic account of their labours, and yet in the eighteenth century we are told and expected to credit this. What is the truth? That Francis Xavier, after a stay in India of some years, left it in disgust and went to Japan.

Father Martin, who wrote in 1700, admits that the Portuguese arms gave great weight to Xavier's preaching. Xavier admits that he was doing little good, and Ignatius recalled him. This iron-hearted man was not deceived by flaming accounts from Xavier, and differs wholly from his neophyte. Will any one credit that four such languages as Hindustani, Arabic, Chinese, and Japannese were possessed by

Xavier? Will any one much believe in that proselytism that is secured by the sword and the Inquisition? and Xavier used both. Well might he seek to be Japanned to hide the red blood of Indians and Mahomedans which he made no scruple of shedding. All that he did, the creation of an hour, perished with the hour; and his own people, the Jesuits, were killed by his own alleged converts. He died in 1552 and was interred at Goa, which he had made famous by its Inquisition. The best life is by Bonhours, but no one can place the slightest dependence on the details.

In 1547 the Jesuits appeared in Africa, and here they plunged recklessly into the *Slave Trade*. The king of Congo expelled them from his country. They spread widely at this period along the Indian coast, aided by the arms of Portugal, and first began in Bombay the system they finally carried out in their kingdom of Paraguay. If they *enslaved* they also bought persons to save them from being enslaved, and added them to their fold. John of Portugal next conceived a notion of doing something in Ethiopia, and by a valuable letter preserved of Ignatius, Pasquier Brouet was to become its apostle. Thus Asia, Africa, and Europe were penetrated, Germany divided into *two* provinces, Spain into *three*, Sicily, Italy, and even France, despite the university, was similarly classed. The Jesuits were also in Brazil, and here the Order came out beautifully and shewed itself the friend of man. Their founder, however, was now dying, and he dictated his last thoughts on the "Virtue of Obedience." It is a remarkable paper, full of the passive obedience that submits mechanically to mightier influence without a thought of questioning its morality. He died in 1556, without extreme unction, or the rites of his church, simply requesting the Pope's blessing and an indulgence for his sins, that his soul might have more confidence in the terrible passage before him; and said that if his prayers where he was going availed aught, as he hoped from the Divine mercy they would, that he should pray for the Pope as he had often done when he needed his own prayers for himself.\* An extraordinary man, though no scholar, no philosopher, yet possessed of even a deeper spirit than much scholarship or philosophy can give. No divine, though much read in con-

\* A different account is given of his last moments:—"I have done much good to the Church of Rome; I have seen many provinces of our men, many colleges, houses, residences, and wealth belonging to our Society, but all these things desert me now, and I know not whither to turn." And then he expired in a fit of trembling, and his face turned black, according to an eye-witness, the Jesuit Turrianus.

troversy, but endued with a deep sense of the holiness of his church, an awful veneration for its bishop, and an anxious wish to promote all good in that peculiar channel. He was both *enthusiast* and *deceiver*. He never could have credited much that he asserted, but he grew enthusiastic in even *his own lie*. He foresaw the issues of the power that he had raised, and he saw also the causes that must work its decline and fall. He kept his order aloof from worldly dignities, declined them himself; but he felt that he won by this an internal empire over souls well worth many a kingdom. Like Luther, he had a strong impression of diabolic agency ever at work upon him. Mohammed died with the words "Rasoul Allah," "ambassador of God," on his lips; Ignatius with that of Jesus. Each a deceiver, and deceived by himself at last! No person ever witnessed, in the sixteen years of his society, any order rise to similar power; and Ignatius Loyola fills up a space in history that no founder ever hereafter can hope to occupy in so brief a time. He died aged 69, and his order lives, (although annihilated to outward sense by the bull of Clement) as powerful as ever.

We have now to see the progress of his Order, and we need not say that it partook originally of all the vices that led to its repeated falls, since Jesuits could gather from the very life and words of the founder full justification for their subsequent enormities. Their founder left them an iron will, and well did they use it for his ends. Singular to say, Paul IV., when Ignatius had departed, told Lainez that they must adopt a canon more immediately from the Roman See, and not be governed by the *dictates* of the *person* whom God had called away, and who had governed them until then. Imagine the astonishment of the craftiest theologian in Europe at this announcement, and his alarm at its issues to his Order. But Paul soon found their value, having fulminated forth that celebrated bull (*In Cæna Domini*) which put down all authority upon earth except his own. Having provoked even Spain to a contest, he found himself besieged in his capital, when the Jesuits shewed themselves heroes. Still this Pope insisted on the *choral service*, and on the limitation of the appointment of the general to a term of years. Jesuits perform choral service! They had too much world-work for these. Lainez, the general for a term? Not he. Compelled to submit, they freed themselves from both on the death of Paul, which happened within the year. A curious instance of their respect for infallibility; and with all the variations of Protestantism, it is clear that the Jesuits



considered their infallibility vastly beyond the Pope's, and acted accordingly. Lainez very narrowly escaped a difficult position; for he was proposed as the successor of Paul; but as the Pope must be chosen from the College of Cardinals, he was thrown out on the point of order. He was, however, elected the successor to Ignatius as the general of his Order. Ignatius had accepted the direction of the Inquisition at Lisbon: Lainez carried out the powers of that Dominican body, though he could not obtain the appointment of the very institution at Goa that his people had advised for themselves. The Jesuit mode of conversion was very simple and efficacious. All that they had to do was to sally out at the head of the Viceroy's troops when the Hindoos were sacrificing, and to shoot those down that did not immediately become Christians.

And now for Abyssinia—a singular kingdom; its monarch, the descendant of Prester John; its royal house claiming descent from Menelek, the son of Solomon, by the queen of Sheba. Hither Ignatius had despatched thirteen Jesuits. Here, with ill success at first, the Jesuits fully succeeded in defeating the king in a battle. But they that take the sword shall perish by the sword; and even Portugal would not listen to the earnest language of Oviedo, that they would not permit the Church of Rome to lose this most glorious enterprise for want of five or six hundred Portuguese soldiers. Well might our Elizabeth punish Jesuits, when such was their conduct wherever they betook their way. Even Caffre barbarism was penetrated at this period; and the ever-present Virgin, whom they possessed some phantasmagoric means of showing, appeared to the Caffre king.

In Brazil the Jesuit Anchieta far exceeded even Xavier in miracles. He was *elevated* while in prayer in two places at once and possessed powers of making himself invisible. His breviary was brought to him, from twenty-four miles distance, by an angel. They succeeded in obtaining a footing in Switzerland, but were quickly expelled, from their practices there also.

The period for Lainez to resign the generalate had arrived, and he proceeded to the Pope. Pius IV. he completely circumvented; robbed the Ursulines of their convent with the Pope's consent; and, when Lainez went to thank him, the Pope said,—“There's no need of thanks; I will shed my very blood to foster the Company.” On this occasion he had a disputation with a heretic, and quoted the Fathers exclusively against him; but he was met by the simple-

mindful man telling him that he preferred Calvin to them ; and he was burnt accordingly.

We, then, perceive, with deep regret, that the most enlightened champion on the Roman side at the Council of Trent was the creature of the Inquisition, and a most bigoted persecutor. In fact, the sword and the stake are the Jesuit weapons. Witness the fearful issues in Savoy, when two thousand men, under the Count of Trinity, and the Jesuit, Possevin, attacked the unhappy inhabitants, ravished their wives and daughters, and handed the books of the heretics to the fearful inquisitor, that blood-hound that tracked the scent of carnage. And yet here also they overshot the mark ; and Emanuel Philibert hesitated at last to imbrue his hands still deeper in the blood of his subjects. Hence also they were compelled ultimately to decamp.

And now the time arrived for the Jesuit development in England. Mary died in 1558, and Cardinal Pole breathed his last on the same day, to the infinite regret of the Jesuit Sacchinus, who saw that Heaven was clearly incensed with England, by depriving her, in one day, of both these Catholic lights. Elizabeth succeeded to the mortal rage of Paul IV. His predecessors had fixed him in an inconvenient category by their conduct with regard to the marriage of Anne Boleyn ; and he ventured to tell Elizabeth that he could not permit any attack on his prerogative to regulate the rights of monarchs to their crowns. She was the last sovereign in Europe to tolerate such conduct. Pius IV. succeeded, and requested Elizabeth to send her bishops to the Council of Trent. This she flatly refused. A deep-laid scheme was concocted to deprive her of her throne and life. The Jesuit, Gaudan, was sent into Scotland. Mary, however, durst not venture on his plans, and this poor queen became the focus of that incessant Jesuit action that ultimately cost her her life.

In 1561 the Pope took a fancy into his head to have Egypt. Two Jesuits were despatched with the modest request to the Coptic Patriarch to send a letter owning his obedience to the Pope. His refusal exceedingly astonished the Jesuits, and they found themselves forced to quit. They made abundant amends by hosts of alleged conversions in India, Japan, and Brazil. In 1562 Lainez proceeded to the Council of Trent. Here the distinguished theologian met with a slight rebuff. He announced himself general of a *clerical* order, well knowing that etiquette placed the clergy above the monks. The monkish generals would not allow

it, and Lainez retreated to the rear. Lainez and Salmeron, a man accused of all manner of iniquity, took a conspicuous part in every discussion; and to them may be assigned the evil distinction of making the breach between Rome and the Reformed Churches wider than ever. Yet, with a duplicity almost unexampled, and to which he did not dare to append his signature, he thus writes to Condé, who had raised difficulties, on the union of the churches:—"In order to see this union, so much desired, I would sacrifice a hundred lives. Thus from the misfortune of these divisions the Divine bounty would bring forth, besides union, the blessing of the *reform* of the Church in her *head* and her members."

The Council closed as all know, and as Ranke says, with countless anathemas against the Reformed Churches. Lainez returned to Rome, and Pius IV. inspected his college. Seeing the walls covered with written poems, the Pope demanded the reason. "They are the extemporaneous poems on the visit of your Holiness, in the sixteen languages," was the Jesuit reply, "spoken by our pupils." If matters flourished with them at Rome, opposition ran hard against them in Paris, with the university into which they sought to thrust themselves as members, but were negatived absolutely in the application.

To Lainez may be traced the frightful horrors that followed on the conference at Poissy, for he enjoined them to punish heresy in every direction. They did so. They killed the very children, which were actually born prematurely from their murdered mothers, impaled many persons, roasted others, sawed asunder others. This was the issue of the Romish champion's advice. The Guises came in to add to the fearful bigotry of the period. It was farther aided by the catechism of Canisius, who, it is thought, assisted Ignatius in his compositions. One specimen from this work may suffice. "What do Protestants say of the evangelical councils, perpetual chastity, and the rest? They say it is impossible for us to live chastity; that it is impious to vow chastity, and *tam cuique necessarium esse carnis opus, quam edere, bibere, dormire.*"

In 1564 the plague, which decimated France, swept over Europe. Here the Jesuits showed themselves great indeed. They knelt amid the pestilence, buried the dead, consoled the living, and supported them with alms. Let us give this order of men their fair honour—they were equal to many of the most trying calamities, and they showed a wondrous heroism, and total indifference to personal danger. The year following Lainez died, aged 53. In nine years he quad-

rupted the number of his men, and added six provinces to those of Loyola. It now possessed 3500 men; and, counting the sodalities and pupils, must have reached 4000 souls devoted wholly to Jesuitism. Lainez left numerous works, but they have not sustained the reputation which the excitement of his æra gave him. Borgia succeeded him as general. Poor, in every sense, compared with his predecessors, narrowed still further in sentiment, but as devoted as either to his order for which he had abandoned every thing upon earth; he was an immense flagellant; on one occasion he administered to himself 800 lashes.

Pius the Fifth now occupied the papal chair: a Pope who gave orders to his general to give the Huguenots no quarter, and graced that demon Alva with a consecrated hat and sword. Florida at this period received the Jesuits, and under his Jesuit advisers, Don Sebastian conceived the design of invading the Moors, and died on the plains of Alcazarquiver. Fifteen Jesuits perished with him, and Philip the Second seized on the kingdom, not without grave suspicions that the Jesuits had prompted him to the deed.

Pius V. sent, at this period, a Jesuit as Nuncio to Mary, Queen of Scotland. Philip of Spain had just opened Peru to the Jesuits, after the Pope had given it to him; and in forty years eighteen millions of Indians, under all imaginable forms of torture, perished by the hands of the Spaniards. We shall not enter into the deeds done by the infernal Dominican, Valverde, nor into those horrors that Las Casas has so feelingly described. So well did the Jesuits do their work in Lima, that in 1572 Philip sent thirteen to Mexico. And now, with the aid of the powerful Philip, Pius V. to the shuddering horror of the inhabitants of Avignon, set up the Inquisition in Italy. He called on the general of the Jesuits for a man to provide the Avignonians with the machinery, and Possevin was named by Borgia. That was an awful period of history, marked by the battles of Lepanto, Jarnac, and Moncontour. Pius V. gave 10,000 ounces of gold to Charles IX. to exterminate the heretics. Who can wonder at the massacre of St. Bartholomew? Alva, fit agent for the Pope and Philip, massacred 18,000 Flemings.

In 1572 Borgia visited Paris, and that year which witnessed the death of Pius V. also saw the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Philip was not even satisfied with that. "Finish purging your kingdom of heresy," was his advice to the bigot Charles IX. and his fiendish mother. In the October of this year Borgia died, but the massacre was on the 24th

of August. If his dying hours were filled with remembrances of evil counsel given to stimulate Charles to blood, who is a more pitiable object than the mighty ruler of the Jesuits? Henry of Navarre alone was saved. He had married Charles' sister. Charles was determined to convert him, and sent for the Jesuit Maldonat. He came through that scene of blood. The Jesuit himself trembled, but still addressed the Huguenot prince. Henry was silent, and Charles cried out, "The mass, death, or perpetual imprisonment: choose?" Henry consented, and saved his life. Through his eight years Borgia had literally been what he professed,—the beast of burthen of the Society. He was a man incapable of resisting a reigning impulse: his admiration for the Institute was unbounded.

In Gregory the Thirteenth the Jesuits found a firm supporter. Their process of election of their general was however disputed, and they were compelled to appoint Everard Mercurian, the Pope's nominee. Gregory is reported to have died with joy at an embassy from Japan, which reached him by the solicitation of the Jesuits. Claudius Aquaviva succeeded to Mercurian, a man of high family, son of the Duke d'Atri. He was a deep and indefatigable student, a firm-purposed man, as iron-souled as Ignatius himself; and Sextus the Fifth succeeded to the popedom.

Pius the Fifth had cut off Elizabeth from the body of the Church, had declared her deprived of all her dominions; and one Romanist, for which he was executed, was bold enough to post the bull on the Bishop of London's palace. But the English Catholics were not disposed for any movement. Hanse, Nelson, Maine and Sherwood formally taught that the Queen was a heretic, and ought to be deposed. No wonder, if with Allen's hundred missionaries proclaiming the same fact, that Elizabeth sent out a proclamation that no man should entertain in his house, or harbour, Jesuits, and relieve them. Pius had declared her both a heretic and supporter of heretics. Parsons and Campion, no mean opponents to any sovereign, next appeared. Read Campion's own avowals, and Southey's "*Book of the Church*," and judge if any government on earth would tolerate such avowals. This man came to England for martyrdom: the Virgin Mary showed him a purple rag to foretell his martyr destiny. It is scarcely possible to describe the innumerable artifices and disguises adopted by Parsons and Campion to shield them from the law. Was this consistent with that love of martyrdom that Campion professed? Will it be credited that on the

Queen expressing a wish to see Parsons, that a nobleman of her Court told the Queen that she should see him.—A drunken fellow staggered down the street, and the Romanist lord told the Queen that in that drunken miscreant she had seen Parsons : thus was treason abetted in the very face and presence of the majesty of England. Even Lingard admits that had Campion given satisfactory answers his life would have been spared ; and that the loyalty of the Romanist, from the replies given, was problematical. Had Elizabeth executed more than Mary, she was fully authorized ; for Mary put to death her loyal subjects, but Elizabeth disloyal Jesuits. Even Capefigue is compelled to admit, that subsequent papers fully corroborate the participation of Mary in the attempts of Philip to dethrone Elizabeth.

Then came the Armada, that Jesuit conspiracy with Philip, against the rights and liberties of England. Throughout the whole of these periods we assert that the rebellion of an ecclesiastic against a king was considered venial and not high treason. Bellarmine, Folet, Maldonat, Emanuel, Parsons, Campion, and Mariana all teach the like. Mariana's very words on the murderer of Henry III. (Clement) are these : " Splendid boldness of soul ! Memorable exploit ! By killing the king he achieved for himself a mighty name. Thus perished Clement, twenty-four years of age ; a youth of simple mind, and not strong in body, but a greater power gave strength and power to his soul." True ! *the power of hell !* Can any man wonder at the conduct of Elizabeth, who reads these demon precepts of Mariana.

" It is a glorious thing," says Mariana, " to exterminate this pestilent and mischievous race of heretic kings from the community of men." The Jesuits know the effect of these regicide opinions, and only strive to mystify them under *non-natural senses, theological distinctions, fearful casuistry*, and probabilism, or better issues to evil acts. The Sorbonne followed in their wake, and actually compared the parricide of a great king to the holy mysteries and incarnation of our Lord. They told the people, when Clement's mother arrived, to venerate that blessed mother of a holy martyr. Sextus the Fifth compared the murderer to Judith and Eleazar. The Spanish ambassador called it the hand of the Almighty. And in that fearful siege of Paris the Jesuits retained luxuries while the people were starving. Wonderfully fine is the brief letter of Elizabeth to Henry IV., when, in the face of all this diabolical insincerity, he joined the Church of Rome. It did not disarm opposition, and the knife of the

Jesuit priest, Jean Chatel, was raised against him, from which he with difficulty escaped. What were the memorable words of Henry IV. to Du Plessis? "I am quite cured of my wound. These are the fruits of the Jesuits; they shall evacuate my kingdom;" and he compelled them to evacuate France. Chatel owned that he had often been in the Jesuit chamber of meditations. There they showed an image of a figure with seven swords, answering to the seven passions. Gluttony was pierced through the stomach, envy in the back, vengeance at the head.

Mariana, the great promoter of king-killing, next stimulated Philip the Second of Spain to take some notice of the Jesuits, who were frightfully polluting the mysteries of confession, to get undue hold over the persons of women, after the same fashion that has called forth the impassioned eloquence in our day of Michelet. Philip said that he could see through most things, but he could not see through them. Aquaviva had an awful struggle, for Spain looked upon the Order as her own, and did not like its recent general. Aquaviva triumphed over all dissension in his own body, but the Pope decided against him in matters that he heeded not, for he never intended to obey them. This blind obedience at one time, and flat disobedience at others, form the most singular feature in the Order; and, no doubt, repeated acts of this character led to their final extinction from Rome by Ganganelli.

At this season occur those celebrated disputes with the Thomatists and Dominicans. The Great Jesuit, Molina, held no predestination but a prescience. St. Thomas, the Augustinians and others, are strong predestinarians. The Jesuits stood with Aquaviva and Molina. That mighty leader of the Jesuits had soon sufficient influence over the corrupt passions of Henry IV. to secure the recal of his Order into France. Henry destroyed the monuments raised to commemorate their expulsion and his deliverance from the dagger of Chatel, and thereby prompted the knife of Ravallac to its final deed. It is curious to conceive what a life this monarch led, who had to confess all his sins to his Jesuit confessor, and the pleasant manner in which they lived together. "Your majesty is slower in your recall of the Jesuits than women, who produce their fruits in nine months." "Kings are not brought to bear so easily as women," was the gay reply. None but a Jesuit could have suited him. Some probabilist theory of mighty ends gained by human debauchery alone could have kept him a sinner to the end.

After the death of Elizabeth, who all her reign had to struggle against them, James succeeded, and the concoctor of the Armada set about the Gunpowder Plot. And here, we regret to say, that Aquaviva was quite aware of what was going on under the wing of Garnet, Vaux, and others ; and though he differed on their policy, never disclosed it in time to prevent the intended issue. The mysterious death of Henry IV., for which curious persons can consult the anti-Cullen pamphlet, followed. What an event ! A monarch killed in his carriage with six attendants, none of whom saw the blow given.

The year 1609 witnessed the beatification of Ignatius, and in 1615 Aquaviva died. General of the Company for thirty-four years, he had conducted matters with wonderful success. One hundred years and upwards of Jesuit rule had existed. Their celebrated "Imago" was published in 1640.\* This was the period when, to meet the high mathematics, the Jesuits came forward with recondite notions of their own. The casuists had a glorious time. They revelled in making crime venial. Perjury, duelling, falsehood, crime, had masses of supporters. In Juan de Alloza, you will find the labour of thirty years occupied in hunting out all possible bestialities, and then dedicating them to the Blessed Virgin conceived without sin. We need not go far in modern days to find a Liguori in currency in his foulest details among the simple peasantry of the Ardennes. In 1612 the celebrated "Monita Secreta" appeared ; and if ever there was exhibited that process that is commonly called "holding a candle to the devil," that work does it. Father Prout considers that work essential to understanding the Jesuits ; and we must say it does give a curious insight into the darkest elements of the human mind.

Vitelleschi, a Roman, succeeded Aquaviva. His election was strongly opposed by the Spaniards, but he came into dominion over 13,000 Jesuits scattered over every part of the globe, in thirty-three provinces embracing 550 houses. The year 1605 witnessed the exertions of Robert dei Nobili, who arrived at Goa with the intention of becoming appa-

---

\* Contrary to the simple biography of Maffeus, everything in this book is of the most exaggerated description. At the birth of Ignatius the earth shook ; the constitutions were written by the aid of the Virgin ; God and he contend, the one in honouring him, the other in humiliating himself. He took away the pangs of labour ; fire was put out by his bare image ; winds and storms obeyed him. At first his early biographers asserted that he had raised *one* from the dead : the "Imago" describes *many*.



rently a Brahmin. He studied Tamul. He became a Saniassi, the highest of the four Brahminical orders. He was clad in a tiger's skin to imitate Siva; ate nothing that had life; bathed three times a day with all the Brahminical ceremonies; rubbed his forehead and breast with cow-dung; and he wore the peculiar sandal that does not endanger animal life extensively. The Brahmins gazed on him with wonder. He made oath that he was of an illustrious caste, and he was allowed to have passed through the ninety-six qualifications of the true sage. Thirteen years of imposition did he practice, professing that he held the fourth way of salvation which the Brahmins desiderated. His conduct and dress when called on to appear before the visitor of India, Father Palmerio, perfectly disgusted that ecclesiastic, and he refused to speak to him. Even Bellarmine at once condemned such conduct though he was his nephew. "Better that Brahmins be not converted than that Christians should act as Brahmins," was his opinion.

The Jesuits had now drawn in India a complete distinction in their worshippers, and never associated Pariahs and Brahmins together. Gregory XV. prohibited this altogether in Christian assemblies. During this period their great Chinese successes were achieved, but Ricci and Valignani had effected previously an entrance in 1583. The Jesuits here had the awful difficulties of that singular language to struggle with. Ricci was not only a good mathematician but a capital mechanic, and they obtained access to Peking and the Emperor. He made a map of China, not such as he knew to be the fact, but such as he knew the Chinese would receive. An eclipse of the moon occurred in 1610; Ricci beat the Chinese hollow in calculation. After his death the Jesuits, by assisting the celestials in the foundry of cannon (an odd way of propagating a faith of peace), under the celebrated Adam Scheele's auspices, established themselves in that country. His astronomical skill served him equally with that of Ricci. He was ennobled, and not only he but,—as the Chinese empire always looks *a parte* post—his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother. The Emperor kindly addressed these persons, imputing all Scheele's proficiency to them, but especially to his grandmother, as the root whence musical leaves, poetical flowers, astronomical calculations, integral and differential calculus, were clearly derived. The Jesuits flourished prodigiously: one of them became chief mandarin. In Abyssinia they met for a time with equal success, but were finally expelled

for the dreadful civil war which they had raised, and their detected design of giving up the country to Portugal.

In South America they established a kingdom of their own, Paraguay. Our limits will not allow us to describe it; suffice it to say that it was won by fraud on the Indians and that it continued nearly 100 years, until their expulsion in 1760. It certainly was a singular kingdom: the sexes married at seventeen; labourers went to work to the sound of music; no one troubled his head about his possessions, the Jesuits took all; no father had any trouble about his children, the Jesuits educated them. Neither dishonesty nor crime, the Jesuits boasted, were committed there; but where the means of acquisition are removed or are not coveted, there always exists a passive state without scope for virtue or the ordinary temptations to vice. This period of their history is also distinguished by the singular fact that in India they forged a *fifth Veda*.

While they could thus proceed in India in the mingled character of Brahmins, and in the practices of Pagan rites, things went well; but Benedict XIV. determined to put an end to all this, and his rigorous bull settled the Jesuits for ever in India. In similar manner the Dominican, in taking up the reformed rigidity by the Pope, lost everything in *China*. A dispute on property, which led to a civil war, lost them *Japan*. They had also penetrated, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the Illinois, the Missouri, and Louisiana; and here their exertions were beyond praise, and of the very highest missionary element.

In 1640 the Jesuits celebrated the anniversary of their *centenary*. Vitelleschi felt the accusations of the world pressing strongly against his Order, and he addressed them to stop their ruin; but vainly, their faults, like the Communism which they insisted on in Paraguay for their own advantage, were too deep-rooted. Caraffa, from 1645 to 1649, strove equally as their general against impending ruin. Piccolomini succeeded, but being disagreeable to the lordly aristocracy of the Company resigned. Oliva followed, and concluded by his luxurious habits to further ruin.

The profits of the Order were tremendous. There is in the Museum a passport, given by the Jesuits in 1450, to Hippolyte Baaem for the consideration of 200,000 florins (£10,000), to defend him against all infernal powers. Escobar could truly say that in his monstrous book he had written nothing that Jesuits had not put forth. His "*Moral Theology*" went through nine editions. Fourteen Jesuit doctors are said to have supported the Duke of Lorraine and

his Jesuit confessor in a state of concubinage ; but to the honour of Vitelleschi, he boldly condemned it. These were the things that ruined them, resulting from that courtly influence against which Ignatius cautioned them. His confessor, the Jesuit La Chaise, permitted the scandalous life of Louis the Fourteenth, and Jansenists became a necessity to put down such Jesuits. Pascal and Port Royal, though battered by the Jesuits, paid them back in the like coin. The kings of Spain and Portugal took part against their proceedings in South America, and Pombal expelled them from Portugal in 1728. In 1764 they were expelled from France, to which certainly their pupil Voltaire and the philosophers were accessories, but never could have precipitated their fall, but for the extraordinary case of Father Gerard, which made them look contemptible. Then their Jesuit banker, La Valette,\* failed, and it was proved that he was a slave owner. Louis the Fifteenth expelled them, persuaded by Choiseul for reasons of state. The year 1767 saw their expulsion from Spain. The king on that occasion said that if he had any cause for self-reproach, it was having been lenient so long. "I have learned," said he, sighing, "*to know them too well.*" The same day and hour saw them expelled from Africa, Asia, America, and all the Spanish islands and possessions. They were to be instantly embarked. Six thousand approached the coast of Italy, a mingled multitude of all ages and conditions. The Pope refused to receive them. His successor, Clement the Fourteenth, was placed in the Papal chair under a written promise to suppress them. That Breve was prepared in 1773. In vain did the General Ricci throw himself at the feet of the cardinals ; in vain urge the Council of Trent on them ; in vain the multifold talents, the splendid ability, the missionary zeal, the indefatigable exertions of his Order. They would not hear him, and even Joseph the Second of Austria demanded of the general, when he was going to relinquish his habit. He paused before the statue of Ignatius, of solid silver, covered with gems, and exclaimed against its cost. "It has been erected with the money of friends of the society." "Say rather," said the emperor, "with the spoils of the Indies." No one would have more deeply condemned this extravagance than Ignatius himself or pointed out its want of keeping with a mendicant order.

---

\* He was at the head of the mission in Martinique and the greatest merchant of the West India islands. He failed for three millions. Many persons applied to the Parliament of Paris, who ascertained that the general of the Order, who resided at Rome, had complete command of its funds.

Clement died, but we do not think from the Jesuits. Prussia and Russia were open to them, and thither they went. They had undergone thirty expulsions and more, and in the highest sweep of their power, the reaction against them in their own body destroyed them. The Jesuits elected Grouber for their general. The Royal Society appointed at the period Boscovich to observe the transit of Venus in California. Tiraboschi and Andres produced immense works; Feller, Universal Biography.

In 1814, Pius the Seventh restored the Jesuits, revoking the Breve of Clement; but in 1814 Alexander expelled them from Russia. The eloquent opposition of Michelet and Quinet led to a retirement from France, commanded by the General Roothan. The late expulsion from Switzerland has been followed by their banishment from Bavaria, Austria, Naples, and Rome, under Pio Nono. A Catholic nobleman, Lord Clifford, gave their General Roothan a home; and Thomas Weld gave the Belgian Jesuits the domain of Stonyhurst. Our opinion is, that we owe the rapid rise of Romanism in England, which has increased from seventy thousand to one million and a quarter, principally to them, and that the Order is now mainly concentrated in English efforts. In Ireland they have the colleges of Clongowes, Tollobey, and Dublin. We do not think that they can succeed as they have done to darken homes where the "Imago" would go down and be believed; but we are certain that their zeal and unity can do much for opinions that they will now shape to the life they live in.

The Jesuits have swept over every field of literature. We have not space to describe their educational studies; but, by the middle of the seventeenth century, the Company had produced works in nearly one hundred languages. Seventy wrote on grammar, twenty on philology. The "*Gradus ad Parnassum*" shows their attention to Latin verse. An immense number of poems, tragedies, elegies, epics, heroics, lyrics were produced. Clavius is a fair mathematical name; and nearly a hundred writers may be named in logic, physics, and politics.\*

In all parts of the world their geographical knowledge is visible. Mariana is the historian of Spain. The Belgic Provinces sent out the "Imago." It is dedicated to God. We

---

\* Mr. Nutt is now publishing a catalogue of all the Jesuit writers (Backer) which will extend to many volumes. We do not profess to understand the future plans of its editors, but at present this work is one of extremely difficult reference: possibly its index at the close may simplify it.

will not waste time by any quotations, but it is worth while to glance at the pompous epitaphs of the early *Nien*. Their editions of the early Fathers are of high merit. Nieremberg's "*Homiliæ Catenatæ*," are well worth the perusal of every scholar. Ragnaldas is one of the editors of the Fathers, and is certainly an extraordinary man. Many of his works are in the Roman Index (prohibited). They fill twenty vols. folio. In biography and hagiology the Jesuits really shine. The "*Acta Sanctorum*" are in forty-four volumes folio. It was begun by Bollandi. The Casuists\* are a very numerous

\* "Theft may be venial through want of deliberation; for although, as Lessius says, it may seem difficult that theft should become venial by reason of imperfect deliberation, yet it may sometimes happen; for some persons are so addicted to it through habit, and, as it were, determined to thieve, that they bear away the thing stolen before they fully reflect upon what they are doing. The same may happen through the violence of temptation, especially when it is committed with so much precipitancy that there remains no time for deliberation."—*John of Castile*, 1641.

"It is probable that it is never lawful for a private person directly to intend the death of another. Thus St. Thomas. Yet the opposite opinion of many persons, who are quoted and followed by Lessius and others, is more common, and sufficiently probable."—*Theologia Morales* (Busenbaum), 1754.

"If Caius has impregnated wine with poison, and has placed it before Sempronius with a view to cause his death, but Titius, who is ignorant of the danger, takes it, and Caius suffers him to do so lest his crime should be discovered, C. is not really a homicide; neither is he bound to make compensation for the injuries which have been occasioned by the death of Titius, because the death of Titius was not voluntary on the part of Caius, who could not foresee the accident; neither was he bound to prevent it by exposing himself to such great danger."—Vol. iii., lib. 2., *Dub. Quæst.*

"Christians may not tolerate an infidel or heretic king if he endeavour to draw his subjects to his heresy or infidelity. But it is the province of the sovereign Pontiff to decide whether the king draws them to heresy or not. It is therefore for the Pontiff to determine whether the king must be deposed or not."—*R. Bellarmine* (*Disputationes*), 1596.

"Princes are bound to obey the Pope as the sword of Christ; and if they resist, he can punish them as rebellious persons; and if they undertake anything against the glory of Christ, he may deprive them of their empire, or he may transfer their dominions to another prince, and absolve their subjects from their allegiance and from the oath which they have sworn."—*Salmeron* (*Commentary on Gospel History*), 1612.

"A scrupulous man continues safe if he prefers against his scruples that which he considers *probable*, although he may consider another opinion as *more probable*; and the confessor should confirm himself against his own opinion by which he is excused from sin before God."—*Henry Henriquez*. *Summæ Theologiæ*, 1600.

"It is not intrinsically wrong to use equivocation, even in making an oath, whence it is not always perjury. This is the sure and common opinion; for to speak with such equivocation is not always a lie, neither is it therefore intrinsically wrong; and therefore to confirm it by an oath is neither perjury nor intrinsically sin."—*Suarez* (1614), *De Virtute*.

"Father Sagundas thus expresses himself:—'It is lawful for a son to rejoice at the murder of his parent, committed by himself in a state of drunkenness, on account of the great riches thence acquired by inheritance.' He deduces the doctrine from a principle which is true, and of which many are persuaded,—viz., that when any benefit results to us from an action which

body, and also the Commentators. Galileo was a Jesuit, and Riccioli and Grimaldi maintained his hypotheses. The Jesuit edition of Newton is well known. For a long time the only book on navigation was by a Jesuit,—L'Hoste. Kircher is another extraordinary man, and must have been most wonderfully useful in the various Jesuit deceptions: he was a person of enormous self-sufficiency, and fixed hell in the centre of the earth. Kestler is another of their voluminous writers, in forty volumes, mostly folio. The tower of Babel and Noah's ark are as well described and accurately illustrated by him (with monkish notions of the Flood, building of the Temple, &c.,) as in the pedigree of King Egbert, from Adam in the Herald's College.

They have had their painters and artists, and are certainly entitled to the invention of the air-balloon. Gusmao, who derived it from Lana, offered to ascend in it. The Inquisition took the alarm, and the Jesuit told them he would take them up—Grand Inquisitor and all! This was a serious joke for him; for they imprisoned him forthwith, having probably an idea that he might do it some odd day. They charged him with magic. His brother Jesuits got him off with difficulty. Can it be credited that they could look on Galileo imprisoned; on Gusmao likewise; and know fully that they dare not publish Newton's "Principia" without denying the truth of every word which they had demonstrated to be true; and yet support the system of lies and cruelty that rendered all this evasion necessary?

And now what singular, unique and remarkable features does this Order possess. Professing obedience to the Pope, no Order has so widely disobeyed him: professing the faith of Christ, no Order has more extensively contradicted every principle of Christianity: professing mendicity, it has become *millionaire*; professing to administer the sacraments to the poor, it invariably refused them to the Pariahs of India. It

---

is in itself forbidden, but rendered blameless through a deficiency of deliberation, we may lawfully rejoice at it, not only for the benefit, which is in itself clear, but also for the forbidden action; not, indeed, because it is forbidden, but inasmuch as it is the cause of a happy event. Since, then, it is supposed, on the one hand, that the parricide was blameless, as well from deficiency of deliberation, caused by drunkenness, as through the absence of premeditation; and, on the other hand, that great riches would result from this parricide—an effect which is either good, or certainly not bad—it follows that the doctrine of Father Sagundas, which may seem a paradox, is true in theory, although it may be dangerous in practice."—*George Gobat, Opera Moralia*, 1700.

"Enim vero si esset aspectus partium quas pudor velat vel ipsius concubitus speculative non damnarem."—*Escobar*.

has counselled the death of kings and reconciled the reason of its followers to its axioms of murder: it has spread into some elements of even the English Church, and been ready even there to work, as far as an indignant public would permit, its own sophistry and reservation. Where do we not find them? In the pits of the miner, in the regions of snow, in the hottest climes,—everywhere penetrating,—everywhere using artifices for admission; prepared to worship anything: to become Brahmins, Buddhists, Bonzes. Passing under all the disguises possible; under which head we need only look to the lives of Parsons and Campion, who loved this masked kind of being as to their fellow-men. They have acquired languages that no other religious body ever attempted; and wherever they have got a footing, they have invariably so acted, in the issue, as to lead to their own expulsion. Were all the nations wrong, and the Jesuits only right? We have only to look to what they did in England, France,\* Spain and even in Italy, to answer that question. In vain did their science work them even into the observatories of China. In vain did they possess their vantage position with the savage: in vain arrive in Japan with the artifices and accomplishments of civilization. Rome itself was compelled to reject them. No king, no country found itself safe. Their oaths were not trustworthy, their professions untrue, their doctrine damnable, and their lives, too often, of the foulest and most self-indulgent character. We believe that in their source from Loyola they derived much of this; but the founder is not to be blamed for evils which he pointed to and warned them to avoid. His bigotry, cruelty, fanaticism are *small* things, compared with the evil doings of his followers. They sprang from a wrong notion of the faith, but he taught them the faith as others had taught him. If he misguided them he was himself misguided at the beginning. But the Jesuits, in the broad daylight of intellect, knew well what they were doing. False casuistry, however, does bewilder its professors and has inflicted on our dictionaries *jesuistry*, the most fearful word in any language. For it is one that shows truth abused to perpetrate fraud; it assumes the holiest name, and attempts to employ its sanction for its foulest enormities. The Jesuits have associated the name of Jesus with the greatest crimes and insincerity. Is this the Society of Jesus? King-killers, and advisers to king-killing, oath-breakers, idol-worshippers, mental-evasion-

---

\* In France, we see them compelled reluctantly to surrender their sixty volumes of statutes, so infamous that the Parliament advised them to be burned by the hands of the public executioner.

ists, parricide-upholders, miracle-mongers, virgin-adorers, friends of the rich, foes to the poor, the curse of nations, who have thrown them with loathing from their bosoms; blood-shedders to a more fearful extent than any other order of men; persons who have turned the truth of God into a lie, and thrown back commerce for ages, wherever they have winged their way. Let us, at least, congratulate ourselves that England has had small part in their Order, though she is now fostering them in her bosom. We believe that it will be deeply against her peace that she does so. We believe that they are now in more places than we suspect, or shall ever discover; and it is certainly a remarkable fact that since their establishment *here*, Romanism has increased immeasurably beyond all former periods. We could show their various action in parts not suspected. We possess, from curious circumstances, much insight into them in many parts. Whole cities of the Continent are completely under their control; in one, they will not admit an Englishman as professor of English. We know that they (there, and throughout Europe,) prevent the rites of the church from reaching any person not blindly given up to their own intolerant principles, though in their own communion; and we are certain that Roman Catholics would best consult their own interests by getting rid of them everywhere, and that Anglo-Catholics should do the like. What is an Order that has no country, relationship, connection, or bond with the rest of mankind? that has no sympathy with institutes, no feeling of an English home, no tie of family, no property or interest personally in anything? A dangerous body to any community, and most dangerous to England where from the liberality of our institutes, they can for ever raise the cry of intolerance, unless they are permitted to do what no nation or people have *long tolerated*.

---

ART. V.—*A Library of National Antiquities: a Series of Volumes illustrating the General Archæology and History of our Country.* Published under the direction and at the expense of JOSEPH MAYER, Esq., F.S.A., &c., &c., Honorary Curator of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire. Vol. 1. *A Volume of Vocabularies.* Edited by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c.

THERE are few languages which have passed through more changes than that which is generally spoken throughout the



British empire. Possessed as the country has been by nations of dissimilar origin, and that not merely for a short period but for centuries, each, as might have been expected, has left the traces of its dominion in words and phrases belonging to its own tongue: the result has been the amalgamation of the finer parts of most of these languages into one rich, flexible and expressive vehicle of thought.

It has been the fate of the English language to be, since it admitted of any mixture, a compound of dialects and not of original languages. The Gaelic itself, the earliest of which we have any traces as existing in these lands, being a dialect of the Celtic, as the Saxon is of the Gothic. It is probable also that the Gaelic was considerably enriched by an admixture of Phœnician, as we know that it was at a later period, by the introduction of a great number of Roman words.

The Celtic, as a pure tongue, is no longer in existence, nor are there any remains wherein it has been perpetuated—not so much even as an inscription; but there are still three dialects of this ancient tongue still in being,\* viz., the Erse or Irish, the Gaelic† and, if it be Celtic, the Armorican. Of these, two are found in the British dominions and one in France. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the Romans obtained far more complete supremacy in Gaul than they ever did in Britain. In the remains therefore existing in this land are we to study the spirit and genius of the ancient Celtic tongue. It has been reserved for the present age to view this subject in its proper light; and we see in the daily increasing interest which the study of these languages excites, in the professorship of Irish founded in the University of Dublin, and in the studies and example of a distinguished living prelate, guarantees that the light which such researches are calculated to cast upon the antiquities of our country will no longer be neglected.

---

\* It may be necessary to notice that Dr. Murray, the late Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Edinburgh, who had paid considerable attention to both the Welsh and Irish languages, states his decided opinion that the Cymraeg is Celtic as much as the Gaelic. He says, "The Irish and Scottish Celtic are one language, the Welsh, Cornish, and Armorican are another. Both are of the same order, but they differ so widely in all those respects which make the dialect of one country understood in another, that their affinity, like that of the Greek and Teutonic, can be discerned only by philologists and scholars."—*Murray's History of European Languages*. Vol. ii., pp. 316, 317.

† It is believed that the Cornish dialect of the Celtic language is now to be reckoned among the *res perditæ*. It was never reduced to writing, and has therefore no literary remains; nor is it certain that there are any now living who can speak it. It is too probable that the Armorican also is rapidly advancing towards extinction.

Dr. Henry, in his *History*,\* observes:—

“It is a further proof, or rather demonstration, that the Celtic tongue was the language spoken by the first inhabitants of this island; that the names of very many rivers, brooks, hills, mountains, towns, and cities in all parts of it, are significant in that language and descriptive of their situations, properties, and appearances. For the first inhabitants of every country are under the necessity of giving names immediately to those objects about which they have daily occasion to converse, and these primitive names are naturally no other than brief descriptions of the most striking appearances, and obvious properties of these objects in their native tongue. When another nation conquers this country, settles in it, and mingles with the primitive inhabitants, finding names already affixed to all the most conspicuous places and objects in it, they for the most part retain their names, with some slight alteration to adapt them to the genius of their own language. This was evidently done by the Romans in this island, as might be made appear by an induction of almost innumerable particulars; but as such a detail would be dry and tedious to many readers, it may be sufficient to refer to further sources of information.”†

A remarkable instance of this adaptation may be found in the cumulative character of some of the names thus preserved. Bindon-hill will serve as an example. This was Pen-dun-hill. Pen, signifying a hill in the Cambro-British or Welsh language, and dun, having the same meaning in the Anglo-Saxon. Pen was to the Saxons merely a name; they therefore added the description, and the word may be rendered Pen-dun, or Pen-hill. Again, Pendon, or Bindon, was but a sound to the English, and they added their own description—hill—as they would have done in the case of Primrose-hill or Shooter’s-hill; thus the translation of the two parts of the proper name will be hill hill, to which is added, by way of description, another hill.

It will be seen that in the enumeration of the Celtic dialects spoken in these islands, no mention has been made of the Welsh, and this for a cause which is yet far from being generally known. It has been believed until of late years that the Welsh language was the ancient British, and a dialect of the Celtic very nearly approaching to purity; but this has been believed without evidence, and late scholars who have made both Welsh and Erse, or Gaelic, the objects of

---

\* Book I., chap. vii.

† The sources referred to are Baxter’s *Glossar. Brit. Antiq.*, Lloyd and Bullet, “*Memoires sur la langue Celtique*,” to these may be added Davies’ “*Celtic Researches*,” and Aylett Sammes’ “*Britannia Antiqua Illustrata*.”

their study, assure us that the two languages are radically distinct, unlike in their vocabulary and still more dissimilar in their structure. This discovery, for such it must be called, we owe to Bishop Percy, and it has been since confirmed by the researches of Sir William Betham, O'Connor, and Adeling. Allowing, therefore, that Britain was first peopled, at least in the southern parts of Gaul, and that consequently Celtic, or a dialect of Celtic, may be called the aboriginal language, it is evident that little or none of it is preserved in the modern Welsh; and we are therefore brought to the conclusion that the Cymri, whose descendants the Welsh unquestionably are, were not of Celtic origin. The only word remaining to us of the Cymrian—Cumbrian, Cambrian, or Cambro-British language\*—is Welsh; and it is a very important fact that the only word remaining of the ancient Pictish language† is also Welsh. It must be remembered that the ancient British kingdom extended into those parts of Scotland possessed by the Picts. This kingdom, which was called indifferently Strathclyde, Reged, or Regnum Cumbrense, is celebrated in early romance as the domain of Uther and Arthur.‡ It was the scene of the chivalry of the round table, and the enchantments of Merlin; and Carlisle and Stirling seem to have been looked upon as the chief seats of their festivities. Finding then the location of the Picts and the Cymri to have been the same—having all the evidence that one word of each can afford us that they spoke the same language—we need hardly hesitate to pronounce in favour of their identity. Now the Picts, according to the explicit declaration of Bede, were of Scythian origin; and from the Slavonic portions of the Anglo-Saxon mythology, which are more abundant than those found among the Germano-Saxons, it might be inferred that the Picts were Sclavi, and if so then the Cymri were a Slavonic people. This conclusion is, however, not borne out by the Slavonic language, which appears to have but slight affinity to the Welsh.

It would seem probable that a mixture of Romanized

---

\* The term is *Mori masu*, which Pliny interprets to mean the Dead Sea. In modern Welsh *mor* signifies the sea, and *masu* dead. It will be remembered that the arch-heretic Morgan, who was a native of Wales, hellenized his name to that by which he is more generally known—Pelagius.

† *Pengvahel*. This word is preserved by Bede, and is the Pictish name of the place where the Pictish wall commenced.

‡ Strathclyde and Reged, though indifferently used for the whole kingdom, were but Scottish provinces of it. They were, however, the first settlements of a dominion that afterwards extended into Cornwall.

Celtic and Cambro-British was the language in use among the common people at the time of the Saxon invasion, the latter component being in excess; and this tongue, which has been but slightly modified by time, is the modern Welch. It contains a very large portion of Roman words, many Celtic, and a few Phœnician; and though the tribes who spoke it were gradually driven to the mountains of the north and west, it appears to have had, nevertheless, considerable influence in modifying the Anglo-Saxon.

Previous to the Saxon invasion the races who inhabited Britain were the Celts who came from Gaul in the southern parts, and from Ireland in the northern parts, the Cymri, or Welsh, or Picts, and the Romans: but every theory as to the Celtic origin of the Irish, points to the colonization of that country from the south-west of Britain, so that there appears to have been a double migration, Britain affording to Ireland a Celtic population from the south-west, and receiving one from her in the north-west. Those who maintain that Ireland was first peopled from the Spanish peninsula are not aware that the evidence of language is entirely against them; for though there are traces in the similarity of tradition, &c. of considerable intercourse, yet Ireland is most decidedly Celtic in her antiquities; and Wilhelm von Humboldt, in his treatise on the Basque language, one of the most masterly works on philology ever written, has established beyond controversy the facts; 1st, that the modern Basque is but a slight modification of the ancient Iberian; and, 2ndly, that the Iberi and the Celts were totally distinct peoples. It is not at all improbable that Ireland received a large influx of Celtic population from Spain, but this could only take place after Spain herself was peopled by Celtic tribes, and it was not till a comparatively late period that the Celts spread themselves in that country, nor even at this day does the Celtic portion of the Peninsula population form a large majority.

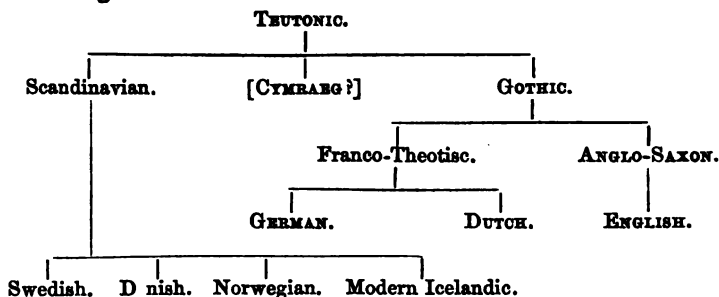
The second era in the history of our language is the foundation of the Saxon Heptarchy; and at this period the language was not modified but changed; the conquerors imposed their tongue as well as their laws on the conquered; and they effected this in the only way that such a change could be carried into execution, viz. by driving the aboriginal inhabitants into the wilds and fastnesses of the mountains. The Anglo-Saxon, as it appears in the valuable literature of that people, was a very forcible and expressive language. It does not seem that in the time of Hengist and Horsa the Saxon was a written language, it was then probably no more

than a corruption of the Gothic, and we have no means of ascertaining its peculiarities till the increase of civilization had given birth to literature. The earliest monuments which remain to us are those which resulted from the mission of St. Augustine of Canterbury; and the only hint we have of the state of the Anglo-Saxon language in earlier times is given to us by the venerable Bede. He tells us that the old Saxons, the Angles, and the Jutes, were the three races from whom the Anglo-Saxons derived their origin. The Jutes were the progenitors of those who occupied the ancient kingdom of Kent, *i. e.* the Angles of those who established themselves in East Anglia, Mercia, and Northumbria; *i. e.* the northern and eastern parts of the kingdom, except the kingdom of the East Saxons, which last were, together with the South Saxons, and the West Saxons, the offspring of the old Saxons. The original names of their kingdoms are preserved in our counties of Essex and Sussex. Wessex is lost. The dialects spoken by these three tribes soon became, to a certain degree, amalgamated, and formed the Anglo-Saxon; but every new investigation tends to show that far more of the original variety are still extant than philologists are aware of.

A division into three successive dialects has been attempted by Dr. Hickes, and after him by many other writers on the subject. They call the language, as spoken prior to the Danish invasion, the Anglo-Saxon. After that period the Dano-Saxon, and after the Norman conquest the Normanno-Saxon. This would appear to be unfounded; first, because the Danes have not left any traces of their lingual peculiarities in the structure or vocabulary of the Anglo-Saxon; and, secondly, that the ancient Danish language was itself derived from the same source as the Anglo-Saxon, *viz.* the Teutonic. It is indeed, highly probable that Danish words and phrases were in use in the northern parts of the kingdom, but there is no evidence to show that they ever became a part of the written language.

We must now pay some attention to the origin of the Anglo-Saxon, which we have already stated to have been a dialect of the ancient Gothic. There were, in the times when by means of Roman intercourse the first light was thrown on the subject, four languages spoken over Europe—we exclude Greek and Latin—these were the Celtic, used in Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and part of Spain and Portugal; the Teutonic, existing in the two dialects of Gothic and Scandinavian; the Sclavonian or Sarmatian, spoken by the inhabitants of the countries now called Russia, Poland, Hungary, and Croatia; and the Iberian, used by the aboriginal inhabitants

of Spain. That all these are of eastern origin there can be no doubt, and most can be distinctly traced to Asia: but our business at present is with the Gothic only. Of this language there is but one specimen remaining, and this is the celebrated "Codex Argenteus," so called because written in characters adorned with silver. It is an imperfect copy of the Gospels. The translation is attributed to Ulphilas, the Bishop of the Mœsian Goths, who, in or about the year 360, translated the whole Bible into the Gothic language, using the Runic characters for the purpose, and inventing such additional ones as were necessary for the completion of his task. That he did not invent the entire alphabet, as he is sometimes reported to have done, is abundantly proved by Mallet in his "Northern Antiquities."\* The Gothic branched off into two dialects, being itself a dialect of the more ancient Teutonic, and sister to the Scandinavian. The Gothic sub-dialects were Anglo-Saxon and Frankish, or Francic, or Franco-Theotisc, or Tudesque. From the former of these is the modern English derived, and from the latter the German and the Dutch. The descent of the English language may be thus given:—

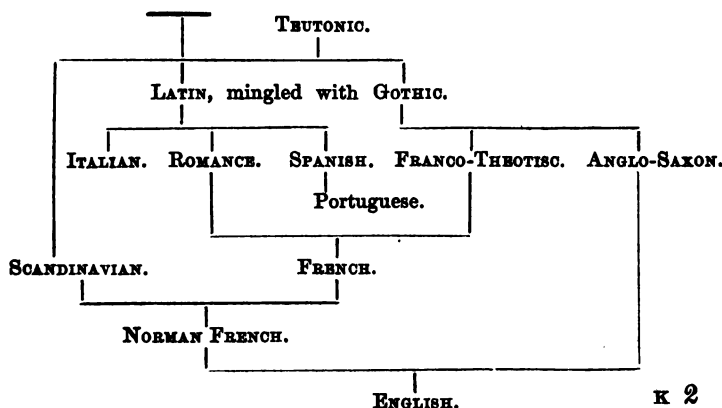


The relation of the modern English may, by means of this table, be traced to any of the modern languages derived from the same source, and it will be seen that the German and English stand in precisely the same relation to the Teutonic, their common ancestor.

The Latin had great influence on the Gothic; it is highly probable that the Slavonic modified it a little, and even the Finnish, which is more oriental than any other European tongue, may not have been altogether without effect on the character of the Gothic language. A considerable mixture of Scandinavian words and phrases, somewhat perhaps from the Huns, and rather more from the Celts, reduced the Go-

\* "Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarck." Ed. Copenhagen, 1756. Vol. i. p. 230.

thic into the Old Saxon, the Jutish or Goetic, and the Anglian, and these cognate dialects fused together formed the Anglo-Saxon. The history of the language from the earliest dawn of its literature down to its merging in the English may be told in a few words. When the Danes so harrassed the kingdom that the whole attention of the people was turned to self-preservation, literature, of course, with all the other elegancies of life, languished ; nor can we be surprised to find that the beauty of the language declined. The coarseness and corruption of this period gave rise to what Dr. Hickes calls the Dano-Saxon ; but, in times of comparative prosperity, it recovered its polish, and literature again flourished as before. But an event was now hastening by which it was destined to undergo a great, though gradual change, by which new elements were to be brought into its composition, and the consequences of which change were to be in the highest degree beneficial. Never was there a greater error than that which regards the Norman Conquest as a calamity. The more complete introduction of Roman law, the more enlarged and lofty tastes, the greater perfection in the fine arts, the more earnest spirit of devotion which were the concomitants of this event,—all were among the chief causes of the rapid increase of civilization. In the language, too, results the most advantageous followed the conquest. The Latin, already prepared for the purpose by intermediate changes, was poured as a fertilizing tide into the Anglo-Saxon. Two tongues, each possessing peculiar merits and peculiar defects, were so amalgamated as to scure the one and greatly to avoid the other. The following table will show the descent of the Norman French, and of the English from it.



It will be observed that in this table the Latin is brought down from a superior source which is not indicated, the object being to show merely its effects in causing dialects; and the table will, therefore, exhibit the relations of the modern English with the languages of southern Europe. The Portuguese is ranked merely as a dialect of the Spanish. "Great, very great," says Camden, "was the glory of our English tongue before the Norman Conquest;" and he says truly: but the glory of our English tongue after the conquest was still greater; and the very ground of his admiration is one which is of a questionable character, "for," says he, "the old English could express most aptly all the conceits of the mind in their own tongue, without borrowing from any." He then gives several examples.

|           |       |              |       |                 |
|-----------|-------|--------------|-------|-----------------|
| Religion  | ..... | Ean-fastness | ..... | anchor hold.    |
| Gospel    | ..... | God's-spel   | ..... | God's speech.   |
| Saviour   | ..... | Haeland      | ..... | one who saves.  |
| Fertility | ..... | Eordes-wela  | ..... | Earth's wealth. |

We hardly call the German a superior language to our own, because those who speak it call a glove a hand-shoe, and for "indispensable" say, "undowithoutable;" and a very little examination will show the student that many of Camden's own examples make against him. "Gospel" is English as well as Anglo-Saxon. "Saviour" is as much derived from the verb "to save," as Haeland is from Hael. It is, however, not to be denied that the Saxon is a remarkably fine language, and that those who are best acquainted with the genius of the modern English, prefer that style, both for strength and for beauty, which is most purely Saxon.

It has been sometimes asserted, though certainly without evidence, that William the Conqueror deliberately purposed the extinction of the Anglo-Saxon language, and the substitution for it of the Norman French. But while there appears no reason to attribute any such design to the Conqueror, it was the necessary result of the Norman invasion that the language of the conquered should gradually undergo a great change. The introduction of a Norman nobility, who soon became the owners of the greater part of the land, bringing with them Norman habits, Norman servants, Norman laws, drawing up charters, and granting privileges in their own tongue,—the substitution, though but by degrees, of a more learned and more pious priesthood from the continent, for one which confessedly had fallen into great ignorance\* and

\* One of the first acts of the Conqueror was the displacement of Stigand



profligacy since the days of Alfred the Great, could not fail of considerably Normanizing the language of the land they possessed. Add to this, that the clergy were the instructors of the people, not only in the pulpit but in the schools, and the information they gave being in their own language, the children were taught the elements of grammar, not in Saxon, but in Norman French. The king spoke no other language, the nobility were in a similar condition, the monasteries were filled with Norman monks, and the proverb soon arose, "Jack would be a gentleman if he could but speak a little French." But while these causes were operating in favour of the Norman dialect, other and yet more powerful ones were at work to prevent the extinction of the old national tongue. One of these was the unpopularity, even at that early period, of anything Norman. Edward the Confessor was less beloved than he would have been had his predilections been less Norman. "His Court," was the common exclamation of his time, "was too full of Frenchmen;" and the burst of popular affection that hailed the usurpation of Harold was mainly due to his determined Saxonism. The Normans of that day were not only too refined, but, strange as it may seem, they were too devout for their insular neighbours. Nor did the Normans at all study to conciliate a race whom they held in unmerited contempt.

When to these causes of dislike on the part of the Anglo-Saxons are added the sweeping changes in the distribution of honours and offices, and the extensive confiscations which enriched the Norman barons at the expense of the Anglo-Saxon nobility, it cannot be wondered at that the language of the latter should, among their own race, be pertinaciously preserved. They, too, were the cultivators of the soil. They held all the subordinate stations; and hence, while in the mixed language that finally was used by all parties, terms of law, of the fine arts, of sporting, of war, and of chivalry, were taken from the Norman-French, those employed in the useful arts and in agriculture were mostly of Anglo-Saxon origin. Pegge, in his "Anecdotes of the English Language,"

---

the Primate, and the substitution of Lanfranc, an active, energetic, pious and learned prelate, who soon found it necessary to remove many of the native clergy, and to supply their vacant places with Normans and Italians. It is not pretended that William was influenced *solely* by the love of God in these changes; but it would be very unfair towards a great, and, on the whole, a good king; to imagine him moved merely by secular causes. As to Lanfranc there can be no doubt whatever that he, though occasionally overruled by William, acted in his removals and substitutions from no other than conscientious motives.

gives a remarkable and amusing instance of this in the case of animal food. While the animal is still an article of farming stock, it has a Saxon appellation—ox, sheep, calf, swine. When it is dead and prepared for the market, the terms are changed, and it is called by a Norman name—beef, mutton, veal, pork; from *bœuf*, *mouton*, *veau*, *porc*. Now, in France, where the population never had an Anglo-Saxon substratum, the same word is applied to the animal itself while living, and to its flesh when prepared for food; and the same is the case in German, where there has been no Norman invasion.

It was also more necessary for the Norman dependents of the nobility to acquire the Saxon tongue, than for the Saxon populace to study the Norman. These latter rarely learned either reading or writing, and the instruction given in the schools was therefore indifferent to them, whether conveyed in one language or the other; and so gradually was the change introduced, that, for a century after the Conquest, the dialect spoken by the people partook far more of the Saxon than of the Norman-French. A specimen may be interesting. It is taken from the Saxon Chronicle, and refers to a period near the close of Stephen's reign:—

## ORIGINAL.

“Tha was Engle-land suithe todeled. Sume helden mid te king, and sume mid the'mprice, for tha the king was in prisun, tha wenden the eorles and te rice men that he nevre mare sculde cumme ut, and sæhtleden wyd the'mperice, and brohten hire into Oxenford, and javen hire the burch.”

## TRANSLATION.

“Then was England much divided. Some held with the king and some with the empress; for when the king was in prison, then went the earls and the rich men (in order) that he never more should come out, and settled with the empress, and brought her to Oxford, and gave her the borough.”

In this passage the language is seen in a state of transition, and the very points in which the change was going on may easily be discerned. The preposition with is exhibited, for instance, in two forms—*mid*, the earlier; *wyd*, the later. The next modification is *with*. *Te* is seen as the older form of *the*; *burch*, with the change of a single letter, becomes *burgh*; and the pronunciation is unchanged, for *burch* was not sounded like the English *birch*, but with the *c* hard, as in all instances was the case among the Anglo-Saxons.

It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that, at a later period, the language was more purely Saxon, a fact for which it is difficult to account; but that it really was the case will

be evident from a few lines of a poem written during the reign of Henry II., and which was communicated to the Society of Antiquaries in 1811, by the Rev. J. J. Conybeare. What follows is a description of the grave:—

## ORIGINAL.

Durelas is thæt hus  
And deorc hit is withinnen;  
Dær thu liest fest bidyte,  
And Dæth hefth the cæge.  
Lathlic is thæt eorþ hus,  
And grim inne to wunien.

## TRANSLATION.\*

Doorless is that house  
And dark it is within;  
There thou art fast bound,  
And Death keeps the key.  
Loathly is that earth house,  
And grim in (it) to dwell.

After the period in which this last specimen may be taken as an average of the language, it rapidly assumed the form which it now exhibits, and would have done so more speedily had it not been for the custom which then prevailed of making Latin the vehicle of all scientific and literary communications. Even sermons were preached in Latin to uncultivated congregations, and the correspondence of learned men was wholly carried on in it. This tended greatly to the retardment of the English language; nor was it till the days of Chaucer that it began to assume its proper place among the studies of the literati.

From that time forward it has gone on increasing both in copiousness and in polish; and though, since the reign of Elizabeth, slight changes may have been observed in different periods, they are only sufficient to mark a school of writers, not to indicate a stage of the language itself. The commendation of Camden may be accepted both as a character and a specimen of the language:—

“It hath been beautified and enriched out of other good tongues, partly by enfranchising and endenizing strange words; partly by refining and mollifying old words; partly by emplanting new words with artificial composition, happily containing themselves within the bounds prescribed by Horace; so that our tongue is (and, I doubt not, hath been) as copious, pithy, and significant, as any other tongue in Europe.”†

\* This piece is to be found in the 17th volume of the “Archæologia,” p. 173. It is there printed entire; and Mr. Conybeare, then Professor of Poetry at Oxford, states that he considers it inferior, in point of polish, to the earlier specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetry. Wanley notices it in his “Catalogue;” and the MS. from which Conybeare copied is still extant in the Bodleian Library. Specimens of the Saxon of this period are extremely rare. It is given by Conybeare in Anglo-Saxon characters; but English are substituted in the present text, to enable the reader to make a more easy comparison of the original with the translation.

† “Rem. Con. Brit.,” ed. 1674, p. 36.

It has already been remarked that, at the time of the Saxon invasion, it is not probable that the Saxon was a written language. What was committed to writing (if anything was) among them was conveyed by Runes, and these were looked upon rather in a magical than in a literary point of view. In the Anglo-Saxon alphabet there still remain three characters, evidently of Runic origin. These are þ, th; ð, dh; w. The other characters in which the Anglo-Saxon language was written, and which still continues to be used in this country for the same purpose, is the old Roman character, which was in use, nearly throughout Europe, from the middle of the sixth to the middle of the thirteenth century. It was brought from Rome by St. Augustine of Canterbury, the founder, under God, of our national literature, as well as of our national Christianity. Gregory the Great, a man whose name should never be pronounced by an Englishman without feelings of the most intense gratitude, was far from thinking that "ignorance was the mother of devotion." He knew that the more closely the doctrines of the Gospel were studied, the more firmly would the conviction of their truth be implanted on the mind; and was anxious not merely that there should be an apostolic priesthood among our heathen progenitors, but that the Gospel should be adorned by the learning and accomplishments of those who taught it. For this purpose, when he sent the pall to Augustine, he gave him also instructions as to the formation of an hierarchy in England, and furnished him abundantly with books, productions of art, costly vestments, and ecclesiastical ornaments; and thus was the introduction of Christianity the introduction also of art and science, and taste and literature. It is a most delightful picture to behold the rude, half-clothed, and not half-civilized Saxons thronging round the first Christian bishop whom they had ever seen, and receiving from his lips lessons of civilization and religion at once, and thus laying the foundation for that only correct state of mind which regards earthly blessings as bestowed upon us, either mediately or immediately, by and through the Church. The only available theory of education is that which was exhibited among the Anglo-Saxons in the days of Augustine, when the instructors of the people were themselves taught of God. Other ages may add to the superstructure, may polish and adorn, but there can be but one true foundation.

It was not long before the work of secular instruction began to claim a larger measure of attention than the missionary bishops of that day could bestow, and schools were

established, where the learning of the age was well and carefully taught. It was Canterbury, as might naturally be expected, where the first school was established; and Ethelbert, the king of Kent, who had attained the high dignity of Bretwalda, or chief ruler among the princes of the Heptarchy, was not only the assistant of Augustine in the christianizing and civilizing of his kingdom, but was also the author of the earliest written laws which were known among our Anglo-Saxon progenitors. Further north the same process was going on. Sigebert, king of East Anglia, who in his youth had been driven to the Continent by the arms of the savage Penda, there embraced Christianity; and on his ascending the throne, in 631, he introduced it into his dominions, and founded a school, which subsequently expanded into the University of Cambridge. A succession of archbishops at Canterbury, the foundation of another archiepiscopal see at York, and the establishment of the dioceses of Rochester, London, Winchester, and Dorchester, bring us to the year 669, at which time Theodore was appointed archbishop of Canterbury. He being a man of great learning, and accompanied by two distinguished scholars, gave a great impetus to the literature of the age, and established schools near Oxford, which were the germ of that university. It appears that the archbishop, together with his colleagues, Adrian and Andrew, read public lectures, not merely in divinity, but also in music, arithmetic, astronomy, and the Greek and Latin\* languages. For twenty-one years did the zealous primate continue to instruct and edify the English Church, and his pupils spread throughout the whole nation the learning they had derived from their venerable teacher. Monasteries were founded, and schools established in each. Libraries were collected, and the laity as well as the clergy were invited to partake of the stores thus prepared for them. So mighty was the impulse thus given to British literature, that Alcuin, writing to Charlemagne long afterwards, speaks thus of the library at York, collected by Egbert, who was archbishop of that see in 712:—"I want," says that distinguished scholar, "those more exquisite books of scholastic erudition which I had in my own country. May it then please your wisdom that I send some of our youths to procure what we need, and to convey into France the flowers of Britain, that they may not be locked up in York only, but that their fragrance and fruit may adorn at

---

\* Collins' "Ecclesiast. Hist.," vol. i., pp. 234, 235.

Tours the gardens and streams of the Loire.”\* Benedict, the founder of the abbey of Weremouth, and its first abbot, must not be passed over without notice in an account of early English literature. He went several times to Rome to procure books, and at his death left his costly library to the abbey, with a charge that it should not be injured or dispersed. But it is not only—or, indeed, chiefly—as the founder of a monastery, nor even of a library, that we are to regard Benedict. He was the instructor of the venerable Bede, who, at the age of seven years, began his studies at the monastery of Weremouth. There is scarcely a subject, of which anything was known at the time, with which this great man was not acquainted. “His writings,” as is well observed by Mr. Petheram,† “poured, by their diffusion, a flood of light upon his countrymen, which from that time to our own, amidst all the vicissitudes to which books and learning have been subjected, has never ceased to illuminate their path.” From the era of Bede, we find the light of literature and science gradually and steadily increasing. A college was founded at Rome for those who chose to study at the fountain-head, as it were, of the then European scholarship, and kings began to turn their attention to literary pursuits. The first among these was Aldfrid, who reigned in Northumbria towards the latter end of the seventh century; and his attainments were, it appears, sufficient to merit the eulogy of no less a person than Aldhelm. Nor can we pass over in silence the debt we owe to the literary habits of many among the Saxon ladies. We have many Latin letters preserved among the epistles of Boniface, which were addressed to him by his female pupils; and it is to a Saxon princess that the first awaking of the mind of the great Alfred is to be attributed. “It chanced one day,” says Sir F. Palgrave,‡ “that his mother—his own mother,—Asburga, and not, as some people suppose, the Frenchwoman, Judith—showed to him and to his brothers a volume of Anglo-Saxon poetry which she possessed. ‘He who first can read the book shall have it,’ said the mother. Alfred’s attention was attracted by the bright gilding and colouring of one of the illumined capital letters. He was delighted with the *gay*, and enquired of his mother, ‘would she really keep her word?’ She confirmed the promise, and put the book into his hands, and he applied so steadily to his task that the book became his own.”

\* “Alcuini. Epist.,” p. 1463.

† “Hist. Sketch of Anglo-Saxon Lit.,” p. 7.

‡ Palgrave’s “Hist. Anglo-Saxons,” p. 162.

The age of Bede was crowded with great men. Claudius, Rabanus, and Erigena, were among his pupils; and Boniface, whose epistles are so valuable as throwing light upon the history, domestic habits, and religion of the Anglo-Saxons, was a native of Devonshire.

The book mentioned at the head of this article is a valuable contribution to the history of the English language. It redounds to the credit of commerce in our days that such a man as Mr. Mayer is to be found. He has purchased more than one collection of antiquities, and placed them in the museum of his native town—Liverpool. He has by his munificence encouraged in every way the science of archæology; and not the least of his services to the age is the publication, at his own cost, of the present work, which is not to stand alone, but to be the first of a series.

Mr. Wright, the learned and accomplished editor, says, in the preface,—

“The public is indebted for the following volume to the liberality and public spirit of Mr. Joseph Mayer, whose name is now so well known to all who interest themselves in the Archæology of this country. Its design originated in a social conversation between Mr. Mayer and myself, and we have endeavoured in it to make available to labourers in the field of antiquarian research and investigation a class of documents which, though they have been hitherto almost overlooked, form a rich treasury of information on almost every subject connected with the Archæology of the Middle Ages. They have been furnished by a number of contemporary manuscripts, scattered through various libraries in this country and abroad. Of one of the most valuable of the latter vocabularies here printed, the original is preserved in Mr. Mayer’s own collection; and for the communication and permission to print another—the curious and interesting pictorial vocabulary which closes the series—we owe our sincere thanks to the Lord Londesborough, of whose collection the manuscript forms a part.”

The volume consists of a series of vocabularies.

“I. The Colloquy of Archbishop Alfric. 10th Century.—II. Archbishop Alfric’s Vocabulary. 10th Century.—III. Supplement to Alfric’s Vocabulary. 11th Century.—IV. Anglo-Saxon Vocabulary. 11th Century.—V. Anglo-Saxon Vocabulary. 11th Century.—VI. Semi-Saxon Vocabulary. 12th Century.—VII. The Treatise de Utensilibus of Alexander Neckam. 12th Century.—VIII. The Dictionarius of John de Garlande. First half of 13th Century.—IX. Vocabulary of the Names of Plants. Middle of 13th Century.—X. The Treatise of Walter de Biblesworth. Close of 13th Century.—XI. Metrical Vocabulary. Perhaps of the 14th Century.—XII. Names of the Parts of the Human Body.

Same date as preceding.—XIII. English Vocabulary. 15th Century.—XIV. A Nominale. 15th Century.—XV. A Pictorial Vocabulary. 15th Century.—XVI. Anglo-Saxon Vocabulary. 10th or 11th Century.”

Mr. Wright observes:—

“It is singular how soon our forefathers began to exercise their ingenuity in arranging their elementary books—and more especially the vocabularies—in forms calculated to be most attractive to the learner, or to enable him more easily to commit them to memory. The first of the treatises printed in the present volume, which had passed successively through the hands of the two Alfrics, the archbishop and his disciple, is compiled in the form of an interesting and very amusing dialogue, so contrived as to embody a large number of the words of common occurrence in the ordinary relations of life. It is written in Latin, but accompanied with a continuous interlinear gloss in Anglo-Saxon, precisely on the plan of the modern elementary books of the Hamiltonian system of teaching, to which it has been more than once compared; but it possessed one striking difference, which must not be overlooked—that the old Anglo-Saxon treatise was glossed for the assistance of the teacher, and not, as in the modern books of this description, for the learner. In fact, it is evident that at this time the schoolmasters themselves were very imperfectly acquainted with the Latin language, and that they found it necessary to have books in which the English meaning was written above or beside the Latin word, to enable them to explain it to their scholars. It was this same ignorance which rendered it necessary to have vocabularies, or lists of Latin words, with the translation attached to them—such as those which form the bulk of the present volume. In the earlier and better period, no doubt the teacher had such lists merely in Latin, or glossed only in cases of difficulty, and he was sufficiently learned in the language to explain them himself; but now the schoolmaster required to be reminded himself of the meaning of the Latin word. Nor was this all; for, besides the very incorrect and corrupt manner in which the words are frequently written in these manuscript vocabularies, in many instances the Latin word is wrongly interpreted. Several instances of such blunders may be pointed out in Alfric’s “Colloquy;” and others occur frequently in the Anglo-Saxon vocabularies, some of which are indicated in the notes.”

The following is a valuable contribution to the history of school books:—

“During the fourteenth century, school teaching seems to have fallen greatly into neglect in this country, and we hardly find any manuscripts of these educational treatises between those of the thirteenth century and those of the fifteenth. In the latter century, however, a great movement took place,—it was the age, especially,



of founding grammar-schools, so many of which were re-founded at the dissolution of papal colleges under Edward VI. A similar degradation, in fact, had taken place to that which we have remarked under the Anglo-Saxons, though the causes were not entirely the same. The influence of the great development of learning in the twelfth century, and the example of the able and elegant Latin writers whom that age had produced, extended over at least a portion of the thirteenth century; but before the end of that century, the priest was already gaining the victory over the school-master, and the power of the universities was yielding to that of the Popish church. During the two following centuries, learning was reduced almost to its lowest degree; and this became so apparent, that an effort was made to raise it by striking at what was supposed to be the root of the evil—the want or the inefficiency of the elementary schools. Those who undertook the task of reformers, however, mistook the cause of the evil, and did not understand that the Middle Ages were approaching their end, and that there was no remedy for the restoration of forms and principles which were expiring from their own exhaustion. Nevertheless, the effort seems to have been made with earnestness, and caused, in the fifteenth century, a considerable extension in the lower grades of scholastic education. The manuscripts of grammatical treatises—of school-books, in fact—now become extremely numerous. Latin-English vocabularies are also not uncommon during this period, and I have given three in the present volume—one from a manuscript in the British Museum, and the two others from private collections. The last of these, and apparently the latest in date—but it is not very easy to distinguish nicely the distinctive dates of this peculiar class of manuscripts during the fifteenth century—presents a new peculiarity,—it is illustrated with rude pen-and-ink drawings in the margin of many of the articles enumerated in the text of the vocabulary. These illustrations, we should imagine, were designed to assist in fixing the attention of the scholar on his task, and it thus, as the latest of these attempts at improvement, forms an appropriate conclusion to our volume. It shows us, moreover, how little of novelty there is in most of the plans for simplifying school teaching in more modern times, for in these mediæval treatises we meet with the prototypes of almost every scheme that has been proposed, from the more recent Hamiltonian system to the *Orbis Sensualium Pictus* of Comenius, which made so much noise by its novelty of plan in the earlier part of the seventeenth century."

The following history of the first rude attempts at the mariner's compass is replete with interest:—

"Again, in these vocabularies the archæologist will find the only means of identifying by their proper names a multitude of utensils, which are elsewhere named without description, or of which he is acquainted with the forms, but knows not what to call

them. This is especially the case with a class of articles which have been during the last few years much more studied by antiquaries than formerly, such as mediæval pottery, and vessels for the table of glass and metal, as well as articles of jewellery and other ornaments of the person. We even gain instructive glances at notions which show us the progress of science, and at implements of various kinds which reveal to us important facts in the history of modern inventions.

"None of these, perhaps, is of more importance than the curious early allusion to the use of the mariner's compass by the navigators of the western seas. It is well known to all readers that this invaluable invention has been formerly supposed to have been brought from the East, and not to have been known in the West until the fourteenth century, when it was used by the Italian mariners. Allusions to it have, however, been discovered by the students of mediæval literature in works which date as far back as the thirteenth century. In the following pages, we find this invention not only alluded to in the 12th century, but described in such a manner as to show that it was then absolutely in its infancy, and to leave little doubt of its having originated in the west. Alexander Neckam, in his treatise *de Utensilibus*, enumerates, among the ship's stores, a needle which was placed on a pivot, and when turned round and left to take its own position in repose, taught the sailors their way when the polar star was concealed from them by clouds or tempest. I have discovered and printed in the note to this passage, a passage in another of Neckam's works, the inedited treatise *de Naturis Rerum*, which gives a more distinct account of this invention. 'Mariners at sea,' he says, 'when through cloudy weather in the day which hides the sun, or through the darkness of the night, they lose the knowledge of the quarter of the world to which they are sailing, touch a needle with the magnet, which will turn round till, on its motion ceasing, its point will be directed towards the north.' A comparison of these two passages seems to shew pretty clearly that at this time the navigators had no regular box for the compass, but that they merely carried with them a needle which had been touched with the magnet (perhaps sometimes they carried the magnet also, and touched the needle for the occasion), and that when they had to use it, they merely placed it upon some point, or pivot, which it could turn with tolerable freedom, and then gave it a motion, and waited until it ceased moving. This mode of using the needle was, it must be confessed, rude enough. The passage in the treatise *de Utensilibus* contains one particular which is very obscure, as Neckam informs us that when the needle ceased moving it pointed towards the east (*donec cuspidis acus respiciat orientem*); and as all the manuscripts agree in this reading, and it is glossed by *est*, this must be the intention of the writer. I know no way of explaining this, unless it be by the supposition that, as in the twelfth century the East was the grand object of most voyages from this part of the world, an attempt had

been made to improve the magnetic needle by adding to it a limb at right angles, which should point to the east when the needle itself pointed to the north; and that this was what Neckam calls the *cuspis acus*. Between this time and the date—whatever it may be—of the poem, also quoted in my note on the passage of Neckam, which contains the first allusion to the mariner's compass in the thirteenth century, an attempt had been made to facilitate its use: This was done by thrusting the needle through some substance which would not sink, and placing it upon the surface of the water. Guiot de Provins, the author of the poem alluded to, calls this substance a *festu*, a stick or straw (the Latin *festuca*). The mariners, he tells us, have a contrivance depending on the qualities of the magnet, which cannot fail. The magnet, he adds, is an ugly brownish stone, to which iron is attracted. 'After they have caused a needle to touch it, and placed it in a stick, they put it in the water, without anything more, and the stick keeps it on the surface. Then it turns its point towards the star with such certainty, that no man will ever have any doubt of it, nor will it ever for anything go false. When the sea is dark and hazy, that they can neither see star nor moon, they place a light by the needle, and then they have no fear of going wrong; towards the star goes the point, whereby the mariners have the knowledge to keep the right way. It is an art which cannot fail.' According to another poet, the substance through which the needle was usually thrust was cork. He tells us that 'the mariners who went to Friesland, or to Greece, or Acre, or Venice,' were guided in their route by the polar star; but when at night, or in obscure weather, it was invisible they discovered its position by the following contrivance:—'They thrust a needle of iron through a piece of cork, so that it is almost buried in it, and then touch it with the loadstone; then they place it in a vessel full of water so that no one pushes it out until the water is calm, for in whatever direction the point aims, there, without doubt, is the polar star.' The MS. in which this latter poem was found is undoubtedly of the fourteenth century; but the poem itself is evidently of somewhat older date—of the beginning of that century, or not improbably of the century preceding. It is possible, therefore, that this rudely constructed mariner's compass may have continued unimproved until the fourteenth century."

It is, however, the progress of literature *among* the Anglo-Saxons, and not of the Anglo-Saxons, that we have hitherto traced. Men of learning made use of the Latin language as the vehicle of their thoughts: and previous to the reign of Alfred, the poems of Cædmon, a translation of St. John's Gospel by Bede, a version of the Psalter, and a very few other works, are all that have been handed down to us of Anglo-Saxon literature. Still the national mind was in a state of progress, and when the vernacular tongue became the medium of scholars and kings, it was taken up by those who, from their

acquaintance with more polished languages, were well calculated to refine its grossness and to soften its asperities. But some time before the accession of Alfred the minds of the people were called off from literary pursuits by the constant incursions of the Danes; and it would appear that that barbarous people waged war with fully as much ferocity against Christianity and learning, as against the power of the Anglo-Saxon churches. Monasteries and libraries seem to have excited their especial detestation. The clergy were driven from their flocks, and, in many cases, such as remained were deprived of the means of instruction, both for themselves and their people. So deplorable, indeed, was the ignorance that prevailed, that we find Alfred saying, "South of the Humber there were few priests, indeed, who could understand the meaning of their common prayer, or translate a line of Latin into English; so few, that in Wessex there was not one."\* Long before the conclusion of his reign, Alfred re-established a considerable degree of literary prosperity. He instituted schools, where the English language was taught; he founded professorships; he gave rise to an establishment which, though it had existed before, had been allowed to fall to decay,—the school, viz., which afterwards increased into the University of Oxford. And amidst the multiplied engagements of his arduous station he found time to write and translate many books for the benefit of his people. The writings, as well as the example of Alfred, had a wonderful effect. The clergy applied themselves to study; the laws were amended and enlarged; and in all the productions of Alfred we find a perpetual reference to religion. "His Archbishop Pegmund, his Bishop Asser, and his mass priests Grimbald and John," are ever noted as the companions of his studies; and in the code of laws which he promulgated he included the precepts of the decalogue. The chief works of Alfred are his translation of Boethius, once a very popular author, and undeserving of the neglect into which his works are now fallen, and a version of the ancient History of Orosius. These works, though we have here spoken of them as translations, are not to be classed with ordinary works of that character. So largely did the Anglo-Saxon monarch add the fruits of his own experience to the remarks of Boethius, that the royal additions alone would make a goodly volume. While, in the work of Orosius not only is this the case, but the travels of two persons, both of whom related the history of their voyages to the king, are interwoven with the text of

---

\* "Alfred's Preface to Gregory's Pastoral." Ed. Parker. 1574.

Orosius. These persons were Ohthere, who sailed towards the North Pole, and 'Wulstan, whose voyage was in the Baltic. The sources of information in the early stages of the English history, and the character of those who took on them the office of popular instructors, fully account for the great preponderance of works among the Anglo-Saxons of a religious nature. There are philosophical works, there are poems, there are histories, but the major part of the older English literature consists of lives of saints, sermons, homilies, penitentiaries, and comments on the Scriptures.

There were two persons of the name of Ælfric living at the latter end of the tenth century, and it is not easy to decide to which of the two the multiplied treatises bearing the name of Ælfric are rightly to be attributed. They consist of homilies and epistles, of which there are eighty of the first; but these are, though called sermons of Ælfric the priest, in reality translations. In one of his works, a Treatise on the Old and New Testament, he intimates that he had written on the grace given to all mankind; on the fall of man; on the prophecies relating to the coming of Christ; on the dispersion of languages; besides translations of the books of the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, Esther, Judith, the first and second of Maccabees, and part of the Book of Kings; besides homilies on Daniel and Job. In addition to these he wrote a life of Æthelwold, part of the Saxon Chronicle, a Treatise on the Trinity, a Latin Grammar, and a translation of the same into Saxon-Colloquies, Rules for Monks, and a Latin and Saxon Glossary.\*

We shall now give a hasty glance at the Anglo-Saxon poetry, a sufficient quantity of which is remaining to us to enable us to judge of the tastes and genius of the people. The oldest poem, and, indeed, one of the earliest, if not the earliest, production in the language committed to writing, is the song of the Elder Cædmon. It is called, "the origin of things," and is preserved in Alfred's translation of Bede's Ecclesiastical History. Conybeare refers it to the year 670. We shall not give here either the original Anglo-Saxon, nor a literal version, but simply a translation into English prose, this will serve to convey to the reader an idea of the style which, though lofty, is simple and unaffected.

#### "THE SONG OF CÆDMON.

"Now must we praise the guardian of Heaven's kingdom, the might of the Creator, and the thoughts of his mind. He, the Lord

---

\* For further information respecting Ælfric, see "Petheram. Hist. Sketch of Anglo-Saxon Literature."

Eternal, the glorious Father of men as of every wonder, established the beginning. First, he the Holy Creator framed the Heaven as a roof for the children of men; then the Guardian of mankind, the Lord Almighty, the Eternal Lord produced the mid-earth—the earth for men.”\*

Here we find nothing very striking—but the original, by very forced inversions, and by a peculiar allocation of epithets, acquires a degree of power, though at the expense of smoothness which no intelligible prose version can give. But the author has said, that the prose translation will give an idea of the style.

Indeed the chief characteristics of Anglo-Saxon poetry are, like those of the ancient Icelandic, a certain alliteration, a very abrupt transition from subject to subject, frequent omissions of the particles, and an alternation of regular and irregular cadences. It seems that the poets considered that language to be the most poetical which was the furthest removed from prose; occasionally, though very rarely, and then in compositions of a comparatively late date, we meet with rhyme.

There are many points of similarity in the ancient Iceland or Runic poetry, and that of the Anglo-Saxons, but none more striking than that which is afforded by their metres. Now this matter is not one of uncertainty; for as the metrical system of the scalds, and that of the Anglo-Saxon bards was positively identical, as, moreover, we have the Icelandic metres as fully and as ably explained to us by one who lived when they were in use,† as ever were those of the Greek and Roman poets; so we need not be in any degree of doubt as to the

\* Mr. Conybeare's translation into English blank verse of the Hymn of Cædman is very fine, it runs as follows:—

“ Now should we all Heaven's guardian King exalt,  
The power and counsels of our Maker's will,  
Father of glorious works, eternal Lord!  
He from of old established the origin  
Of every varied wonder. First he shaped  
For us, the sons of earth, Heaven's canopy!  
Holy Creator. Next this middle realm,  
This earth, the bounteous Guardian of mankind  
The everlasting Lord, for mortals framed  
Ruler omnipotent.”

*Conybeare's Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, p. 7.

† This similarity can only be accounted for by an identity of origin, for the earliest appearance on the coast of any Danish pirates was A.D. 780. They were not seen in any considerable number till A.D. 832, nor did any winter in the island till 864. The Anglo-Saxon language could not have been much modified by the admixture of Danish till the latter portion of the 9th century.

mode in which our ancestors "built their rhymes." Even the very languages were so closely allied, that one skilled in that of the scalds can read Anglo-Saxon, and to the Anglo-Saxon scholar the ancient Icelandic scarcely needs a glossary. The measure most esteemed among both nations was that which the Runic scalds denominated the "*fornadalag*;" and it consisted of short lines containing each three, four, or five syllables, with the occasional admission of two or three additional ones. The following specimen from the writings of Bede will explain the meaning of the text.

"For ðam neodfere  
Nænez wyrðeð  
Ðonces snottra  
Ðonne him ðearfe sy."\*

It will be now necessary to leave the literature of the Anglo-Saxons, in order to take a brief view of that of the Anglo-Normans, which may be said to have commenced with Edward the Confessor. Educated in France, and with all his prejudices in favour of the country where he had been brought up, Edward laboured diligently to infuse into the minds of his people the spirit of the land which he had left; and while we find no Saxon names of eminence during his reign, there is reason to believe that Norman, or rather Continental, literature was silently making its way. The Norman Conquest, of course, added to its progress; and England became, in thought and feeling, more a part of the great European family than it ever had been before. The effects of this change were, on the whole, beneficial; for there can be no doubt that the Anglo-Saxons, in the eleventh century, were a rustic and illiterate race. Ordericus Vitalis, himself an Englishman, testifies to this fact, and to the superiority of the Norman invaders.

But the state of Continental literature was undergoing itself a great change through the Spanish Moors. There was being disseminated throughout Europe a knowledge, albeit a slight one, of the science of ancient Greece. The Arabs had made themselves fully masters of all that the Greek philosophers had left behind them. They had illustrated, with copious commentaries, every work on physical science they could obtain, had translated and improved them, and added many of their own works to the already large stock existing. Some knowledge of these stores was now pervading the society of Europe, and it derived its origin

---

\* "Conybeare's Illustrations," p. 8.

among them partly through the Spanish Moors, and partly from the East. Intercourse between the occidental and oriental parts of the world was becoming more common. Pilgrimages were made to Jerusalem and other sacred spots; and, whatever might be the views with which such pilgrimages were occasionally made, there can be no question but that they tended materially both to excite a taste for oriental literature, and to disseminate, at the same time, the sciences which the Arabs had preserved, and the poetry and romance which were indigenous among them. In the lays of the early *trouveurs* we find fictions of oriental origin, and some which were at a later period known as forming a part of the *Thousand-and-one Tales*. There were many of the arts of life in which the eastern nations were considerably in advance of Europe; and as these are continually adverted to in their literature, it is probable that the influence of oriental refinement extended far beyond the bounds to which the effects of direct imitation had carried it. The extent to which the Arabs, from their Spanish possessions, must have influenced the literature of the rest of Europe, may be partly computed from their evident superiority; and the best mode of estimating this will be to regard their intellectual riches, in the shape of books, as compared with the condition of the Christian world. Dr. Warton, in his "*History of English Poetry*," tells us that, at the beginning of the year, Lanfranc, when appointed to the archbishopric, ordered *a volume* to be delivered by the librarian of every monastery to each monk. He was allowed a year to read it, and if he did not read it he was to be reproved by the abbot. If a book was lent, a bond was drawn up for its safe return. Anathemas were pronounced upon such as injured or purloined these valuable treasures; and when presented to a convent or monastery, they were offered with much ceremony on the altar. The library of the Duke of Bedford, even so late as 1425, consisted of less than two hundred volumes. On the contrary, the *Omniades* of Spain are said to have founded, at Cordova, their capital, a library of six hundred thousand volumes, and to have opened, in the city of Andalusia alone, more than seventy public libraries. The style of the Arab learning has been already mentioned, and their devotion to the physical sciences; and it appears that to this devotion are we to attribute the preponderance given in the systems pursued during the middle ages to the authority of Aristotle. It is true that the "*ethics*," and "*politics*," and "*poetics*," of that great man were not studied by the Mohammedans; partly because,



in their view, all systems of morals and politics were superseded by the Koran,—partly because the mode in which they would have treated such subjects was decidedly a different one from that adopted by the Stagyrite. The “*poetics*” would have been with them poetical heresy. But while treatises of this nature were by them laid aside, they, by acknowledging the pre-eminent greatness of Aristotle, gained for him a name in the Spanish universities which outlived the Moorish rule, and Christian teachers soon perceived the value of the *neglected* works. “England at length,” says Warton, “in the beginning of the eleventh century, received from the Normans the rudiments of that cultivation which it has preserved to the present times.” The Conqueror himself loved and patronised learning. Conventual and cathedral schools were multiplied, and three were established in and for the city of London. The twelfth century saw the institution of many, indeed the chief, universities of Europe; and it would become us to pause before we fix the appellation of “dark ages” on centuries to which we owe, in a literary point, so much. Moreover, the only education then to be obtained was a religious education. Secular information was derived from ecclesiastical instructors, and the nature and claims of the Church were mingled, more or less, with every kind and sort of instruction; and even the works of Aristotle, illustrated by Mohammedan commentators, were explained so as to comprehend all the truths of a Christian philosophy. It is by no means to be supposed that this system was, in truth, very complete, or in all points consistent; but it was sincere, and had the grand merit of being built upon a true foundation. Gradually Oxford and Cambridge took the place of Paris, and the literature and language of the land were cultivated. Chaucer, the father of our poetry, as he is justly called, was not the first by many who attempted verse in the yet unclassified language of Britain. His example, however, was not thrown away: his poems gave an impulse to the vernacular literature which it has never lost; while the merits of his compositions, their truth to nature, and their popular character, tended much to refine, as well as to instruct, his countrymen. With Chaucer the history of English poetry may be said to begin. The language, though considerably differing from that which is now spoken, is yet evidently the same, in what may be denominated “*a rough state*,” and with him, therefore, we close the brief sketch of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman literature, which we have deemed necessary to lay before the reader. In conclusion, we may

just observe that, as amid all their disadvantages our ancestors held ever in view the paramount importance of religion; as, even in a state when much corruption had crept into the Church, they ever regarded her rights and respected her ordinances; we who have succeeded to all their advantages, and to whom many of their disadvantages have been spared, may well take them as our models in their devotional spirit, and not degenerate from the character which they sustained.

ART. VI.—*Lectures on the Philosophy of History.* By G. W. F. HEGEL. Translated from the third German Edition, by J. Sibree, M.A. London: (Bohn's Philosophical Library). 1857.

THE work before us is, to most eyes, rather a repulsive looking one: in the first place it is by Hegel—a German, and, moreover, a philosopher—with whose name are connected gloomy visions of a blank creed and a rationalistic gospel, to say nothing of interminable words and labyrinthine sentences: and, in the next place, it is upon the Philosophy of History—a science which in popular opinion is not a science, but either a collection of fancies loosely strung on the chain of past events, or a formidable process for eliminating God from “the course of this world’s” governance. Hence two or three preliminary remarks are necessary: and, first, as to theological scruples. We do not now pronounce an opinion as to Hegel’s entire accordance with the Thirty-Nine Articles, on all points of Christian doctrine, but still we think that nothing very terrible is to be feared, on such a subject, from one who expresses himself thus (to take a few chance passages): “Christ has appeared,—a man who is God—God who is man; and thereby peace and reconciliation have accrued to the world.” (p. 336). “The Church is a real present life in the Spirit of Christ.” (p. 341). “Only *this* insight can reconcile Spirit with the History of the World—viz., that what has happened and is happening every day, is not only not ‘without God,’ but is essentially His Work.” (p. 477). And, next, as to difficulties of style and language. The present work, which was intended to be an exoteric one, is remarkably free from most of the apparent perplexities of Hegel’s other works, and Mr Sibree’s admirable translation helps considerably to smooth down some of those

which remain. But no great work can at once be deep and clear: and the cause of this does not lie in any want of the didactic gift, but in the ambiguities of language. There is hardly a single philosophical term which is confined to one absolute and definite meaning: it is modified by each successive writer's view of that which is denoted to it: it is accepted by each individual reader according to his own mental bias, and is thus the chief source of contention in every controversy. And, therefore, if a writer wishes to avoid misunderstanding and misrepresentation, he is compelled to insert new words, and to break through conventional expressions; and the more this is done the more will controversies become real instead of verbal discussions. The time which a reader would take in mastering a philosopher's technical vocabulary can hardly be compared with that which is expended in endeavouring to gather a new meaning from old words, or with the mistaken apprehension which is the usual result of clothing new thoughts in old garments. In every other science every new system or discovery calls into existence a number of new phrases, which all who attempt to study it learn without hesitation. Philosophy alone is considered capable of being expressed in ordinary language, just as it is the only science upon which every one is supposed able to give an opinion. But German thinkers are at last forming a definite philosophical terminology; and if we would understand them we must be content, first of all, to master it: just as if we were studying for the first time a theory of histiology, we should not be deterred by finding terms in use to which it would be necessary to seek explanation. And again, since thinkers arrive at their results by different paths according to their different mental constitution and training, it would be absurd to expect uniformity in their manner of statement, or to suppose that they view a truth from exactly the same point of view, or express it in exactly the same formulæ, as ourselves. The sphere of thought in which Hegel, for instance, moved, is very remote from that in which most English thinkers are found: different purposes have all left their impress upon his language. And the work before us, though singularly clear to those who are familiar with German philosophical literature, still requires to be read with attention, and, sometimes, to be carefully studied.

And, lastly, we must remark, that with Hegel philosophy does not mean fanciful theory or play of imagination: the "Philosophy of History" is throughout as close and well-

reasoned argument as befits the dignity of the subject and the importance of its theological associations. It is in the highest sense *inductive*; and the wide basis of universal history,—thoroughly known in its facts as well as in its spirit,—is the foundation upon which it is built. The charge of empiricism is a very easy one to make: the epithets of theorist and neologian are not difficult weapons to handle; and an examination of the work itself will be the best means of refutation.

What, then, is the philosophy of history, and on what does it depend? It depends on the fact that God has governed the world, as He made it, by the operation of laws of nature: its object is the evolution of these laws, from the phenomena of history. Hitherto this science of history has been strangely neglected. With hardly a single exception its very existence has been ignored, and the materials from which it may be built, treated as violated heaps of ruins. Like the science of navigation, before men knew that the flood of the ocean currents, and the sweep of the ocean winds are the result of determinable laws, so this great tide of human life was supposed to have flooded the earth from the dawn of time in unknown and unknowable currents, dependent only on the caprice of man, or the anomalous decrees of God. But there are two strong arguments which lead us to an opposite conclusion: on *a priori* grounds it is very improbable that human history should stand apart from the whole analogy of Divine government, and the whole cycle of nature, in being merely fortuitous and accidental: on *a posteriori* grounds it is a certain fact, that history *has* actually manifested itself according to invariable sequences of cause and effect, that nations *have* grown and decayed in invariable ratios, of which laws are the only possible solution. Whatever theory may be adopted of the freedom of the will, there is, in the first place, no incompatibility between the ideas of liberty and that of law, for the will is at least limited by circumstances; and, in the next place, there is the continual existence of the world's history of chains of analogous phenomena, in which similar causes are plainly discernible, and in which, therefore, we are compelled to see the developments of analogous laws. For example, we may compare together, not only all political revolutions as being ultimately resolvable into cognate causes, but also the critical epochs of parallel histories—especially discoveries and reformations. What discoveries are in the history of science, what reformations are in the history of religions,—revolutions are

in the history of nations. Between the two latter, indeed, there is the very closest analogy ; for they are, so to speak, the hurricanes of our moral world, sweeping periodically over the surface of society to clear away its accumulations of neglect and wrong—sometimes passing away in a thunder storm, and sometimes whirling in their track the debris of a hundred cities. The fundamental cause of a discovery is the gathering from all past time of previously discovered facts, which have hitherto floated in complete isolation on the surface of the scientific world, and which the intuitive power of some individual mind binds together in synthesis, in the expression of a single law. The fundamental cause of a reformation is to be found in the flood of counter-currents which rush with eddies and foam through the minds of innumerable men—spending their strength in vain and half unconscious purpose against the rocks of the old faith, and only able to find an outlet when some one man stands forth to point out the channel in which they can collectively flow. And, similarly, the fundamental cause of a revolution is the conveyance of certain streams of disorganized political life which some particular person or event brings into a confluence, and shapes suddenly into an overwhelming torrent. The office of the science of history, as distinguished from the relation of the facts of history, would be to dive beneath the outward forms which such causes assume, and to ascertain their common element or *law*.

The founder of this science was Giovanni Battista Vico, who died rather more than a hundred years ago. His great work, the "*Principia di una Scienza Nuova*," has met with a singular neglect in comparison with the remarkable truth of its theories, or the deep influence which it has exercised upon politicians as well as historians. He was the first to make the great advance which has changed the whole aspect of the ancient world, by founding history upon the basis of psychology. "The social world is the work of men ;" and it is therefore in human nature that we must look for historical causes. And, moreover, he was the first to see the immediate connexion of history with Providence. His "New Science" was a "social theology," related to the political world as natural theology is to the physical world. But in his writings there is the same kind of cramped formalism and reserved expression which we find in the *Novum Organon*. It was the first attack upon an universal faith, and therefore advances by slow and cautious marks. He thought it necessary to prove points which are now beyond discussion, and

to fortify his position by arguments which to us have lost their force. But his main theory was too clear a deduction from facts to be wholly supplanted by a later one. He calls it "an historical demonstration of Providence," and herein lies its great beauty. It recognises a purpose in the world; but it is God's purpose,—God in history working out the highest state of humanity. It is the tracing of the eternal circle of ideal history, in which real history revolves. It is the sight of the laws of development which determine the character of each individual people. Each cycle of national growth has three chief epochs: it is first obscure, then fabulous, and then historical; first theocratic, then aristocratic, and then democratic; first divine, then heroic, then purely human. And, correspondingly, there are three great varieties of human character—the religious, the warlike, and the dutiful; and three great kinds of right—divine right, the right of the stronger, and rational right. In the theocratic period the government is patriarchal; in the succeeding period it is first an aristocracy of birth, and then of wealth; in the last period the accidental and artificial distinctions gradually vanish in the recognition of the common freedom of all men. The point in which Vico differs from his later followers is in his theory of the cyclical revolution of historical phenomena. He had no belief in the progress of the world from darkness to light, but rather thought that each separate nation has revolved on its own orbit, with a dawn, and day, and sunset of its own. The truth lies in the combination of the two theories. In all historical peoples there has been a gradual progress from blind to rational freedom; and, consequently, there are analogies between their corresponding stages; but at the same time there is a plain advance in these latter ages upon all previous ones, which shows that the life of the world has grown.

The next great step which the science of history took consisted in this recognition of progress. We find it in Herder, and in a complete form in Fichte, from whom Hegel inherited it. With Fichte the progress of humanity has been the evolution of subjectivity, and its complete identification with the universal Idea. The ruling element of the world is God's will, and the purpose of human existence is the realization of its perfect harmony therewith; and while this great purpose is gradually being fulfilled, individuals and nations are, as it were, only epicycles on its course. In the intensity of his reaction against any form of individualization, Fichte seems to verge towards the ancient longing for oneness with

the universe. With him it is humanity rather than man—the race rather than its units. For “nothing individual can live in itself or for itself, but all live in the whole, and this whole unceasingly dies for itself, in unspeakable love, that it may rise again in a new life.” (*Characteristics of the Present Age*, p. 62, Eng., &c.) And, again:—“It is but a heavy fever-dream which weighs on the mind of the egoist when he thinks that he may live for himself alone, whereby he cannot change the nature of things, but only does himself a wrong. Might there some more gladdening dream, from out the Infinite silence, at times refresh the slumbers in the cradle of eternity; might there, from time to time, prophetic whispers fall upon his ear, that there is a light and a day.” (*Ibid.*, p. 62.) And thus men only rise to the fulness of the stature of humanity when the idea of the races, which is the purpose and will of God, is made one with their individual workings, so that the expression thereof is their greatest happiness, and to be the instruments of God their supreme delight. Five great epochs are to be traced in the progressive realization of this. The first is the liberation of men from merely *instinctive* obedience to reason—the age of innocence. In the second, external authority takes the place of reason as the governing power, and the law of obedience is still compulsion, not conviction. This is the state of “progressive sin.” The third epoch is that of liberation, directly from the ruling authority, indirectly from the government of reason altogether. This is the state of “completed sinfulness.” The fourth is the recognition of “reason as *science*,” which is the “state of progressive justification;” and the last is the recognition of “reason as *art*,” in which humanity is erected into a perfect image of God’s supreme law—in which the will of man is perfectly coincident with the will of God. The progress towards this, regarded in its objective phase, is called by Fichte the progress of the Idea, which, in its self-comprehensive existence, rolls forth in the great river of Time, so that, “in every individual moment of this time-stream, it comprehends and pervades itself, being throughout all time eternally present to itself. . . . . Nothing in this system is lost. Worlds produce worlds; ages produce new ages, which stand in meditation over those which have gone before, and reveal the secret bond of connexion which unites causes and consequences within them.”

And now we pass at once to the work of Hegel. Compared with Vico, he differs not so much in natural power as in historical position. In Vico we find all the crudeness of

first intuitions; none of his contemporaries were able to understand, much less to criticize, him. And thus, although there is hardly a single thought which is not substantially true, we still feel that time and controversy were wanting to bring it forth in its true shape, and with its proper modifications. Hegel, on the contrary, was the heir not only of Vico but of Fichte. He lived in one of the most vigorous epochs of intellectual activity which the world has seen. He had gathered, on the one hand, a deeper psychology, and, on the other, a far more accurate knowledge of historical facts. The world had advanced not a century, but a whole cycle, since Vico had written; and therefore, in Hegel, we have the highest conception of the science which is possible to us in the present transitional state, both of philosophy and of society.

The work consists of lectures delivered by Hegel from his professional chair in the university of Berlin, in several successive courses, from 1822 to 1831, and edited partly from his own manuscripts, and partly from the notes of his hearers. Its most important part is the "Introduction," or theory of the science, which is, in fact, a summary of the conclusions at which Hegel has arrived from the rational study of history itself. The last results of a philosopher are mostly those which require to be studied first.

"The only thought which philosophy brings with it to the contemplation of history is the simple conception of *reason*: that reason is the sovereign of the world, therefore presents us with a rational process." (p. 9.) This is Hegel's starting point. But it must be remembered that the connotation which he attaches to the word "reason" is not that of either Aristotle or Kant, still less that of common language. With him it is "*the infinite complex of things*—their entire essence and truth." In scholastic phraseology, it is form as well as matter—the substance or substratum of all things, as well as their vivifying power. In Aristotle's phraseology, it is the sympathies of the four causes. It is its own material cause, as being infinite substance; it is its own formal cause, as being the absolute idea; it is its own efficient cause, as being the "infinite energy;" and it is its own final cause, as being the "absolute final aim." This is the only category which philosophy brings to history. Nothing is implied, except that history is not exempt from the universal rule of reason; that is to say, that it has especially a formal and final cause.

There are two forms which this doctrine or category has



hitherto assumed; the one is expressed in the maxim of Anaxagoras that *νοῦς* is the moving principle of the world; the other, in the religious feeling of all men that "the world is not abandoned to chance and external contingent causes, but that a *Providence* controls it." The great faults which this belief in a Providence usually exhibits are, first, the notion that its government is an arbitrary one, and as hidden in the past as in the present; and, secondly, the notion that Providence only interferes with the world at intervals,—that the great epochs in history are God's footsteps, and that the events of ordinary life are perhaps chance, after all. The first view may be called the dogmatism of assumed ignorance; for if it be impious and impossible to ascertain the law of God's working in history, it is equally impious and impossible to ascertain the laws of his working in nature. The second view is a want of conception of the infinity of God; for it is based on the supposition that the small things of this world are beneath His notice, and is a forgetfulness that to the infinite mind, great and small, in our sense of the words, do not exist.

"It was for a while the fashion to profess admiration for the wisdom of God, as displayed in animals, plants, and isolated occurrences. But if it be allowed that Providence manifests itself in such objects and forms of existence, why not also in universal history. This is deemed too great a matter to be thus regarded. But divine wisdom, *i.e.* reason, is one and the same in the great and in the little; and we must not imagine God to be too weak to exercise his wisdom on the grand scale. Our intellectual striving aims at realizing the conviction that what was *intended* by eternal wisdom, is actually accomplished in the domain of existent, active spirit, as well as in that of mere nature."—p. 16.

That which Milton attempted in one way, and Leibnitz in another, Hegel now attempts by inductive science—a true Theodicæa, a justifying of the ways of God to men, by inquiring into those laws of divine governance which have left their impress in the course of history. And herein the first inquiry is into the purpose of the world's existence, and the manner of its realization.

History cannot be regarded by philosophy in its merely outward aspect: it deals with the outer so far only as it involves the inner, with deeds only as implying motives; and thus to it history is only the manifestation of man's moral and intellectual nature. This whole synthesis of the will and reason is summed up by Hegel, in the one word "*geist*," which has no better equivalent in English than "*spirit*," and

therefore he observes that the subject of investigation—Universal History—"belongs to the realm of spirit." And the first light into the caverns of the past is derived from the knowledge of the nature of "spirit."

"The nature of spirit may be understood by a glance at its direct opposite—matter. As the essence of matter is gravity, so, on the other hand, we may affirm that the substance, the essence of spirit, is freedom. All will readily assent to the doctrine that spirit, among other properties, is also endowed with freedom; but philosophy teaches that all the qualities of spirit *exist only through freedom*; that all are but means for attaining freedom; that all seek and produce this and this alone. It is a result of speculative philosophy, that freedom is the sole truth of spirit."—p. 18.

On this, as upon an axiom, Hegel's whole theory hangs; the consciousness of freedom, which is as firmly rooted in the mind as the consciousness of existence itself; and the fact of the progress of this consciousness in the progress of the world, seem a sufficient evidence of its truth. How or why, we do not now attempt to determine: we only accept the fact as it is given to us in consciousness. And if it be true, whatever be the ultimate or theological destiny of man, his proximate destiny must be the *realisation* of this freedom. For universal analogy teaches us that the immediate final cause of every imperfect phenomenon is its own perfect existence; and this consists in the union of subjective and objective existence—in the "becoming *actually* that which it is *potentially*." And besides this there is the insurmountable fact that the history of the world hitherto has been the progress of this realization. In the first stage of history, as in the oriental world now, there was only the vague glimpse of the idea of freedom; men knew only that *one* is free.

"The consciousness of freedom first arose among the Greeks, and therefore they were free; but they, and the Romans likewise, knew only that *some* are free—not man as such. Even Plato and Aristotle did not know this. . . . The German nations *under the influence of Christianity* were the first to attain the consciousness that man, as man, is free; that it is the *freedom* of spirit which constitutes its essence. This consciousness arose first in religion, the inmost region of spirit; but to introduce the principle into the various relations of the actual world, involves a more extensive problem than its simple implantation: a problem whose solution and application of the principle to political relations, the thorough moulding and interpenetration of the constitution of society by it, is a process identical with history itself."—p. 19.

Hence we assume that the final cause of history, that is to

say, of the working of spirit in the world, is the realisation of the full consciousness of freedom.

"Itself is its own object of attainment, and the sole aim of spirit. This result it is, at which the process of the world's history has been continually aiming; and to which the sacrifices that have ever and anon been laid on the vast altar of the earth, through the long lapse of ages, have been offered. This is the only aim that sees itself realized and fulfilled; the only pole of repose amid the ceaseless change of events and conditions, and the sole efficient principle that pervades them. This final aim is God's purpose with the world."—pp. 20, 21.

The next question is that of the means by which this freedom is developed. And herein we must again remember that the actual facts of history are the external workings of man's inner nature. Feelings and thoughts are subjective; actions and events are their objective expressions; the latter, therefore, are the *immediate*, the former, the *mediate* field of contemplation. The motive cause of all of these may be called will—the complex unit of human activity; the proximate purpose of this activity being the satisfaction of a need or instinct, which from one point of view may be called *interest*, or from another, *passion*. And this, again, has a double element; for we must take not only the infinite forms which passion has assumed, but also the common element which runs throughout them,—not only their "complex," but also their "idea": "the one the warp, the other the weft of the vast arras-web of Universal History. The concrete mean and union of the two is *liberty*, under the conditions of morality in a state." So long as the state only recognizes a partial freedom of its members—so long, that is to say, as the private and public interests are not universally coincident, there is a non-permanent element in the state, which will either develop or ruin it. The perfect state is that in which there is a conscious liberty both in the individual and in the community—the absolute identity of "interests." The great men of history,—“world-historical individuals,” as Hegel calls them,—are those who have endeavoured to procure this identity in their own persons—those whose private aims have been one with the great purpose of the world. They were those who evolved from their age the truth or principle which was ripe for evolution, who brought to an objective existence that which was already latent in the hearts of men. These are the true heroes, as, from another point of view, they are the true reformers. And thus, in investigating the character of such men, we must not look at

them as anomalous phenomena of social or political life, but as necessary effects of knowable causes; they are the confluences of the past, and therefore cannot be understood aright when seen only in the solitude of hero-chapels. Their chief greatness lies in their power of intuition; they are "the clear-sighted ones," and when we can trace the great results which they have wrought out for society, we must at least desist from referring everything to their "morbid cravings" or "bad passions"—from looking at them merely in their isolation as men with human infirmities; and taking them as typical men, we find in them the complete exemplification of the principle that the special "interest" of individual activity is inseparable from the development of a universal truth; or, in other words, men in their legitimate action work out not only that which is good for themselves, but that also which is good for society in God's purpose with the world.

And thus we come to the sphere in which this evolution of private and public good, this progress towards individual and common freedom, is actually realised. And this is the moral whole—the state, which is not the negation, but the consummation, of each man's natural liberty; for it is the negation and limitation of all that is brutish and selfish in men; it is the curb and restraint of injustice and violence and caprice; it brings men to perfect and rational freedom, by presenting them continually with the ideal of religion and morality. The outward form which a state assumes—its constitution—is the result not of arbitrary custom or deliberate choice, but of the whole character of the people. It is the reflex of national genius, just as the national religion is the reflex of national morality.

But hastening over this part of Hegel's theory, we come to the actual operation of the state in time—to the course of the world's history. And the fundamental law of this is that of development or progress. For that which is the universal necessity of the whole creation must bind also the sphere of human action. There is an "impulse of perfectibility;" the imperfect and undeveloped is continually striving after perfection and fulness. Analogy tells us that this *must be* so; history tells us that it *is* so; and thus history is the development of spirit in *time*, as nature is the development of the idea in *space*.

"If then we cast a glance over the world's history generally, we see a vast picture of changes and transactions; of infinitely manifold forms of peoples, states, individuals, in unresting succession. Everything that can enter into and interest the soul of man—all our

sensibility to *goodness, beauty, and greatness*—is called into play. On every hand aims are adopted and pursued, which we recognize, whose accomplishment we desire—we hope and fear for them. In all these occurrences and changes we behold human action and suffering predominant; everywhere something akin to ourselves, and therefore everywhere something that excites our interest, for or against. Sometimes it attracts us by beauty, freedom, and rich variety, sometimes by energy such as enables even vice to make itself interesting. Sometimes we see the more comprehensive mass of some general interest advancing with comparative slowness, and subsequently sacrificed to an infinite complication of trifling circumstances, and so dissipated into atoms. Then, again, with a vast expenditure of power a trivial result is produced; while from what appears unimportant a tremendous issue proceeds. On every hand there is the motliest throng of events drawing us within the circle of its interest, and when one combination vanishes another immediately appears in its place.

“The general thought—the category which first presents itself in this restless mutation of individuals and peoples, existing for a time and then vanishing—is that of *change* at large. \* \* \* But the next consideration which allies itself with that of change, is, that change while it imports dissolution, involves at the same time the rise of a *new life*—that while death is the issue of life, life is also the issue of death. This is a grand conception; one which the oriental thinkers attained, and which is perhaps the highest in their metaphysics. In the idea of *metempsychosis* we find it evolved in its relation to individual existence; but a myth more generally known is that of the *phœnix* as a type of the life of *nature*; eternally preparing for itself its funeral pile, and consuming itself upon it; but so that from its ashes is produced the new, renovated, fresh life. But this image is only Asiatic; oriental, not occidental. Spirit—consuming the envelope of its existence—does not merely pass into another envelope, nor rise rejuvenescent from the ashes of its previous form; it comes forth exalted, glorified, a purer spirit. It certainly makes war upon itself—consumes its own existence; but in this very destruction it works up that existence into a new form, and each successive phase becomes in its turn a material, working on which it exalts itself to a new grade.”—pp. 75, 76.

The great fault of all this lies in the preponderance which is given to the fact of progress over that of cyclical revolution. We do not doubt that the course of history has been in the main a continuous development, but we cannot ignore the fact, that different stages of this development exhibit very analogous phenomena. The true figure by which history should be represented is not that of a river or a tree, but that of a series of rings formed into a chain: for each cycle has had its birth and growth decadence, it has been a line returning upon itself, although it has been also a higher

link in the great chain of the world's progress, bringing men a step nearer to what in the language of philosophy, we call the perfect synthesis of subjective and objective freedom, and, in the language of religion, the perfect union of God's will with our own. And Hegel himself somewhat vaguely expresses this in one of the most eloquent passages of his work, when, from another point of view, he speaks of the present as comprehending the past.

"While we are thus concerned exclusively with the idea of spirit, and in the history of the world regard everything as only its manifestation, we have, in transversing the past,—however extensive its periods,—only to do with what is *present*; for philosophy, as occupying itself with the true, has to do with the *eternally present*. Nothing in the past is lost for it, for the idea is ever present; spirit is immortal; with it there is no past, no future, but an essential *now*. This necessarily implies that the present form of spirit comprehends within it all earlier steps. These have indeed unfolded themselves in succession independently; but what spirit is it has always been essentially; distinctions are only the development of this essential nature. The life of the ever present spirit is a circle of progressive embodiments, which looked at in one aspect still exist beside each other, and only as looked at from another point of view appear as past. The grades which spirit seems to have left behind it, it still possesses in the depths of its present."—p. 82.

The most important preliminary for the study of the history of any people is the knowledge of its national character: without this we continually misunderstand facts, and misinterpret motives, because we judge them by our own standard of morality, and our own growth in political knowledge. And in studying the genius of any people, one of the most important auxiliaries is the study of its geographical situation. This is a point which Hegel has brought into deserved prominence. Every people, besides its own inherited power, has also a characteristic which it derives from the nature of its *locale*. Of course this may be pushed too far. We must not infer that the clear soft blue of the Ionian sky produced the beauty of Anacreon or Sappho; or that "the hard grey weather, breeds hard English men:" but yet we must consider them as important conditions. And if we glance over the whole theatre of history, we shall find in every case some natural peculiarity impressed on the national temperament. In the first place it is the *Temperate Zone* which has furnished the great field of action, and in this we may distinguish three great differences of possible situations: 1. "The

arid elevated land with its extensive steppes and plains.” 2. “The valley-plains, the land of transition, permeated and watered by great streams.” 3. The coast-lands. A good instance of the differences in character which these situations respectively cause, is furnished by Herodotus in his account of Peisistratus. There were then three factions in Attica. The Diacrii, who inhabited the Highlands, were rough mountaineers with a blunt consciousness of their rights and of their strength; the Pedæi, who lived on the plains, were a wealthy aristocracy, recognising only the stubbornest conservatism; while the Paralii, or inhabitants of the shore, were moderate and enterprising merchants. The first division is normally peaceful and patriarchal: but sometimes seized by a sudden impulse, the inhabitants of the table-lands rush down with an overwhelming force upon the plains, infusing a new life into the people with whom they speedily become assimilated. The second division is the most prolific source of historical events: for in it, after the rudest period of agriculture has passed away, arises the possession of property, the difference of social ranks; and hence the need of government. The third division is the first focus of national activity; the quiet contentment of the uplands, and the steady progress of the valley-plains, are superseded by the love of enterprise, the complication of international relations, and, ultimately, the love of conquest. And if we trace out these different elements in conjunction with climate and geographical position, we shall have the causes of some of the leading features of every great nation. To confine ourselves at present to Europe and Asia, we see in the latter a massive upland, girdled by a zone of mountains which leaves but few outlets: here are still the nomad Turanian tribes who have hardly yet acquired a history, except when they have inundated the lowlands and amalgamated—as in the case of the Tartar-Chinese with an historical race. And if we turn to the valley-plains we find that of the Ganges tenanted by a race which, though dying now in the gradual decay of protracted life, rose ages since to a great historical importance; and those of the Tigris and the Nile giving birth to the first peoples who progressed far in political development or national wealth. And in Europe, if we contrast the nations on the shores of the Mediterranean with those which form the heart of the continent, we shall find that before that activity of the northern nations had transferred the theatre of historical interest from the south to the north, the same characteristics are present, as in India and Egypt. The universal progress of civilization has

tended to lessen the great distinction of race, but in every country there are traces of the original influence. The inhabitants of the Grisons are still primitive in customs, and ignorant of what elsewhere passes for politics: while those who dwell in the plains to their immediate south, have passed centuries in vigorous national activity; and those who occupy the nearest coast line, as Genoa and Venice, have been the masters of vast possessions beyond the sea. But, except on the chief points of this subject, Hegel was necessarily meagre: and we have still to wait for the application of this important theory to universal geography: we must be content to point it out to those who wish to read history by the light which national character affords.

From history, regarded in its relation to its geographical distribution over space, we pass to its development in time. And this is well typified in the progress of natural light:—

“The *Sun*—the light—rises in the East. Light is a simply self-involved existence; but though possessing thus in itself universality, it exists at the same time as an individuality in the sun. Imagination has often pictured to itself the emotions of a blind man suddenly becoming possessed of sight, beholding the bright glimmering of the dawn, the growing light, and the flaming glory of the ascending sun. The boundless forgetfulness of his individuality in this pure splendour, is his first feeling,—utter astonishment. But when the sun is risen, this astonishment is diminished; objects around are perceived, and from them the individual proceeds to the contemplation of his own inner being, and thereby the advance is made to the perception of the relation between the two. Then inactive contemplation is quitted for activity; by the close of day man has erected a building constructed from his own inner sun; and when in the evening he contemplates this, he esteems it more highly than the original external sun. For now he stands in a *conscious relation* to his spirit, and therefore a *free* relation. If we hold this image fast in mind, we shall find it symbolizing the course of history, the great day's work of spirit.

“The history of the world travels from East to West, for Europe is absolutely the end of history, Asia the beginning. The history of the world has an east *κατ' ἑξοχὴν*; (the term east in itself is entirely relative), for although the earth forms a sphere, history performs no circle round it, but has on the contrary a determinate east, viz. Asia. Here rises the outward physical sun, and in the west it sinks down: here consentaneously rises the sun of self-consciousness, which diffuses a nobler brilliance. The history of the world is the discipline of the uncontrolled natural will, bringing it into obedience to a universal principle and conferring subjective freedom. The East knew, and to the present day knows only that *one* is free; the Greek and Roman world, that *some* are free; the German world knows that *all* are free. The first political form,



therefore, which we observe in history is *despotism*, the second *democracy* and *aristocracy*, the third *monarchy*.

We begin with the East : and the first impression which it makes upon us is that of a fresh morning-time far away, in contrast to this hot and weary afternoon of history in which we ourselves are living. And in a much less fanciful sense, it may be called a childhood : for it presents all the psychological characteristics which mark the first awakening of the mind to a knowledge of truth and duty. This is a point for which Vico and Comte have rightly claimed attention, but which Hegel rather assumes than proves. One of the most interesting of the analogies, which form an irresistible body of evidence in its favour, is that between the love of myths, which is prevalent in early national life, and the fondness for tales, which is characteristic of boyhood. In both cases it is the first dream of reality : everything is marvellous, and there is only a nascent discrimination between fact and fiction. The early literature of nations invariably consists of romances and myths, just as the first books which arrest a child's attention are story-books. The point of comparison on which Hegel dwells is that of law and government : the first state of mankind is the patriarchal one,—the same relation existing between governors and governed as between father and son. The cause of this lies in the notion which prevails, in the infancy of nations, as to the nature of authority : it is unquestioned and absolute : laws are obeyed with exactly the same unreasoning obedience which a child shows towards its parent. Morality is purely objective ; men do what is right because they are commanded to do so : moral scepticism and political rebellion are looked upon as no less so in a family, as being the culmination of possible wrong. But gradations in this state of society are to be found in the history not only of each individual nation, but of the whole world. The first type of government was that which exists still in China : nothing subjective is allowed : there is no individual will, and, similarly, no individual conscience. It is “the realm of theocratic despotism.” “All that we call subjectivity is concentrated in the supreme head of the state.” The administration of the government, as well as the spirit of it, is that of a huge family. And thus also with the jurisprudence : for example,—the punishments are corrective rather than retributive or vindictive. (We may observe, in passing, that growth in the theory of punishment is one of the most important tests of the moral ad-

vancement of a people: one of the most hopeful signs of our own days lies in the gradual triumph of the *remedial* over the *retributive* theory.) The same spirit runs through their religion: it is the perfection of state-religion. It is, on the one hand, the performance of duties towards the Emperor; and, on the other, the fancied connexion of the powers of nature with the supreme national authority. Everything which belongs to spirit is foreign to the sphere of Chinese ideas: there is no individuality, and consequently no self-respect; and, hence, but little feeling of honour or shame.

But in India there is clearly an advance upon this: there is, as it were, the first vague doubt of the absoluteness of parental authority, and the first glimpse into the mystery of things, which shows itself in continual dreaminess and fancy. Hegel has expressed this in a passage of remarkable eloquence:—

“There is a beauty of a peculiar kind in women, in which their countenance presents a transparency of skin, a light and lovely roseate hue, which is unlike the complexion of mere health and vital vigour,—a more refined bloom, breathed, as it were, by the soul within,—and in which the features, the light of the eye, the position of the mouth, appear soft, yielding, and relaxed. This almost unearthly beauty is perceived in women in those days which immediately succeed child-birth; when freedom from the burden of pregnancy and the pains of travail is added to the joy of soul that welcomes the gift of a beloved infant. A similar tone of beauty is seen also in women during the magical somnambulant sleep, connecting them with a world of super-terrestrial beauty. A great artist (Schoreel) has moreover given this tone to the dying Mary, whose spirit is already rising to the regions of the blessed, but once more, as it were, lights up her dying countenance for a farewell kiss. Such a beauty we find also in its loveliest form in the Indian world; a beauty of enervation, in which all that is rough, rigid, and contradictory is dissolved, and we have only the soul in a state of emotion,—a soul, however, in which the death of free self-reliant spirit is perceptible. For should we approach the charm of this flower-life,—a charm rich in imagination and genius,—in which its whole environment and all its relations are permeated by the rose-breath of the soul, and the world is transformed into a garden of love,—should we look at it more closely, and examine it in the light of human dignity and freedom,—the more attractive the first sight of it had been, so much the more unworthy shall we ultimately find it in every respect.”—pp. 146, 147.

But the phase which Hindu life and religion has exhibited for many centuries is not so much beauty as the decay of

beauty. The sublimity of the earlier Vedas, and the fancifulness of the later mythology, have given place to their worst possible perversions. As the first theory of Brahminism corresponds to the dreams of boyhood, so its later developments show the effect of the protraction of boyish feelings and impulses to an effete old age, in which love has become lust, and the imagination simply the servant thereof. There are two tendencies in the Hindu religion which Hegel has well distinguished. The one is the annihilation of self by the process of identification with the Infinite, resulting ultimately in mere moral and mental indifference. The other is the deadening of human feeling by the process of identification with nature, resulting in the wildest excesses of voluptuousness. In both there is the utter negation of individuality. Even in their parent state, "the spirit wanders into the dream-world, and the highest state is annihilation." And yet, in one point, this fact helps us to understand the problem of Hindu worship. Its Pantheism is not one of thought, but of imagination. It was the dream of things rather than any rational deduction which clothed them all with a divine life.

And if we turn from religion to politics, the presence of similar effects points to the working of the same cause. The state has the same want of a moral basis as Brahminism. It is a rule of caprice—it is an absolute despotism; whereas, in China, there is at least an acknowledgment of natural law. And yet it is the first step in the emancipation of the human mind. Though deep in the abyss of moral darkness, when looked at from above, yet even some of its most repulsive features are advances when viewed from beneath. The very system of caste, for example, which, from our own standing-point, seems so singularly unnatural, was, in fact, the first advance towards the recognition of freedom. For it was the recognition of *diversity* of the distinctions between man and man, upon which individuality is ultimately founded. It was at first a supposed distinction of natural ordinance: and thence it became a distinction of races. In every country this has been the first step. High-born and low-born—or nobles, priests, and slaves—are universally found in separation. But in almost every other country besides this corrupt and worn-out East these distinctions have been at least mollified, in the progress of ages. Christianity has for ever abolished from the rational world the old belief in the "divine rights" of birth; and to the absence of this in India must be ascribed that blind adhesion to the dregs of an old

superstition, which shows that, politically and religiously, they are still dwarf-like children.

"Their whole life and ideas are one unbroken superstition, because among them all is reverie, and consequent enslavement. Annihilation—the abandonment of all reason, morality, and subjectivity—can only come to a positive feeling and consciousness of itself, by extravagating in a boundlessly wild imagination, in which, like a desolate spirit, it finds no rest, no settled composure, though it can content itself in no other way. As a man who is quite reduced in body and spirit finds his existence altogether stupid and intolerable, and is driven to the creation of a dream-world and a delirious bliss in opium."—p. 174.

China and India are the two primitive kingdoms of the world which have least historical interest, because they have least inherent vitality. And before we can pass to that part of history which bears most fruit for ourselves, we must notice two phases of transition—the one in Persia and the other in Egypt. Persia may be called historically the kingdom of dawn, as religiously it is the kingdom of light. For it is the first evolution of consciousness, in the form of a theocratic monarchy. It just broke the barriers of castes by forming *classes* in their stead: it just rose above Pantheism by worshipping not universal nature but only its highest principle. The "light" of Zerdusht belongs to a new world: it has all the intense vitality which is the first characteristic of freedom; it belongs to the sphere of consciousness; it involves a sense of elevation. It is a transition—but only a transition—from the natural to the spiritual. And similarly with Egypt: its own sphinx is the true type of its position. The massive human face struggling for emancipation from the brute form is the unconscious symbol of the Egyptian mind, emerging from the great whirlpool of nature and yet unable to clear it. Half in life and half in death, they look like men who are passing through the first initiation into the mysteries, and who only half understand the interpretation. The great doctrine of the soul's immortality was the first glimpse of the truth that spirit is not entirely lost in the vast cycle of the universe—that it stands in some sense or other apart from the rest of nature. It was the first antithesis of Brahmanism; for while the latter found its heaven in annihilation, to the former the life of the brute was preferable to the extinction of life. And thus on the one hand the "kingdom of free spirit was the kingdom of the Invisible"—subjectivity assumed the form of the "realm of the dead:" and, on the other, the regarding of the soul as

an affirmative being created a national history by breaking for ever the monotone of national unity. Intellectually, Hegel well defines it as the state of particularity—unable to generalise and hence to idealise. It involves what it could not evolve: “it is the joyful spirit of Greece which accomplishes this, and makes this its starting-point.”

Among the Greeks we find at once that the great transition is made: we are in the region of spiritual vitality and self-conscious action. The first characteristic of Greek history is its adolescence. “Achilles, the ideal youth of *poetry*, commenced it: Alexander the Great, the ideal youth of *reality*, concluded it.” Its other element may be summed up as the dominion of art. And these two, in union with the political autonomy which constituted even Peparethus and Amorgus into distinct nationalities, produced the “*Beautiful Individuality*” which is the focus and the centre of the Greek character. But individuality when thus æsthetically conditioned has three relations—to men themselves, to religion, and to the state: hence we must look to the *subjective* work of art, or its influence on character; to its *objective* work, or its influence on mythology; and to its *political* work, or its influence on constitutions. Passing over the two former, as being the more obvious, we find that τὸ καλόν is the ultimate aim of government as it is also of individual action. Athenè the goddess, is Athens herself, as being the true spirit of the citizens. But we must mark here one of Hegel’s greatest omissions: Greece, at least, might have claimed for herself an enquiry into the succession of its political epochs, whereas Hegel is content to take the last of these, without evolving at all the law of their manifestation. In fact, Greece is the great stumbling-block to all those who are bound, as he is, by an absolute theory of progress: for, *politically*, Greece reached a stage of development which has been very rarely overpassed. The laws of the succession of governments which Aristotle deduced from the past history of Athens hold good of every other historical country: first, there was a kingdom, based on divine right, connected with priestly functions, and in its most primitive form recognizing the absoluteness of the monarch: analogies of this are to be found, for example, in the early kingship of Rome, and, modified by Christian influences, in the early prerogatives of the crown of England. To this succeeded an aristocracy of birth, in which the high-born and the base-born became severally governors and governed, until the wealth of the commercial classes gradually broke down the exclusiveness

of birth, and founded an aristocracy of wealth, which may be called the first form of a democracy. And then as a final form came the real democracy, in which the right of each man, as such, to be considered a member of the political body, formed the real basis of the constitution. But of this there is little notice in Hegel; he dwells rather upon the decadence than upon the development of Greece, and takes up the Athenian spirit as it is found in the masterly summary of Pericles. "We love the beautiful without being extravagant, we love philosophy without being inactive." (Thuc. ii. 41). He is right in regarding the principle of this decadence to be the gradual emancipation of subjectivity. The first great fall consisted in the spread of sophistical morality, which ignored objective authority altogether and enunciated the ambiguous principle *πάντων μέτρον ὁ ἄνθρωπος*. But the manner in which this morality infected political life, so as to turn its running waters into a stagnant lake, is a problem which can hardly yet be solved. The condition of Athens in the fourth century B.C., is one which, from the analogies which it affords to some of our own social phenomena, deserves far more than the cursory notice which Hegel's plan allowed him to give.

In contrast to the beautiful freedom of Greece we have the iron power of Rome; and this was all that was necessary to prepare the world for Christianity. For it must be remembered that Christ appeared only when the fulness of time was come, and that the gradual unfolding of the elements of this fulness is the great point of interest in the ante-Christian world. And the great element which Rome contributed was the recognition of "abstract personality." In Hegel's own words—

"The third phase is the realm of abstract universality (in which the social aim absorbs all individual aims): it is the *Roman state*, the severe labours of the *manhood* of history. For true manhood acts neither in accordance with the caprice of a despot, nor in obedience to a graceful caprice of its own; but works for a general aim, one in which the individual perishes and realizes his own private object only in that general aim. The state begins to have an abstract existence, and to develop itself for a definite object, in accomplishing which its members have indeed a share, but not a complete and concrete one [calling their whole being into play]. Free *individuals* are sacrificed to the severe demands of the *national* objects, to which they must surrender themselves in this service of abstract generalization. The Roman state is not a repetition of such a state of individuals as the Athenian Polis was. The geniality and joy of soul that existed there have given place to harsh

and rigorous toil. The interest of history is detached from individuals, but these gain for themselves abstract, formal universality. The universal subjugates the individuals; they have to merge their own interests in it; but in return the abstraction which they themselves embody—that is to say, their personality—is recognized: in their individual capacity they become persons with definite rights as such.”—pp. 113, 114.

The Roman empire was the discipline of the world: it was on the one hand political universality, and on the other abstract freedom for individuals. And thus it paved the way not only for the catholicity of the church, but also for the recognition of the rights of conscience. Its ruin resulted from the clashing of these two elements, which could only be united in perfect synthesis when Christianity had diffused its influence over political life, and rendered the Reformation a political as well as a religious necessity. During the thousand years of Rome's national existence, the phases which it presents may be classed as those of internal contest, external contest, and reactionary despotism. With regard to the former, Rome undoubtedly furnishes the best possible instance of the dynamics of society. The stages which we noticed in Greece are strongly marked in the course of the Republic. The kings were overthrown, not by plebians but by patricians: and in their place came an aristocracy of birth, having for its basis the unquestioned right of the great houses to supremacy. This is seen most clearly in the unlimited power of the *comitia curiata*. But as the Roman state developed its inherent activity, the great land-owners ceased to represent the wealth of the state. The wealth passed into other hands, and with it gradually the power. The *comitia centuriata*, which was in fact a distribution of votes according to assessment, step by step drew into itself the functions of the higher body both in the legislature and the executive. The contest between birth and wealth then became a contest between wealth and numbers: the “masses” rose to political ascendancy, which is shown in the ultimate predominance of the *comitia tributa*. The mere framework of the constitution remained unchanged throughout the whole course of revolutions: and this fact leads to much misconception. But it is almost invariably the case that the greatest social changes work inside the ancient machinery. In England, for example, the outward form of government has not made any great variations for several centuries: but there is no doubt that the real relations of the several orders in the state have meanwhile entirely altered. Feudalism,

Conservatism, and Liberalism have succeeded each other : and beneath them, reverence for and contempt of authority have eddied in the under current. So it was at Rome : under the same shadow of consular office aristocracy ended in democracy, and this again, having no inherent life, merged into all-embracing despotism. As Hegel well observes :—

“ The Republic could not longer exist in Rome. We see, especially from Cicero’s writings, how all public affairs were decided by the private authority of the more eminent citizens—by their power, their wealth ; and what tumultuary proceedings marked all political transactions. In the republic, therefore, there was no longer any security ; *that* could be looked for only in a single will. Cæsar, who may be adduced as a paragon of Roman adaptation of means to ends,—who formed his resolves with the most unerring perspicuity, and executed them with the greatest vigour and practical skill, without any superfluous excitement of mind—Cæsar, judged by the great scope of history, did the right ; since he furnished a mediating element, and that kind of political bond which men’s condition required. Cæsar effected two objects : he calmed the internal strife, and at the same time originated a new one outside the limits of the empire. For the conquest of the world had reached hitherto only to the circle of the Alps, but Cæsar opened a new scene of achievement : he founded the theatre which was on the point of becoming the centre of history. He then achieved universal sovereignty by a struggle which was decided not in Rome itself, but by his conquest of the whole Roman world. His position was indeed hostile to the republic, but, properly speaking, only to its shadow ; for all that remained of that republic was entirely powerless.”—p. 324.

The empire was a reality before it was a chronicled fact : and hence the apparent anomaly which has surprised the readers of Tacitus, for the acquiescence of the Romans in imperial rule arose from its being no new thing—even in name. At first the old titles and offices received no addition : it was an expansion of the old system rather than the creation of a new one. But soon it manifested its real character as a military domination. The throne became the prize for which armies were content to wrestle. The legions of Spain gave it to their general Galba : the legions of Italy knew their power and elected their favorite Otho : at the same time the legions of the Rhine became conscious of their strength, and marched southward to confer it on Vitellius : and against these the legions of the East resolved to join in contest by the forced nomination of Vespasian. And beneath all this was the current of individual life, to which Hegel has chiefly confined himself, but which he has sketched with marvellous truth, especially in the following summary of it :—



"That, therefore, which was abidingly present to the minds of men was not their country, or such a moral unity as that supplies: the whole state of things urged them to yield themselves to fate, and to strive for a perfect indifference to life,—an indifference which they sought either in freedom of thought or in directly sensuous enjoyment. Thus man was either at war with existence, or entirely given up to mere sensuous existence. He either recognized his destiny in the task of acquiring the means of enjoyment through the favour of the emperor, or through violence, testamentary frauds, and cunning; or he sought repose in philosophy, which alone was still able to supply something firm and independent: for the systems of that time—stoicism, epicureanism, and scepticism—although within their common sphere opposed to each other, had the same general purport, viz., rendering the soul absolutely indifferent to everything which the real world had to offer. These philosophies were therefore widely extended among the cultivated: they produced in man a self-reliant immobility as the result of thought, i.e. of the activity which produces the universal. But the inward reconciliation by means of philosophy was itself only an abstract one—in the pure principle of personality; for thought, which, as perfectly refined, made itself its own object, and thus harmonized itself, was entirely destitute of a real object, and the immobility of scepticism made aimlessness itself the object of the will. This philosophy knew nothing but the negativity of all that assumed to be real, and was the counsel of despair to a world which no longer possessed anything stable. It could not satisfy the living spirit, which longed after a higher reconciliation."—p. 329.

And this reconciliation was given by Christianity, which rose above the ruins of imperial Rome like the Angel of Life, in the ancient legend, standing between the earth and the sea, that all who walked in its shadow might be saved from the pestilence and live. The political and ethical effects of Christianity are thus the highest sphere upon which the science of history can spend itself. And Hegel came to the study of them with a singular appreciation of Protestantism, and a remarkable purity of faith. His expressions may possibly be liable to misapprehension, until it is remembered that the language of his philosophy was also that of his theology, and that the particular society in which he lived caused him to look at really orthodox truths from a very different standpoint to our own. All that we have space to record at present is the bare outline of his inferences. We must leave to a fuller account of the science of the ecclesiastical history a demonstration of the light which they shed upon some of its darker pages.

The fundamental laws of Christianity, in its *ethical* aspect, is that of moral progress; in its *political* aspect that of free-

dom. The progress of Christianity has been the gradual infusion of these laws into the life of nations. At once causes and effects, they are working out a better state of human society, as the purely religious doctrines of Christianity are tending to the formation of a "holy Catholic Church." And we must not refuse to accept the evidence for its truth which this affords. It is the only religion which has grown with human growth, and shown itself equal to the expansion of thought and progress of civilization which are tendencies of universal history. In the words of one who has arrived at Hegel's conclusion by a very different route, "Human thought is almost compelled to assert, and cannot help asserting its original freedom. And as that progress is manifestly a law of human nature proceeding from the Divine Author of our being, the self-adaptation of the one true religion to that progress must have the divine sanction, and may be supposed, without presumption, to have been contemplated in the counsels of Infinite Wisdom." But this development has taken place outside of the world; neither the Eastern nor the Latin church has had any share, except in retarding it. That which has come to crown the work of the ages is, what is commonly termed Protestantism, what Dr. Milman calls "*Teutonic Christianity*," and what Hegel calls the Christianity of the German world. For it is the Teutonic spirit of freedom in which Christianity reaches its purest growth, as it also embodies the result which the whole of past history has been evolving. But it was long before this spirit was sufficiently disentangled from previous historical complications to be in reality the conservator of the Christian principle. The discipline of the middle ages was necessary for its purification. The world began again, as it were, at the coming of Teutonism into the field of history; and, consequently, (as Vico remarked) there is a recurrence in the history of the Teutonic people of the phenomena of national growth which are visible in Greece and Rome. Three great periods may especially be distinguished; the first extends from the Gothic migration to the time of Charlemagne. It exhibits the rudeness of a conscious individuality unconditioned by reason or beauty. The second extends from Charlemagne to the Reformation, and from first to last exhibits only the various phases of the antithesis, and opposition between the Church as a theocracy, on the one hand, and the state as a feudal monarchy on the other. All through the complexities which the course of events assume can be traced

---

\* "Milman's Latin Christianity," Introduction, p. 10.

the evolution of the great principle which is the result of true religion, as well as of human action. The world was being prepared for Protestantism, at least if we regard Protestantism in its highest aspect as the vindication of religious liberty as well as civil freedom. First of all we find the reaction of particular rationalities against the attempted restoration of universal empire; and when this point is gained there is another reaction within these nationalities themselves—of individual against the authority of law, and afterwards of the Church against the tendency to isolation. The second period of mediævalism is its culmination in the Crusades, producing and intensifying the spirit of chivalry; and the third is the decay of feudalism, in the rise of monarchy. Thus we come to the Reformation, and, for the first time in history, the fulness of conscious freedom dawns upon the human mind. It was emancipation, not only *from* slavery but *through* slavery; and this gives us the key to all that went before: nothing rests firm in human character without discipline; and the whole analogy of history shows that the coming of all moral light is like the slow rise of dawn.

And now we must draw this brief account of the science of history to a close. Although we have merely traced out the salient points of this great *Theodiciæa*, which not only shows the progressiveness of God's universal working, but completely vindicates our own national and religious position. "The history of the world is nothing more but the development of the idea of freedom," is the result to which the whole series of historical cycles points. And this, in other words, is the theory that the happiness, both of nations and individuals, lies in the doing of God's will. Nor is this anything more than the simple performance of obvious duty, the fulfilling of the law of one's sphere. For the purpose which this present time is consummating is as yet hidden from us: the science of history is for the past, not for the future. And thus we shall best fulfil it by believing in God's accomplishment of it, and resigning ourselves as passive chords in the great harp of the creation, working out a harmony which we must believe, though we are too weak to understand, until the shadow of his presence shall enlarge our vision, and make us keen-sighted, like the angels, to see the light shining in the darkness, which the darkness comprehendeth not.

ART. VII.—*Histoire du Règne de Henri IV.* Par M. A. POIRSON, Ancien Proviseur des Lycées Saint-Louis et Charlemagne; Conseiller Honoraire de l'Université. 3 Vols. 8vo. Paris: Louis Colas.

THE praises of Louis XIV. have so long been sounded that we are weary at seeing honour assiduously and blindly paid by ignorance to false greatness and mere outside show. The persecuting of true men and true women for righteousness' sake; the destruction of civil and religious liberty; moral corruption at home, with taxes and burdens increased for the purpose of keeping up the ceremonies of Versailles; abroad, a system of policy based upon perfidy and intrigue—a system which would end by the coalition of the whole of civilized Europe against violence, tyranny, and unscrupulous ambition. Such was that reign of seventy-five years' duration—that epoch to which the name of *grand siècle* has been given; and which, if the truth were plainly told, has not even a claim to the literary glory which pensioned poetasters claimed on its behalf.

All this sophistry is so sickening, all its twaddle about *le grand monarque* appears so thoroughly false to those who have enquired a little into the testimony of history, that we turn, with a feeling of real comfort and relief, to M. Poirson's volumes. Certainly we are far from wishing to exalt into a perfect hero

“Le seul roi dont le peuple ait gardé la mémoire;”

nor would we seek, in the services rendered to France by the Bearnese prince, a compensation for his moral failings; but we do believe that the beginning of the seventeenth century, not the end, is the most brilliant part of French history; and it is beyond all question that the warrior-statesman, who, in the course of his short reign, succeeded in reducing into order the disturbed elements left behind by the horrors of civil war; who fought anarchy with the weapons of liberty, not of despotism,—deserves more truly the name of great than the self-willed monarch who destroyed the balance of power, to leave nothing standing but his own personality, and through his misadministration prepared the horrors of the French Revolution.

M. Poirson's “*Histoire du Règne de Henri IV.*” has obtained the Gobert prize at the Académie Française. Such a distinction bestowed upon a work, the result of fifteen years'

labour, honours the judges who gave it quite as much as the writer to whom it was awarded; for the book we are now reviewing is a national monument of which France may well be proud; and it is, perhaps, the better appreciated now because the spirit which has dictated it is not, unfortunately, one to which our neighbours have been accustomed during the last few years. Points for comparison naturally suggest themselves to the reader, and parallels rush spontaneously upon our mind. When we read of the *Sixteen*, their violence, and their crimes, we think of what certain self-styled religious journalists would be if the progress of civilization had not rendered religious *autos-da-fé* impossible in France. Harlay de Sancy reminds us of contemporary second-rate Talleyrands, who, fickle as the wind, give an excuse for their impudent tergiversations, that “ils devancent la justice du peuple.” Such parallels are not only allowable,—they are inevitable. They are one of the conditions to which the annalist must submit; and it is on this account that so many publications have an *à propos* which is not generally supposed to be compatible with the only true way of writing history. This is partly why the new edition of “Saint Simon’s Memoirs” has obtained such success, and why so sharp a controversy has originated with it. The duke and peer’s narrative is one of the strongest evidences against despotism. His eloquent denunciations of the place-hunters and sycophants of Marly preserve all their application at the present day; and our modern Dangeaus, D’Antins, and Villeroys, feel that they too are condemned, if their predecessors in flunkeyism cannot stand at the bar of posterity.

But to return to M. Poirson. The leading idea of his work may be given in the following passage from his preface. This quotation will show better than anything else how the author has understood the character, the life—indeed, the whole reign—of Henri IV.; and it will remain for us to verify whether the conclusions he has come to are borne out by the facts:—

“Résumons ce qui vient d’être dit; réunissons et groupons ce qui vient d’être exposé sur ce gouvernement, et voici ce qui nous trouverons pour résultant. Dans les matières de droit international et de droit public, de politique et de religion, l’équilibre européen, la liberté de conscience, les libertés gallicanes et l’harmonie des rapports entre la société civile et la société religieuse; les libertés politiques dans leur essence et sous la forme qu’elles comportaient alors, en attendant qu’elles en prissent une autre; la liberté de penser et de s’adresser à l’opinion publique par l’impression, telles

furent les institutions qu'il créa ou qu'il affermit. Dans les matières et les intérêts d'administration, la nation lui dut la réforme complète, le perfectionnement, différant peu d'une création, des finances de l'armée, de la diplomatie; tous les grands développements et la liberté du commerce et de l'industrie. Ainsi, tout ce qui tient à la rupture définitive entre le moyen âge et les temps modernes, à la différence entre le monde politique et économique ancien et le monde nouveau, tout ce qui constitue dans son principe l'excellence de notre société, date de ce règne et y remonte. C'est l'une des plus grandes époques, non seulement de notre histoire, mais de l'histoire de l'humanité."\*

We may divide, with M. Poirson, the reign of Henri IV. into three periods, which have each its peculiar character. During the first the monarch fights his enemies, both at home and abroad. He baffles the plans of the Spaniards; succeeds in crushing the League, and in destroying the last vestiges of the extraordinary power held by the Guises. The reconstruction of the French monarchy has been discussed in the pages of our author with a completeness and an impartiality to which many modern historians have not accustomed us. To say that M. Poirson's description of the state of parties, at the time of the death Henri III. is accurate, will be deemed no slight praise by those who have at all studied the monuments left to us by the writers and politicians of those extraordinary days. When we consider that France was split up into no less than *eight* distinct parties, it becomes rather difficult to analyse those coteries; to appreciate their views, and their political schemes; to examine the features which they had in common, and the trifling topics on which they separated. The classification of these parties, indeed, has puzzled many publicists, otherwise very competent; and M. Poirson has had to clear many preliminary blunders, which, although perhaps not of first-rate importance, are calculated to mislead the student, and to appear in books of some authority as premises from which wrong conclusions must necessarily follow. We cannot, within the limit of a few pages, go with M. Poirson throughout all the details of his most interesting narrative; but we shall select, here and there, a leading fact, and examine summarily what is his view of it.

The condition of France when Henri IV. came to the throne, the organization of the League, and their resistance to the claims set forward by the new monarch, are undoubtedly topics of vital moment; for the very existence of regal authority was intimately connected with them; and

the position of the King of Navarre, in history, as an usurper or a legitimate prince, depends on the view we take of the pretensions and arguments adduced by the opposition. M. Poirson quotes the famous passage from M. de Châteaubriand's writings, which has served as a text for so many erroneous disquisitions on the part of Ultramontanist historians. "La Legue, coupable envers le dernier Valois, était innocente envers le premier Bourbon, à moins de soutenir qui les nations ne sont point aptes à maintenir le culte qu'elles ont choisi, et les institutions qui leur conviennent."\* This seems very plausible at first sight; but, on further examination, we find that M. de Châteaubriand's paragraph will not bear the light of history. It is in contradiction with the plain facts.

In the first place, the Leaguers were guilty of falsehood when they maintained that the accession of Henri IV. to the throne gave, like that of Elizabeth to the throne of England, the signal of the approaching downfall of the Roman Catholic religion. On the contrary, the declaration of Saint Cloud (August 2nd, 1589) was, as M. Poirson truly remarks, "a first step, on his part, towards the creed of the majority." The new king promised, and more, to maintain within the kingdom the Catholic faith, to alter in nowise its dogmas and its discipline, to bestow benefices and all other ecclesiastical honours exclusively upon able and Roman Catholic subjects. He, moreover, renewed the promise which he had already made of summoning, at the latest within six months, a national council, and of abiding, so far as his own faith was concerned, by the decisions of that assembly. He pledged himself likewise to appoint exclusively Roman Catholics, during the same period of time, to the commands, posts, and other public offices which might happen to be vacant, and to reserve solely for them the government of all the estates taken from the Leaguers, with the exception of one in each *bailliage* or *sénéchaussée*.†

Could any person, consistently with the truth, affirm that such a plain, straight-forward declaration was a death-blow to the Roman Catholic religion? Was this giving away, as d'O. complained on the part of the Ultramontanists, "les clefs de nos vies et de nos honneurs entre les mains de ceux qui nous avons offensés par delà l'espoir de la réconcilia-

\* "Etudes Historiques," iii., p. 564.

† Poirson, tom. i., pp. 22, 23.—The text of the Saint-Cloud Declaration occurs in Isambert's "Recueil des Anciennes Lois Françaises," xv. 3—5.

tion?"\* But let us go on a little, and see whether the sequel of the declaration will not throw some light upon the conduct of the Leaguers, their lamentations, and their statement of imaginary grievances.

After having established, with every possible solemnity, the privileges and rights of the majority, Henri IV., as a matter of course, proceeds to explain what his intentions are towards the Protestants, to whom he still belonged, and whose assistance had to a great extent made him the monarch. Complete liberty of conscience was guaranteed to them within their houses; the public profession of their religion in all the places which they had in their possession, and also in one town of each *bailiage*† or *sénéchaussée* taken from the Leaguers, at Saumur,‡ in the army, and wherever the king might happen to be; the enjoyment of all governments, posts, and offices in the localities where they were allowed to meet as a religious community;—such were the principal advantages accrued to the Calvinists by the Saint Cloud declaration. They were in conformity with the terms of the treaty concluded in the course of the April previous between Henri III. and Henri IV. Far from being too favourable to the Protestants, the declaration restricted the advantages which had been stipulated for them in the edict of Poitiers (1577); again, it is true that these dispositions had only a transitory character, and were merely to last till the general peace had enabled the king to settle definitively the position of the dissenters from the Roman Catholic faith within the kingdom. Liberty of conscience, however, is a principle which the Leaguers would not learn, but had the advantages secured to those whom they designated as heretics been reduced to one single clause, and that the least important, yet the free enjoyment of that would certainly have been contested. It is almost comical to see who those men were who made the loudest professions of zeal for the church, and of horror for the wickedness of heretics: Balzac d'Entragues, Châteauneuf, and François d'O, the last-named being one of the most infamous amongst the minions of the late king.§ . Threats, entreaties, they employed every means to

\* Cf. Agrippa d'Aubigné. "Hist. Univ.," book xvii., cap. 23.

† Districts under the authority of a *bailli* and a *sénéchal* respectively.

‡ Saumur was the principal stronghold of the Protestants, and the seat of one of their universities.

§ "On nous fait voir encore un contract tout nouveau,  
Signé du sang de d'O, son privé maquereau."

D'Aubigné, *Les Tragiques*.

Thuanus says that d'O died of a disease caused by his debauchery.



win over Henri IV. to their opinion, but in vain; the noble-minded prince would not pledge himself to more than what has been just stated, and he was bold enough to maintain his liberal intentions in the very midst of a camp, "où le dernier exemple donné était celui d'un roi assassiné."\*

We have shown how, from the religious point of view, the League can find no excuse to justify the resistance it opposed to the rule of Henri IV.; we may add, that if we merely look at the question in its political bearings, the position of the Leaguers is quite as false. What did they wish to do—to change the form of government? to alter the fundamental laws of the monarchy? to establish a new constitution? By no means; they proclaimed as king, under the name of Charles X., the old Cardinal de Bourbon; and they appointed to the position of lieutenant-general of the realm the Duke de Mayenne. These clearly were monarchical institutions, so that the League could not even claim the merit of novelty on behalf of its political *programme*. The original manner in which they showed their reforming spirit was by modifying the order of succession to the throne, and by kindling the flames of civil war for the purpose of substituting the house of Guise, in the person of Mayenne, to the house of Bourbon, just as they had formerly tried to remove on its behalf the branch of Valois. Nor did even these measures insure the observance of the Ultramontanist institutions, which the rebels endeavoured to establish. A certain number of cities that had been admitted to the League, finally rendered themselves independent of all authority, and profited by the general dissension to shake off as a burdensome yoke every wholesome restraint. Such is the fatal result of civil wars, and so true it is that those who encourage them are striking at the root of public and private morality a blow which cannot easily be healed.

M. Poirson has very eloquently and very satisfactorily shown how the principle of the League is condemned by the constituent laws of France as well as by the maxims of the Gallican church; the true spirit of patriotism, the traditions of the monarchy, canonical decrees, and civil injunctions,—all concurred to denounce the Leaguers as an anti-national faction, as a dangerous manifestation of that spirit of revolt which would, if allowed to reach its full growth, end in the ruin of France and in the destruction of liberty throughout Europe. Should it be true, moreover, that, *poli-*

---

\* Poirson, vol. i., p. 19.

*tiquement parlant*, the tree can be judged by its fruit, let us see for a moment in the great contest which Henri IV. had to maintain, who were the *dramatis personæ* on the side of the League. We have, first, the Duke de Mayenne, guilty of two murders, polluted by vices which would have almost disgusted a Nero or a Commodus; then appears the Duchess de Montpensier, "Messaline sanguinaire, qu'avait poussé le bras du régicide Jacques Clément;"\* Bussy Leclerc, who levied a kind of black-mail to the amount of 600,000 francs from the persons suspected of lacking zeal for the Union; Rose and Genebrard obtained the highest dignity in the church as the reward of their violent declamations against Henri IV.; to crown all, in short, the chiefs of the League in 1591, disgraced themselves irreparably by offering the crown of France to the King of Spain, in a letter which is a monument of cowardice and of infamy.

"Nous pouvons certainement assurer votre majesté catholique," said these traitors, "que les vœux et les souhaits de tous les Catholiques sont de voir votre majesté catholique tenir le sceptre de cette couronne, et régner sur nous, comme nous nous jettons très volontaires entre ses bras, comme nostre père, ou bien qu'elle y établisse quelqu'un de sa postérité.

"Que si elle veut nous en donner une autre qu'elle-mesme, il lui soit agréable qu'elle choisisse un gendre, lequel, avec toutes les meilleures affections, et toute la dévotion et obéissance qui peut apporter un bon et fidèle peuple, nous recevons pour roy."†

A declaration such as this was the most likely thing to injure the cause it had been designed to serve; and we are not astonished at finding that, instead of rallying round the banners of the League, the majority of the clergy, and, with a few exceptions, the whole body of the magistrates, took the oath of allegiance to Henri IV. Speaking of the League, at a later period, Bossuet, the great authority on the Gallican church,—he whom La Bruyère calls "le dernier père de l'église,"—exclaimed:

"Quod autem, tunc temporis conjurati, seu *Ligæ*, ut vocant, ad dicti, catholicæ religionis obtento studio, multa in regem moverent, cumque ut suspectum hæreticæ pravitatis apud vulgus traducerent, etc. . . . Non attendi debet quid illi senserint vel fecerint, qui Giusianos, si Deo placet, Capetis regibus, sanctique Ludovici posteris anteferrerent, Hispanicisque artibus, imò Hispanico auro corrupti, ad

\* Poirson, vol. 1. p. 8.

† Poirson, vol. i., p. 104, cf. Mémoires d'Estat de Villeroy, 12mo, tom. iii., pp. 17—29.

*hæc Ligæ furoribus dementati, Hispanos Lotharenosque se esse quam Francos malebant.*"\*

We must not be surprised, however, at finding Ultramontanists so thoroughly discarding the spirit of patriotism, holding so cheap the liberties of the country, its dignity, its happiness, its greatness. This is simply the natural consequence of their maxims, and a line of action according to which they have always moved. For the Jesuits there is neither France, nor England, nor Germany, nor Spain; there is nothing but Rome, and in Rome—nothing but the chair of Saint Peter, filled by the viceregent of Christ on earth. His authority is supreme; his claims take the precedence of everything else; and the great aim, the great object, of all true believers ought to be to build up here below a kind of theocracy of which the Pope shall be the visible head, with princes, kings, emperors, and generals acting merely as the ministers of his graces. Such was the theory of Genebrard. Count Joseph de Maistre's doctrines, fifty years ago, amounted to nothing else; and those amongst our readers who feel inclined to know what modern Ultramontanists think on the same topic, need only peruse father Ventura's work, or order from the circulating library the last number of the *Univers Religieux*. No: Rome has not changed, it cannot change: if M. Veuillot were permitted to follow his normal tendencies, he would be such another one as Bussy Leclerc,† and the whole band, of which he is the leader, has been both accurately and strongly described in the following passage:

"Vous seriez des bourreaux si vous n'étiez des cuistres."

The great charge alleged by the League and its adherents against Henri IV. being his position as a Protestant, it was quite evident that the civil war would have been indefinitely carried on, and the ranks of the royalist cause become gradually thinner and thinner, had not the king of Navarre made up his mind to embrace the Roman Catholic faith, and to remove from the loyal majority of his subjects all pretext of rebellion. On the 21st of July, 1593, the Gallician prelates, summoned by letters-patent of the king, met together at Saint Denis, amongst them were the Archbishop of Bourges, nine bishops, thirteen other clergymen, and the entire chapter

\* Poirson, vol. i. p. 8, cf. Bossuet, *Defensio declar. cleri Gallicani*, lib. iii. cap. 28.

† "Pour moi," says M. Veuillot, "ce que je regrette, c'est qu'on n'ait pas brûlé Jean Huss plus tôt, et qu'on n'ait pas également brûlé Luther; c'est qu'il ne se soit pas trouvé quelque prince assez pieux et assez politique pour mouvoir une croisade contre les Protestants."—*Pèlerinages de Suisse*.

of Saint Denis. These ecclesiastics decided that they had the right of absolving the king without the immediate intervention of the Pope, and that the king with respect to the Holy See was only bound to declare his submission and to ask for the ratification of his absolution. On the 25th the abjuration was pronounced, and the king received the absolution in the presence, not only of all his friends, but of an immense number of Parisians, who, in spite of the siege, had ventured as far as Saint Denis without any passports.

The consequences of this step were immense; all the most influential persons acknowledged the new king; several towns opened their gates to his troops in spite of the officers who commanded them; in other places the governors themselves exhorted and persuaded the people to surrender; Boisrosé and Balagny were the first military men who abandoned the party of the League; Villeroy, La Chartre and d'Estournel soon followed their example, and at last Paris rendered, by its submission, the triumph complete. In relating the incidents connected with the capitulation of that city, M. Poirson has noticed several mis-statements which had been too carelessly admitted by some historians, whilst others had designedly admitted them for the purpose of throwing odium upon the king. But Sismondi, and various modern writers whose opinions he endorses, assert that Paris was taken by main force, that the King of Navarre, armed cap-a-pie, and surrounded by a band of fierce soldiers, entered the city as he would have done a hostile town, firing upon the inhabitants, who either took to flight or were drowned in the Seine. The fact is, and this is sufficiently proved by the witness of contemporary memoirs, that twenty-five lansknachts alone, (twenty-five foreign soldiers,) were killed on the quai de l'Ecole in attempting to resist a division of French troops sent by the king to clear the road between the Tuileries and the Pont Saint Michel; beyond this no blood was shed, and the whole population greeted the small army of Henri IV. as liberators come to deliver them from the most galling of all oppressions, that of foreigners and of rebels stirring up the flames of anarchy, because they found their progress in the wretchedness of the kingdom.

"Après cette sortie d'étrangers," says Lestoile, quoted by M. Poirson, "furent faits feux de joie et grandes réjouissances par les rues de Paris, et en tous les quartiers de la ville, avec cris de *vive la Roy ! vivent la paix, et la liberté !* Tous les bons bourgeois, le moyen et le menu peuple étaient fors contents de se voir hors d'esclavage, et de la faction en gouvernement des Seize et ruines en

liberté dans leurs honneurs et biens, délivrés de la tyrannie des Espagnols et étrangers, estimée très dure et insupportable aux Français.”\*

As for the idea of Henri IV. having taken Paris by force, and met with resistance till the last moment, it is a gross absurdity, contradicted by the very facts, and which will not bear a moment's investigation. The entire army of the king did not amount to more than four thousand men; now the garrison of Paris was of the same number; and if we admit the version of a resistance on the part of the inhabitants, we must suppose that a population of two hundred thousand men, backed by the veterans of the Spanish army, could not succeed in keeping away a handful of soldiers. The inaccuracy of such an hypothesis need not be proved.

The capitulation of Paris was the decisive blow which led to the complete submission of the rest of the kingdom. “Le roy,” says an historian, “trouva au Louvre, dans un coffre, toutes les clefs des villes de son royaume;”† and yet the animosity of the Ultramontanist party had reached such a pitch, that in order to obtain the triumph of their principles, they did not hesitate to employ the assassin's weapon. Jean Chastel, a young man guilty of the blackest crimes, and several other desperadoes after him, endeavoured to take away the king's life: they had been made to believe that Henri IV. was a tyrant and an usurper, that under the rule of an heretic or a man stained with heresy, souls were swept away to eternal damnation; in short, that the *sacrifice* of so notorious a sinner was the best means by which any person concerned in the deed could obtain full absolution for his crimes, however numerous, however gross they might be. A political party, stooping to such machinations as these, is judged at once; and we may say that the verdict which history has to pronounce upon it will be one that no person with a spark of honesty would covet; yet, in the face of *ten* attempts made to murder him, letters were printed by Henri IV. to the Jesuits, authorizing their return to France, and allowing them, within certain limits, the liberty of teaching, with revenues amply sufficient to maintain their influence.

Sully's advice to Henry IV. on this occasion deserves peculiar notice, as embodying a kind of prophetic view of the consequences which were likely to result from the withdrawal of the laws formerly issued against the Jesuits:—

---

\* Poirson. i. 256.

† Lestoile, Régist. Journ.

"Pour la recorde de mes apprehensions," said the cautious statesman, "c'est que ces gens, lesquels, j'avoue être non seulement habiles, mais pleins de ruses et merveilleux artifices, étant une fois remis en pleine liberté sans aucunes limites ni restrictions, comme je vois beaucoup d'apparance qu'ils gagneront ce point-là, n'excitent des aigreurs, haines, et animosités entres vos sujets et serviteurs de différente religion, par le moyen de leurs familières conversations, propos déceptifs, prédications, confessions, et pénitences. . . . Je crains qu'ils ne vous jettent enfin dans une guerre civile en votre royaume contre ceux de la religion, comme le plus excellent moyen voire quasi l'unique et l'infailible, pour effaiblir vous et votre état. Pour la troisième appréhension, qu'ils ne gagnent tellement votre oreille, voire peut-être même votre cœur, qu'ils n'empierent une puissance d'éloigner ou d'approcher de votre personne et de l'administration de nos affaires tous ceux que bon leur semblera."

This eloquent statement contains, as M. Poirson goes on to remark, an exact description of what took place during the last years of the reign of Louis XIV. A time came when all appointments, either civil or military, were made by the Jesuits. The revocation of the edict of Nantes, the *dragonnades*, and the famous lists of converts drawn up by Pelison, were the work of the Jesuits: the degradation of France in the eyes of Europe, the ruin of its commerce, manufactories, and financial prosperity, the deficit, the growing alienation of the people, and the concluding catastrophe of the revolution—all this originated with the press and the intrigues of the Jesuits. In vain Sully remonstrated, in vain the senior president of the Paris parliament, Achille de Harlay, took upon himself to caution the king against the projected repeal of the laws which banished a dangerous section of the Catholic Church. All this was of no avail, and the letters patent were registered in January 2, 1604.

It was high time that a strong hand should come and reduce the political chaos into something like order, healing the wounds made by the civil wars, and raising France from that extremity of ruin and of confusion into which a long succession of bad monarchs had allowed it to sink. What a gloomy description M. Poirson gives us of the state of the country at the time of the death of Henri III! Nine towns levelled with the ground; two hundred and fifty villages burnt; one hundred and twenty-eight thousand houses destroyed; the greater part of the churches plundered and demolished; the country districts ravaged by the soldiers of all factions; commerce interrupted; manufactures at a stand still; the public debt amounting to 245 millions of francs. The negotiations which Henri IV. was obliged to conclude

further increased the general misery, and it became necessary to lay additional burdens upon the bulk of the population, in order to raise the 18,000,000 livres required for the purpose of securing the services, or at least the good will, of unprincipled but influential hirelings both in the camp and in the cabinet.\* The correspondence of Henri IV., from which M. Poirson gives us numerous extracts, proves both the interest which the king took in the slightest trifles relating to the welfare of his army, and likewise the scandalous mismanagement of the persons to whom the care of the finances was then committed, since the king, with so many weighty matters claiming his attention, was compelled to waste his time in settling the pay of the troops, and in bargaining for supplies of corn and other provisions.

When Sully entered into the council of finances, two things had to be done. The first and most urgent one was the procuring three or four hundred thousand crowns, which were absolutely necessary to carry on the war against Spain; in the second place, the new minister had, of course, to become acquainted with all the details of his office; to see how the taxes had been raised, what they produced, what they could produce, &c. It will easily be supposed that in the course of this inquiry Sully had to battle against opposition on all sides, and it was with the greatest difficulty, and only by dint of the utmost energy, that he succeeded in his difficult task. Some idea may, perhaps, be formed of the malpractices which had gradually crept into the administration of the finances, when it is known that by the mere suppression of everything which had a suspicious or downright fraudulent character, Rosny got together 500,000 crowns; that is to say, 1,500,000 livres, which according to the present value of money, would be worth 5,490,000 francs (£219,600.)

We have been led to say a few words of Sully's financial reforms, and are thus naturally brought to the second division of M. Poirson's book, which contains the account of the internal administrations of France during the reign of Henri IV., with the progress of commerce, industry, literature, science, &c. All this portion of the work is, like the first, highly interesting, because the details given by the author are as explicit as possible, and often based upon the evidence of documents which had previously escaped the attention of historians with respect to government in general. It is now an acknowledged truth, to begin with, that the

---

\* Poirson I. 292, 293.

monarchy under Henri IV. has no resemblance to the absolutism which was established by Richelieu, and consolidated under Louis XIV. At first sight it might appear that our assertion is contradicted by the facts, for the executive power was notoriously in the hands of the king; he fixed every year the amount of taxation, and even settled by edicts and decrees questions of general utility, as they presented themselves. But all this was only theoretically true: occasions continually arose when the nation had to be consulted on financial difficulties and on disagreements occurring between the several orders of the state. Then the reforms, the required measures, were immediately voted by the deliberating assemblies convened for the purpose, and the king had only the task of providing for the carrying out of the measures determined upon.

Besides these extraordinary cases, the various provincial parliaments preserved through all circumstances the right of checking in various manners the authority of royalty; they might petition, refuse to register obnoxious edicts, and even authorise their non-execution. Thus, in consequence of the remonstrances of the Paris parliament, several important clauses were introduced into the edict of Nantes; thus also when the king was on the point of waging war against both branches of the house of Austria, he proposed to the council of state a certain number of fiscal laws most mighty in their character, and which were designed, had they been passed, to replenish the treasury at a critical moment. The complaints of the merchants, the objections of Marshal d'Omano, however, could not be overruled, and the parliament refused so positively to register the obnoxious edicts that Henri was obliged to give up his original intentions.

The next important question which M. Poirson discusses is the financial one. The reader has already seen the difficulties Sully had in reforming that branch of the administration, and in placing it upon a proper footing; but to study thoroughly this part of the subject, it is absolutely necessary that we should examine the very full and interesting particulars given in the book we are now reviewing. M. Poirson ascribes to eight different causes the bad situation of the finances when Henri IV. ascended the throne. The absolute dishonesty of the persons who farmed the public revenues, the want of method in the keeping of the registers, and the absence of proper supervision, were enough to create the greatest confusion, without taking into consideration the expenses necessitated to carry on the war, and the total ab-



sence of principle in which these wars had issued. In the year 1598, the whole of the public debt amounted to something quite out of proportion with the extent of the kingdom, its resources, and its population. The following is a short statement of the various items of that debt:—

Livres.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |             |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. The debts contracted by Henri III. and left unpaid by him, a large but unknown sum.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |             |
| 2. The debts incurred by Henri IV. up to the period of the peace of Verrins, consisting of engagements made with foreign powers, such as the queen of England, the Swiss, the princes of Germany, and his own subjects who had assisted him in prosecuting the war against the League, including more than thirty-two millions of francs spent in indemnifications to the chiefs of the League. . . . . | 157,602,250 |
| 3. The alienation of state property, the annuities assigned upon various branches of the public revenues formed another debt, the capital of which amounted to . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 150,000,000 |
| 4. There was still owing besides, a sum of 41,000,000 of livres for 3,400,00 livres annuities, created on the treasury of the city of Paris, in the time of Francis I., Henry II., and his three sons . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                         | 41,000,000  |

Total . . . 348,602,250

or, taking the present value of money, about 1,254,000,000 francs.

To cover this enormous expense, it had been calculated that the various branches of the public exchequer would yield an annual sum of 30,000,000. This was a gross error. The financial statement drawn up for the year 1597 gave only a sum of 23,000,000; and as on this sum it was necessary, at the very first onset, to deduct 16,000,000 for the service of the state, paying off the interest of the debt, &c., it appears that 7,000,000 alone remained wherewith to be expended upon the army, artillery, fortifications, embassies, and the king's private purse. Such was the condition of the kingdom; and it was obviously incumbent upon us to explain it thus much in order that the reader might appreciate the full extent of Sully's reforms, and the obstacles he had to remove before realizing them. The results of these reforms are stated by M. Poirson in the following manner:—

“L'on voit que Sully, avec le concours de l'autorité d'Henri, avait restitué à l'état la propriété et la libre disposition d'une foule d'impôts aliénés aux étrangers et aux nationaux, qu'il avait rendu à ces impôts leur valeur et enrichi le trésor public de leur différence; qu'il avait créé au trésor d'autres ressources en l'exonérant d'une partie des rentes qu'il payait, et en lui rendant le produit d'une portion considérable du domaine dégagé; qu'il avait donné au peuple le moyen de supporter les charges publiques en la délivrant les contributions levées par les gouverneurs, et en ne laissant subsister que l'impôt royal; qu'il avait dressé un budget annuel régulier, mis le budget en équitable et empêché ainsi les empiètements d'une année sur une autre, les confusions, les désordres; qu'il avait établi une comptabilité régulière, et coupé court aux vols des comptables eux-mêmes, et à ceux des grands seigneurs imposant leur volonté d'une manière souveraine aux officiers du roi.”\*

Such a thorough system of purification, carried on with energy, speedily produced the happiest consequences. Sully's memoirs, quoted by M. Poirson, are conclusive on this point, and show the gradual improvement which took place:—

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | Livres.   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. After the withdrawal (1597) of part of the taxes farmed by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and in consequence of the improvements introduced in the salt and other taxes, the public revenue was yearly increased by . . . . . | 2,000,000 |
| 2. In 1598, after the withdrawal of a further portion of the taxes paid previously, either to foreign princes or to French subjects, another increase took place, to the yearly amount of . . .                              | 1,800,000 |
| 3. In 1605, the reforms which occurred in the assessment and collection of occasional taxes, increase . . . . .                                                                                                              | 3,000,000 |
| 4. Between 1597 and 1609, the increase of insurance duty on various sorts of goods, especially wines, the produce of the royal domains, &c., brought in an average annual increase of .                                      | 1,462,000 |
| Total . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 8,262,000 |

So notable a result in the short space of twelve years surely deserves to be noticed.

M. Poirson has on the question of the edict of Nantes a chapter which cannot be omitted in this very imperfect review. With respect to the abjuration of Henri IV., opinions

---

\* Poirson I., p. 470.

are still, and must necessarily be always, very various. It seems beyond a doubt now that the famous sentence, "*Paris vaut bien une messe*," attributed to the king, has no authority whatever; at the same time it is most natural for Protestants to feel a sort of pang in seeing Henri IV. give up the faith of the gospel—the religion for which he had fought and suffered so much. To tell the plain truth, his conversion was nothing but a farce from beginning to end, and the most extraordinary, though at the same time the most deplorable part in it was, that which Sully himself consented to play. It only shows how thoroughly tired everybody was of the civil wars, and how eagerly people caught at the event which seemed most likely to put an end to the sufferings by which the kingdom was visited. Considered in itself, the abjuration of Henri IV. was a lamentable piece of hypocrisy on all sides; but we believe that had it not taken place, the king of Navarre could never have ascended the throne of France.

The edict of Nantes was a noble declaration, a guarantee for religious liberty, and a monument raised to the rights of conscience. We acknowledge, however, with M. Poirson that it embodied a dangerous error, viz., that of recognising the Protestants as a political body *imperium in imperio*. By doing so, the king actually laid open before any ambitious military leader the temptation of making himself the independent chief of a party which had fortresses, places of safety, magistrates, a budget, &c., of its own; whilst, on the other hand, the terms of the edict created amongst the Catholics a perpetual feeling of distrust and irritation. Subsequent events amply proved this, and the policy adopted by Cardinal Richelieu consisted in destroying completely the political status of the Protestants, whilst respecting their religious feeling, and the rights guaranteed to them by the edict of Nantes.

If the financial interests of the country had suffered deeply during the civil wars, it will not be deemed astonishing that manufactures, trade, and industry were affected in the same proportion. Henri IV.'s declaration of March 16, 1595, contains some passages which we reproduce, as strikingly setting forth this part of our subject.

"Nous voyons," says the king, "nos sujets traduits et proches de tomber en une imminente ruine pour la cessation du labour, presque générale en toute nostre royaume . . . . Les vexations ont été en butte les laboureurs, leur ont fait quitter et abandonner non seulement leur labour et vacation ordinaire, mais aussi leurs

maisons ; se trouvant maintenant les fermes censes, et quasi tous les villages inhabitez et déserts."\*

The wisest and strongest measures were immediately introduced by Henri IV. to correct these evils and to bring back to a normal condition one of the chief sources of the prosperity of any country. A series of laws and edicts,† concerted between Henri and his ministers, rendered these measures efficacious ; and amongst the remarkable sayings which history has preserved from the great king is the following one, which he uttered when he learned in 1610 that some companies of soldiers, belonging to the army sent against Cleves and Julius, had plundered on their way the peasants of Champagne :—"Quoi ! si l'on ruine mon peuple qui me nourrira, qui soutiendra les charges de l'état, qui payera vos pensions, messieurs ? Vive Dieu ! s'en prendre à ma peuple, c'est s'en prendre à moi !"‡

With the reform of agriculture, and the ameliorations introduced in the position of the labouring classes, is connected the name of a Protestant, Olivier de Serres. This illustrious man had managed to live apart from the din and agitation of civil feuds, and had spent a useful life in the study of farming, rural economy, and agriculture in all its branches. His knowledge was not exclusively, nor even mainly, derived from books. Experience had been the school at which he had studied, and when, in 1599, at the age of sixty, he was summoned to court by King Henri IV., formerly his fellow-protestant, he came enriched with a store of observations which he was only too glad to communicate for the benefit of the fatherland. Olivier de Serre's *Théâtre d'Agriculture*, divided in eight books, was published by order of the king, and its success was such that in the course of ten years it reached its tenth edition. We have it on the authority of Scaliger, that during three or four months Henry always devoted regularly half-an-hour a-day to the study of Olivier de Serre's agricultural treatise.§ It seems absurd that in such matters fashion should have some authority as well as when the most frivolous usages are concerned ; but if the desired effect is pro-

\* Poirson, l. 2, 1.. cf. Fontanon, l. 1, p. 1191.

† Bearing dates 16th March, 1595—24th March, 1597—4th August, 1598.

‡ Matthieu et Téréfixe, recueil de quelques actions et paroles mémorables du roi Henri le grand, pp. 423, 424.

§ L'Agriculture d'Olivier de Serres est très belle ; elle est dédiée au roi, lequel, trois ou quatre mois devant, se la faisait apporter après diner, après qu'on la lui eut présentée : il est fort impatient, et si, il lisoit une demi-heure.—*Scaligerana*, p. 321.

duced, it is comparatively of little importance that it should be brought about through the influence of fashion. At all events, when it became known that the monarch was deeply intent upon agriculture, every body followed his example, and the *Théâtre d'Agriculture* became more popular still.

Bernard Palissy and Olivier de Serres—two illustrious names in the history of France and of European civilisation—from the ranks of the despised Huguenots came forward the artist who through dint of perseverance and ingenuity found out the method of enamelling pottery and giving to it the finish and elegance we all admire; from the ranks of the Huguenots came the father of French husbandry, the thoughtful and ingenious observer, whose work is still considered as the best and most complete that has been written on the science of farming.\*

Another very essential thing to be remembered amongst the improvements introduced by Henri IV. is the liberty he granted for the exportation of corn and agricultural produce in general. This liberty was the rule during his reign, and if he suspended it at the time of his wars against Philip II., such a measure was only temporary in its nature, and occasioned by the fear lest the despot of Spain should lay out all his resources upon the purchase of French corn and the starvation of the kingdom. The restrictive decree of March 12, 1595, by its very terms, proves that liberty of commerce, the free exportation of corn, was the normal system countenanced by Henri IV.

“L'expérience,” says the king, “ nous enseigne que la liberté du trafic, que les peuples et sujets des royaumes font avec leurs voisins et estrangers, est un des principaux moyens de les rendre aisez, riches, et opulents. En certe considération, nous ne voulons empêché que chascun fasse son profit de ce qu'il a, par le moyen et bénéfice du commerce.

“Les habitans de ce royaume n'ont besoin pour leurs vivres et autres choses requises à l'usage commun, d'aller emprunter le secours du voisin, lequel, de son costé, est tous les jours contrainet d'en venir chercher en nos terres.

“Considérans que si, sous prétexte de la liberté du traffic, nous permettions, les continuations des traittes et transports de bleds et autres grains et légumes, comme nous avons faict par le passé,” &c.†

Therefore, liberty of commerce had been granted, was granted still, in the usual way, and the restrictions imposed

---

\* Cf. the authorities quoted by M. Poirson, ii. 9, in note.

† Poirson, vol. ii. p. 13.

by the decree just quoted could only be regarded as transitory measures, required by exceptional circumstances.

M. Poirson has very carefully traced the vicissitudes of free trade in France, after the legislation for which the country was indebted to Henri IV. Between 1601 and 1661 the price of corn gradually increased, until it reached nearly the double of what it fetched in 1598. This result gave so great an impulse to agriculture that the restrictive edicts, introduced by Colbert, under the reign of Louis XIV., were not at first very extensively felt; but between 1675 and 1685 the price of agricultural produce sank. The farmers, discouraged, no longer applied that industry to the culture of the soil; and things at last got to so low a pitch that a Scotch trader, Patullo, visiting France about the year 1758, and enquiring into the state of the country, decided that agriculture, in the times of Olivier de Serres and of the *Théâtre d'Agriculture*, was far superior to what it was during the sway of Louis XV.

It is out of the question for us to go through all the particulars which M. Poirson gives respecting the progress of French manufactures towards the end of the sixteenth century. Silk, cloth, crystal, carpets,—all these subjects are thoroughly discussed by the author, and elucidated with the help of original documents of the highest importance.

The question of canals is one, however, which must claim our attention for a few minutes, both on account of its great interest, and also because, in examining it, M. Poirson has been enabled to bring to light some curious facts which had escaped the attention of historians, and the appreciation of scientific men. It had formerly been thought that the improved system of canals, known by the name of canals *à point de portage*, was of modern origin; and no one had had the idea of enquiring how far this supposition was correct, or whether it was correct at all. From the evidence collected by M. Poirson, it now appears evident that the plan adopted in the sixteenth century, by the engineer Crappone, and after him by Pierre Reneau, for the construction of the Languedoc Canal, was precisely that of the canals *à point de portage*; and so the most useful improvements which the science of hydraulics has received in modern times may be traced as far back as the reign of Henri IV.

“C'est un ouvrage,” says an old French review, “à venir voir du bonte du monde. . . . De faire monter des barques comme on avoit fait depuis quelques années, et peut-être même un jour des galères par-dessus les montagnes, il faut avouer que cela a quelque

chose d'extraordinairement grand, et je ne sçai en quelle partie du monde on a jamais vu rien d'approchant."\*

But we must come now to particulars referring more to the intellectual history of the nation, and see what the first Bourbon king did for education, science, and literature. Anarchy is not a very favourable condition for liberal studies, and, amidst the turmoil of arms, the Muses cannot properly hold their court. "At the accession of Henri IV. the university was changed into a wilderness, or served as a retreat for people from the country. The school-rooms in the colleges were tenanted by cows and calves."† Instead of delivering their lectures, the professors had to mount guard, and to do duty with the soldiers. The reform of abuses, the establishment of new lectureships, the improvement in the financial state of the whole university,—such were a few of the points which drew the attention of the King, and which were considered in the new statutes. To begin with, the abominable doctrines taught by the Ultramontanists completely disappeared, and the great fundamental articles of the Gallican Church, such as they had been explained by Peter and François Pithon, were proclaimed as the basis of all religious training.

"Antequam ad gradum aliquem admittantur, jurent *se Gallie legibus victuros*, regi Christianissimo et magistratibus morem gesturos, nihil contra rempublicam aut magistratum molituros. . . . Nihil a doctrinâ Christianâ alienum, nihil contra Patrum orthodoxorem decreta, nihil contra regis regnique Gallici jura et dignitatem disputatur aut proponatur : si secus fecerunt, et syndicus et præses et respondens extrâ ordinem puniantur."‡

Such were the doctrines of French catholicism ; and we have no hesitation in declaring, that to the Ultramontanist party they sounded a great deal worse than the theses of Luther, or the Christian Institutes of Calvin himself. Heretics are heretics, and must be consigned to their fate—the blackness of darkness for ever : but Catholics, men who profess the strongest respect to the Holy See, and acknowledge the Pope as the head of the Christian Church, how can it be endured that they should deny the right of the successor of St. Peter to meddle with things temporal ; of dethroning kings, relieving subjects from the oath they have taken to their temporal rulers ; framing laws and excommunicating

\* "Journ. des Savants," 7th June, 1688.

† Cf. Poirson, ii., 409.

‡ Statuta facultatis theologiæ.

when the civil magistrate alone has legally the right of punishing. If Henri IV. had remained a Protestant, the dregs of the League would have left to war the chance of destroying him; when they saw that his adoption of the Catholic faith had strengthened his cause, and gathered around him the whole of France, not being able to attack him openly, they took up the assassin's dagger and sent Ravallac to do the bloody work.

It is not here the place to discuss the merits and defects of Gallicanism as an ecclesiastical system. Suffice it to say that it contains the elements of Protestantism in so palpable a form that it is impossible to mistake them. The Gallican church has distinguished itself, in every age, by its opposition to pontifical usurpation and tyranny. With its members the doctrine of the separation of church and state has been a fundamental maxim; consequently the Pontiff's authority has never attained the same prevalence in France as in several other nations of Christendom; and his infallibility is one of those claims which the French school never acknowledged. Now, it strikes us, that the principle of infallibility once thrown overboard, everything else necessarily follows as a matter of course, and to stop half way is to give proof of gross inconsistency. In fact Gallicans, Jansenists, Oratorians, are all semi-Protestants, attached to the papal system by ties of the most slender description. It is well known that Cardinal Richelieu at one time thought of erecting France into a kind of patriarchate almost independent of the court of Rome; and Napoleon I. was quite true in asserting, that if he had thought fit to throw off the yoke of the Pope, France would have been unanimous in its sympathy for him.

Under a free government one of the first principles is that which proclaims the liberty of the press. Henri IV. encouraged it continually, and numerous acts prove how careful he was to preserve that great bulwark of national freedom. Pamphlets, tracts, lampoons, satires circulated without restriction. The comedians of the Hôtel de Bourgogne even went so far as to perform a farce in which the king was accused of miserly dispositions. The financiers were made to play in that comedy a character not very flattering for their dignity. They arrested the actors and sent them to prison. Henri, however, interfered; and deeming, very wisely, that what he had done for France would sufficiently refute any accusations of avarice, he ordered the immediate release of the culprits. One pamphleteer composed a tract in which he urged the king to assemble a new council;



another published, under the title *Description de l'Île des Hermaphrodites*, a violent satire, containing not only an attack upon the licentiousness of the boon companions of Henri III., but descriptions and portraits applicable to persons of the new court. At all events some lords felt offended at the publication of such a pamphlet, and resenting it as a personal injury, they ask the king's permission to prosecute the author. Henri wished to read the book, and while acknowledging that the satirist had sometimes overstepped the limits of moderation, he would not allow any legal measures to be taken, "faisant conscience," said he "de punir un honeste homme pour avoir dict la vérité.\*

The *Mercurie Francois*, after relating similar cases adds, "La liberté d'imprimer est très grande . . . c'est la mode en France : il faut qu'en chasque année il y ait quelque plume qui fasse quelque thèse nouvelle, afin d'amuser toutes les plumes pour y répondre, et le peuple s'en repaist, sans qu'il y en ait, davantage de bruit. Sa Majesté se soucivit peu de ces escrits : il soignait du tout au bien, et à l'embellissement de sa ville de Paris."†

This paragraph is not altogether true ; if the king took no notice of ridiculous or scurrilous accusations, he knew very well, on the other hand, how to avail himself of the good advice which some of these pamphlets contained ; and he never neglected the useful hints given by writers who had really at heart the good of the country, and the lasting glory of the king.

Louis XIV. has been much praised for the pensions he allowed to literary men ; but he rewarded only those who condescended to flatter him, and the slightest symptom of independence was visited most severely with exile, fines, incarceration, and other punishment. Bussy-Rabutin deserved, no doubt, to be banished for his scurrility ; but let the reader only remember how were treated Fénelon, Saint Evremont, and even Racine. On the contrary, *all literary men* had their share, *without any distinction*, in the liberalities of Henri IV. The great work of Thuanus was published under his auspices. He appointed to a seat in the council of state the mathematician, Viète ; and he gave to another *savant*, Aléaume, professor at the college de France, apartments in the Louvre.

The old poet, Régnier, introduces his satires with the following address to Henri IV.—

---

\* Cf. Poirson ii. 446.

† Merc. Franc. an. 1607. fo. 227.

“ Puissant roy des François, astre vivant de Mars,  
 Dont le juste labeur, surmontant les hazards,  
 Fait voir par sa vertu que la grandeur de France  
 Ne pouvoit succomber souz une autre vaillance ;  
 Vray fils de la valeur de tes pères, qui sont  
 Ombragez des lauriers qui couronnent leur front,  
 Et qui, depuis mille ans, etc. etc.

Jamais autre que toy n'eut avecque prudence,  
 Vaincu de ton sujet l'ingrate outre guidance.

Puisse-tu, comme Auguste, admirable en tes faits,  
 Rouler tes jours heureux en une heureuse paix ;  
 Ores que la justice icy bas descenduë,  
 Aux petits comme aux grands par tes mains est renduë,  
 Que, sans peur du larron, trafique la marchand ;  
 Que l'innocent ne tombe aux agents du meschant ;  
 Et que de ta couronne, en palmes si fertile,  
 Le miel abondamment et la manne distille,  
 Comme des chênes vieux aux jours du siècle d'or,  
 Qui renaissant sous toy reverdissent encore.”\*

As a parallel with this noble passage, let the reader now turn to Boileau, the great poet of Versailles, the Homer of Louis XIV., the songster of despotism. We indeed find in his epistles and satires, the “Grand Roi,” the “Astre vivant de Mars;” but there is nothing about the arts of peace, nothing about prosperity, civilization, or true greatness. In fact, the monarch who ordered the devastation of the Palatinate, the *dragonnades*, and the destruction of Pont Royal, could not be sung in the same strains as Henri IV.

The state of the intellectual movement in France now suggests itself as the next topic for inquiry ; and we must give from M. Poirson's book, at least a sketch of what we consider with him one of the happiest epochs in the history of French literature. The Renaissance impulse, which occurred in all its brilliancy during the period immediately preceding had had a favourable result, in so far that it directed the general attention to the stores of eloquence and of poetry supplied by the Greek and Latin writers. The roughness of mediæval writing was softened down, its pith and its point rendered more polished, the metre, and the outward garb of the ideas, reduced to certain rules derived from the study of classical antiquity. Ronsard was the great chief of that

---

\* Œuvres complètes de Mathurin Régnier, édit Jannet, pp. 3, 4. See also the first epistle of the same author.

school, and it would be absurd to deny that by his reforms he rendered decided service to the cause of literature and of taste. The vocabulary of the language is another branch which is much indebted to the poets of the Pleiad, as the new school was called; and a mere glance at the list of fresh words introduced by them is sufficient to show the importance of their teaching; but abuse follows very easily when reformers, either in literature or in politics, rush into unexplored roads, and Ronsard himself affords us glaring examples of this truth. Not content with happy innovations, he had the ambition of applying uniformly and absolutely to the French language all the rules which govern Greek, and he would have deprived it of its genuine character, had not common sense resisted these attempts and triumphed over the genius of *le gentilhomme Vendomois*.

Du Bartas was a disciple of Ronsard, and in his works he has exaggerated all the defects of his master. It is he who describes war as—

“ . . . . . casse-lois, casse-mœurs,  
Rase-fort, verse-sang, brûle-autels, aime-pleurs;”

who, speaking of the lark, says:—

“ La gentille alouette avec son tire-lire,  
Tire-lire a lîré, et tire lîran lîre,  
Vers la voûte du ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu,  
Vire et désire dire adieu, Dieu! adieu, Dieu!”

and yet his poem on Creation\* went through thirty editions in the course of five or six years;† it was translated into all the languages of Europe, and obtained a success which, perhaps, has never been surpassed by any similar production. But it is true that the defects of Du Bartas are amply re-deemed by his merits. If his style is sometimes turgid, and his expressions too artificial, his conceptions are bold, and he has the great merit of having taught French poetry to celebrate sacred subjects in a manner worthy of them. M. Poirson passes upon him the following judgment:—

“ Il est le premier des auteurs Français, depuis la Renaissance, qui ait imprimé le caractère religieux aux choses de l'esprit. Il epura et éleva notre littérature en la conduisant dans les hautes régions de la religion, de la morale, du spiritualisme, où les sentiments et les idées de l'homme, trouvent de nouveaux principes de force et de grandeur, et où la plupart des œuvres capitales du dix-

---

\* La première Symaine; ou création du monde, par Guillaume de Saluste, seigneur du Bartas.

† Cf. Lacroix du Maine, bibl. Française.

septième siècle furent conques plus tard. Son argument, tiré des merveilles de la nature, pour établir l'existence de Dieu, et le devoir imposé à la créature de l'honorer et de le servir, a été souvent employé après lui jusqu'à Fénélon : l'idée dominante de sa seconde semaine se reproduit dans le discours sur l'histoire universelle de Bossuet ; Polyucte, Esther, Athalie, les odes sacrées de Rousseau, sont écrits sous l'inspiration à laquelle Du Bartas obéit, dans l'esprit qu'il anima et qu'il répandit." \*

Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, a Protestant like Du Bartas, is far greater, we think, as a poet. M. Poirson's excellent sketch of that wonderful composition, *les Tragiques*,† leaves nothing for us to add ; and we subscribe entirely to all the opinions passed by the learned historian. As a satirical writer, as a moralist, and as a descriptive poet, d'Aubigné is equally remarkable ; he lashes without mercy the vices of that abominable court of Henry III, when

"Le méchant rit plus tant que le bon n'y soupire ;"

he describes, in picturesque language, the horrors of civil war,—

"..... Les pitoïables mères,  
Pressant à l'estomac leurs enfans esperdus,  
Quand les tambours Français sont de loin entendus."

He gives us the characters of Catherine de Medici, Henry III, and Charles IX, engraved, so to say, with the avenging sword of justice, and describes the state of political parties with force and dreadful accuracy. The poem of d'Aubigné, when it appeared, attracted at once the notice of all classes of readers ; and the episodes it contains did much to open people's eyes on the remedies of civil disturbances, and the policy of rallying round Henry of Navarre. The king himself perused the book several times, with great care, and took the author's part against some persons who, in order to satisfy their own private animosity, wanted to prove that he preferred the aristocratic to the monarchical form of government.‡ The influence of d'Aubigné was immense on the authors of his own time, and even in the compositions of subsequent poets, is quite evident ; not only Malesherbe, but Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, borrowed largely from the *Tragiques*.

Besides his poem, we are indebted to d'Aubigné for various works of equal merit, but belonging to other branches of

\* Poirson, ii. p. 607.

† Cf. the edition of the poem, lately published by M. Ludovic Lalunne in M. Jannett's "*Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*."

‡ Cf. Epître au lecteur, preceding the *Tragiques*.

literature. His memoirs, too frequently penned under the impressions of partiality and of prejudice, are, perhaps, not generally to be trusted; but his *Aventures du Baron de Fœneste* is one of the most curious and at the same time the most amusing specimens of the satirical compositions of the day. How often, whilst visiting Henry IV, and walking through the long galleries of the Louvre, d'Aubigné must have met those needy adventurers, the living monuments of political disquietude, who, after selling to the highest bidder their sword and their wits, turned into *chevaliers d'industrie* since the peace, sought at court the means of replenishing their exchequer, and cutting a figure in the world, just as Boileau could judge that a man was a poet, by

“Son maintien jaloux et sa mine discrète;”

so the threadbare cloak, the tarnished feather, the long rapier, and the sun-burnt countenance indented with deep scars, pointed out with sufficient emphasis one of the *enfants perdus* of Moncontour, or of Coutras, a soldier of fortune, whose appropriate place was on the field of battle, not amongst the lace, the velvet, and silks of the palace. Those prototypes of the Baron de Fœneste filled all the avenues; chewing a tooth-pick, to make passers-by believe that they had dined; displaying around their neck a piece of lace, whilst oftentimes they had not even a shirt to put on. *Φαίνεσθαι*, to appear, to seem, to pretend, in opposition with *Εἶναι*, the substance, the reality. Fœneste is the true precursor of Mascarille and of Le Sage's valets; he is amusing, but, at the same time, the narrative of his shifts and contrivances leaves an impression of melancholy, because we feel that under the reign of Henry IV, the riches of the state was becoming a prey to such a host of penniless and graceless intriguers.

Time will not allow us to go on any further with our literary *coup d'œil*; not only can we not examine minutely Agrippa d'Aubigné's notes, but Malesherbe, Hardy, the Memoirs of Sully, Duplessis Mornay, the History of De Trou, and many more monuments of genius and of learning, must remain unnoticed. Referring our readers to M. Poirson's volume, we shall conclude this part of our article with a short account of the satire *Ménippée*, a book more valuable almost in a political than in an artistic sense,—a book which was of the greatest service in advancing the claims of Henry IV. to the throne, and in holding up to public detestation the crimes of the League, its treachery, and its unpatriotic spirit.

The satire *Ménippée* is not the work of a single author;

we may say that in it the whole kingdom, all the orders of the state, expressed their feelings, spoke out, and hoisted the banner of true patriotism. Leaving to the parliament the care of meeting with its decrees the efforts of the common enemies, and to the king that of opposing them by his arms and by his politics, they undertook the task of disseminating and spreading abroad, in a popular form, those instructive truths which had till then been confined to the comparatively small circle of savants and literary men. They proposed to themselves the mission of bringing the power of ridicule to bear upon the states-general of Paris, the Duke de Mayenne, the Spaniards, and all the chiefs of the League: their aim was to rouse public opinion against the designs of those who had called in foreign troops to enslave their country; they wanted, in the first place, to prevent the election of a king from the party of the League; secondly, to convert the French Leaguers, the most reasonable members of the opposition, and to point out to them the duty of putting an end to the civil war.

In the first part of the *Satire Ménippée*, is a sort of ironical pamphlet, denouncing in a lively and amusing form, the hypocrisy of such as impose upon the credulity of the people through the means of a religion which they have themselves devised, and which is as different from true Christianity as light is from darkness. The *catholicism*, or universal remedy, suggested by these sophists is nothing but a mere nostrum introduced by them to serve their own private designs. "Le charlatan Espagnol," says the pamphlet, "ayant appris que le catholicon *simple de Rome*, n'avoit d'autres effets que d'édifier les âmes et causer salut et béatitude en l'autre monde seulement, se faschant d'un si long terme, s'estoit advisé de sophistiquer ce catholicon."

The second part of the *Satire Ménippée* is, however, the most important. It is full of common sense, of wit, of talent, and was written jointly by authors thoroughly experienced in the management of public affairs. Passerat and Florent Chrétien were in constant intercourse both with the leading representatives of the *bourgeoisie*, and with those noblemen who had been called to the councils of the crown; Rapin was grand provost of the *connétable* of France; Gillot had a seat in the Parliament as councillor; Pierre Pithou, one of the most erudite legists of his day, had acquired such reputation as a politician that the cabinet ministers never undertook any business of importance without his advice. Such were the five responsible originators of the satire: putting together their learning, their indignation, and their eloquence, they composed the second and most remarkable part of the

pamphlet. It was, as we have said, a work of extraordinary merit even in a literary point of view, but as a political manifesto its effects was still more striking. Like the Philippics of Demosthenes, but with greater effect, it appealed to the noblest sentiments of a nation, and that appeal was readily responded to.

The third part of the reign of Henri IV. includes the latter years of his reign, and is more especially connected with his great plan for bringing down the pride and power of the house of Austria. Charles V. and Philip II. had always been actuated, in their political conduct, by one main idea to which all their other designs were subordinate. The establishment of Roman Catholic unity, and the complete extermination of all the communities dissenting from the old faith—such was their gigantic, their sombre and gloomy design. The treaty of Vervins was not, on the part of the emperor, a giving up of these views; it was merely a truce, an interval of repose, a suspension of hostilities with France, necessitated by the depression to which Spain had been reduced. The representative of catholicism would, in the meanwhile, recruit his strength, and finally strike a more effective blow. Philip III. adopting fully all the plans of both his grandfather and his father, never lost an opportunity of manifesting his true feeling against the French government; Count de Fuentes, the Spanish governor at Milan, supplied openly the Duke of Savoy with money and troops; Larochepot, Henry's ambassador at Madrid, was more than once shamefully insulted. Writing to Sully, the King of France said at last—

“ Je vois bien que ces gens là ne me laisseront jamais en repos tant qu'ils auront moyen de me troubler; que les diverses jalousies de gloire et d'honneur, que les intérêts d'état sont trop difficiles à faire compâter entre les deux couronnes, et qu'il faut prendre d'autres fondemens qu'une simple confiance en la foi et parole donnée pour substituer avec sûreté. Ils me contraindront à des choses où je n'avais point eu dessein.”\*

Three years after his accession to the throne the King of Spain, Philip III., had not yet performed the solemn engagements entered upon by his father; and in a feeling of rightful indignation Henri IV thus expressed himself to constable Lesdiguières:—

“ Le roi d'Espagne n'a encore juré la paix de Vervins, et son Adelantado a si mal traité ses marchands, qui estoient allés trafiquer dans ses pays, qu'ils en sont détruits entièrement; dont je suis las de

---

\* Sully, quoted by M. Poirson, ii. p. 842.

demander raison par nos voies ordinaires, comme j'ay fait depuis deux ans inutilement, cognoissant qu'ils abusent de ma patience, de sorte que j'ay advisé de m'en revancher par les moyens qui me sont permis par nos traictez, encore que je ne sois tenu de les observer, estant violez par luy et ses ministres comme ils sont journellement."\*

That he might counteract all this, and find himself in a situation to punish signally the treachery of the king of Spain, Henri IV. began by rescinding his diplomatic intercourse with his neighbours. Jeannin Valleroy, de Fresne-Canaye, and a number of other clever negociators, were employed by him in England, in Italy, in Holland, even amongst the disaffected Moors. Historians have said much about a great design formed by the king of France, a design which was on the point of being carried into execution when the crime of Ravallac changed the face of affairs. Many unfounded suppositions have been connected with that mysterious project : according to M. Poirson, it consisted principally in a coalition which was to be organised for the purpose of effectually breaking up the power of the house of Austria. Together with that leading idea, some views of a Christian republic, of a regulation to ensure perpetual peace, may have been, and indeed were, exchanged between Henri IV. and his minister Sully ; but, as M. Poirson remarks, " ils ne furent l'objet que d'entretiens et d'écrits ; jamais de résolutions et de démarches politiques."

We subjoin a tabular view of the forces which were being gathered together by the activity of Henri IV. towards the accomplishment of his political undertaking.—

|                            |                                                                                                                                        | Men.   | Pieces of<br>cannon. |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|----------------------|
| Forces to act<br>in Italy. | { A French army commanded by<br>Lesdiguières .....                                                                                     | 14,000 | 10                   |
|                            | { A second army, raised by the Pope,<br>paid by France .....                                                                           | 11,500 | 8                    |
|                            | { A third army, raised by the Vene-<br>tians, paid by France .....                                                                     | 14,000 | 10                   |
|                            | { A fourth army, commanded by the<br>Duke of Savoy, and paid by<br>France .....                                                        | 20,000 | 18                   |
| Forces to act<br>in Spain. | { An army, commanded by La Force,<br>to invade Spain on the side of St.<br>Sebastian.....                                              | 25,000 | 20                   |
|                            | { A second army, drawn from Lan-<br>guedoc and the neighbouring pro-<br>vinces, to attack Spain by Rous-<br>sillon and Perpignon ..... | 25,000 | 20                   |

\* Dispatch quoted by M. Poirson, *ubi supra*.



|                              | Men.                                                                                                                        | Pieces of<br>cannon. |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Forces to act<br>in Germany. | A French army, commanded by the king in person, and consisting of 25,000 Frenchmen, and 12,000 Swiss and Landsknechts ..... |                      |
|                              | 37,000                                                                                                                      | 30                   |
|                              | Three armies supplied by England, Sweden, and Denmark .....                                                                 |                      |
|                              | 29,500                                                                                                                      | 25                   |
|                              | An army raised by the German princes belonging to the Evangelical Union .....                                               |                      |
|                              | 35,000                                                                                                                      | 40                   |
|                              | An army raised by Holland and the other United Provinces .....                                                              |                      |
|                              | 14,000                                                                                                                      | 10                   |
|                              | An army raised by the Protestants of Austria, Bohemia and Hungary .....                                                     |                      |
|                              | 14,000                                                                                                                      | 10                   |
| Total... ..                  |                                                                                                                             | 238,000 201          |

The financial resources provided by the king of France were quite on a level with this powerful armament, and everything had been provided for the striking of a blow which was, in all probability, to affect materially the political condition of the whole of Europe; when, on May 14, 1610, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the dagger of an assassin came suddenly to put an end to all those plans.

M. Poirson has examined with his usual care and impartiality all the circumstances relating to Ravallac's atrocious crime, and the following is his verdict:—

“Ainsi, dans notre opinion, Ravallac est le seul auteur du meurtre du roi; il a seul congu le forfait qu'il exécuta. Il appartient à cette race d'hommes d'un esprit à la fois étroit et passionnée, d'une raison malade, d'une âme atroce, chez lesquels la religion, la philosophie, la liberté deviennent un poison, et le principes de crimes capables de ruiner l'état et les lois, de deshonorer leur pays et leur siècle.”\*

But whilst leaving to Ravallac alone the responsibility of the immediate act, is it possible for us to shut our eyes to the fact that the Jesuits, the Ultra-Catholics, were still, in spite of the king's condescension towards them, preaching treason from the pulpit, and stirring up everywhere the flames of rebellion? M. Poirson himself says:—

“Le traité de ligne défensive conclu par Henri avec la Hollande était devenu l'occasion déterminante de la trêve de douze ans, c'est à dire, de l'indépendance de fait de la nouvelle république. Ce grand service, rendu par lui à la Hollande Calviniste contre la Catholique Espagne, l'avait mis en mauvaise odeur auprès des Catholiques exagérées et des anciens ligueurs de France. Il avait dès lors été souvent attaqué dans des sermons séditieux; il avait de plus été accusé de complicité avec les Calvinistes Français dans une imaginaire et absurde conspiration de ces mêmes Calvinistes contre les

\* Poirson, vol. ii., p. 943.

Catholiques. On a peine à concevoir aujourd'hui que les zélés du temps vient parvenus à persuader à une portion considérable de la populace, 'que le roy n'avait pas voulu que la justice fust faite de l'entreprise complotée par les Huguenots de tuer tous les Catholiques le jour de Noël, 1609.' Cependant rien n'est plus exact, et c'est en outre sur ce bruit adopté par lui, que Ravaillac conçut la première idée de tuer le roi."†

Besides, we need only look at the bibliographical history of the times to see that in murdering Henri IV., Ravaillac was just reducing into practice the doctrines of popular casuists, and the maxims enforced by Jesuit divines, who, although writing out of France, managed to get their abominable works circulated amongst the populace of that country. The *Summa Theologiæ* of Becanus, Emmanuel Soa's *Aphorismi Confessariorum*, and Mariana's *De Rege et Regis Institutione* were, for a certain class of people, favourite helps to devotion, and guides for the conduct of Christians in everyday life. Now, if we turn to the writings of those authors, we find the theory of political assassination promulgated in all its extent with a *naïveté* which is perfectly astonishing. Mariana calls the murder of Henri III. by Jacques Clément, "*facinus memorabile, nobile, insigne*;" the murderer is "*æternum Gallicæ decus*;" and, agreeably with this example if circumstances should require it, the public voice of the people, or the advice of serious and erudite men is sufficient to justify the action of him who whets his dagger for the purpose of slaying a monarch. When such were the doctrines of a man trusted with the education of a young prince, when such were the moral lessons enforced *jussa superiorum*, by an ordained minister of the church of Christ, and repeated in all the books on casuistry published by the Jesuits, we cannot understand the blindness of those who maintain that the Jesuits were not responsible for the crime which has rendered Ravaillac's name so wretchedly immortal.

But we must bring this notice to a close. M. Poirson's "Histoire du Règne de Henri IV." is a monograph which will take its place amongst the noblest treasures of an age and of a country whose historical literature can boast of masterpieces of style and of conscientious erudition. In its accuracy, research, and impartiality, have combined with genuine patriotism to produce an excellent work; and the University of France may well be proud of a writer who, after devoting a long and useful work to the training of youth, spends his well-earned leisure in describing the blessings of a strong but *free* government.

---

\* Poirson, vol. ii., p. 936.

## Quarterly Report of Facts and Progress.

---

### THE CLOSING PARLIAMENTARY SESSION.

THESE sheets will scarcely have reached the hands of our readers ere the parliamentary session will have ended, and ministers and members be left free to the tranquil enjoyments of the recess. The departing session has effected some great changes. It has ejected Lord Palmerston and installed Lord Derby. It has refused to entertain the proposal for a revision of the Liturgy; but it has, with scarce any opposition, moved the Crown to abolish three out of the four State services hitherto included in the Prayer-Book. It has inflicted the *coup de grace* on the East India Company, and has constituted the vast Indian empire as immediate a possession of the British Crown as London or Liverpool. It has thus destroyed, amid universal acquiescence, a corporation three centuries old; and (to look nearer home) it has invested with large and unprecedented powers—perhaps as a matter of absolute necessity—a certain metropolitan “Board,” which has scarcely been in existence three years. It has abolished the property qualification for members of Parliament; and has provided for the admission to the Legislature of the Jew; but it has refused to abolish Church-rates. It has reduced the Income-tax, and staved off the amount due on account of the Russian war. Amid the task of legislation for a land groaning beneath the evils of a corrupt and worn-out civilisation in the East, it has founded a new colony in the extreme West, whose soil until now has been scarcely trodden by any but a half-savage race. A bare enumeration of the subjects which occupy his attention affords some idea of the responsibilities of a British legislator. Were these realised oftener than they are by the thousands of congregations that every Lord’s Day, during the Session, supplicate the divine blessing upon the deliberations of the “High Court of Parliament,” it would infuse into their supplications an earnestness from which the happiest results might be augured for the Church and the nation. We now proceed to examine, in detail, some of the more important facts which we have in these introductory sentences grouped together as the most noticeable results of the session.

## POSITION OF THE MINISTRY.—THE INDIA ACT.

PERHAPS the most remarkable feature, within the last few months of our parliamentary history, is the altered position of the government of Lord Derby at the present moment as compared with what it was immediately after his lordship took office in February last. The ministry, which, when it first assumed power, few believed would last for a month, may now be considered to have gained a permanent hold on the country ; and if it fall not to pieces from internal dissensions—of which there is no present appearance, though all the elements are there—it is safe for the next six or nine months. The weakness of their opponents may be taken as the measure of their own power—the decline of Lord Palmerston's influence, the most striking evidence of their own newly-acquired strength. Not much more than a year has elapsed since the country returned to Parliament a majority of nearly 100 members pledged to the support of the ex-Premier ; and so powerful was he that friends and foes alike recognized him as the English Dictator. Even at the beginning of the session just closing, his power and influence remained unbroken. One false step precipitated him from power, and with the loss of power the influence which rendered him supreme in the Lower House entirely disappeared. The majority that a few months ago rallied around him, has dwindled down to a mere following of a few attached friends, or to those connected with him by the memory of past official associations and the hopes of future. In a house sent expressly to support him, he cannot command a majority on a single question on which the present government put themselves at issue with him. This has been shown on many questions, but on none more conspicuously than on the India Bill. Every attempt that the late Prime Minister made to modify that measure and bring it into accordance with the bill he himself introduced on the same subject has failed. It was so with his endeavour to limit the number and the duration in office of the Council ; it was so with his effort to change the mode of their appointment from partial election to exclusive nomination. And yet his own measure, when he was in power, was supported by a large majority, and there was every indication, if he had remained in office, that it would ere this time have passed into a law. The mention of that measure in the House was lately received with shouts of laughter. To this has come the general greeting with which every appearance of the veteran statesman was hailed only a few months ago. So

evanescent has proved the popular breath which lately bore him to the topmost pinnacle of power! There is only one palliation to be urged for this state of things. The difference between the Indian measures of the late and the present government were not very marked, and they were sure to appear still less important in the eyes of members who do not profess to have much acquaintance with Indian affairs, or to be able to decide upon the merits of competing schemes for Indian government. In such a dilemma they chose the only course that was fairly open to them, of accepting that measure which was offered to them on the authority of a responsible government. In the jaded state of the House, no one could blame them for adopting this method of solving the difficulty; and Lord Palmerston showed less than his usual wisdom in not sufficiently recognizing the fact. He has paid the penalty of his want of tact; for his struggles to regain his influence have only served to show how much of it he has lost.

#### REMOVAL OF JEWISH DISABILITIES.

THE Jew question is settled in a way somewhat unprecedented. The Lords dismissed the subject from their House with permission for the Commons to admit a Jew to their assembly by resolution, if they choose to do so; but they accompanied that permission with a warning, couched in the most solemn terms, that such an admission would be an unchristian act. The Commons, guided in their conduct by Lord John Russell, have accepted the permission, while they reject the warning, and in no ambiguous terms intimate that they will be responsible for their own conduct. Whatever may be thought of the result as a practical settlement of this much-vexed question, we cannot say there is much cause for satisfaction in the mode by which that result has been attained. It is but a partial recognition of the principle after all; and we think there is much force in the argument used by Lord Redesdale, that by assenting to the measure, their Lordships were setting a precedent of allowing the House of Commons to alter the laws of England on its own authority, which may afterwards be used against the other two estates of the realm with mischievous effect. The constitutional principle has hitherto been that no Royal Order in Council, and no resolution of either House of Parliament standing singly by itself, could either alter an old law or create a new one. Now, for the first time, an alteration in this principle

is proposed, and proposed by the very House which has the greatest interest, so far as its own dignity is concerned, in the establishment of the new precedent. Were this one principle violated for the sake of maintaining another, we might respect the motive ; but as it is plain that the Lords only adopt this course to save their own consistency, we can but regret that their false pride on this occasion has led them into a policy which may ere long be brought to bear with fatal effect against their own authority. In the meantime, it appears probable that when the time arrives, the Commons may find not one but two Jews to admit. The seat for Greenwich, which has long been in a doubtful condition owing to the bankruptcy of Mr. Townsend, is, it appears, at last about to be vacated by him. What occult connexion there may be between the passing of the Jew Bill and his readiness to resign, it is not for us to say ; but certain it is, that Mr. Alderman Salomons, who was once before selected for the borough, is again a candidate. He is not, however, to be allowed to walk over the field, there being at the moment we write, two other competitors. We know nothing of them, but we earnestly hope that either will succeed in preference to Mr. Alderman Salomons. The electors of England have done enough to uphold the principles of civil and religious liberty in establishing the *eligibility* of a Jew ; it is time now to think a little of their own Christianity, in refusing to elect one. Without insisting too much upon the fact that the House of Commons is part of a Christian Legislature, it is still true that there are thousands of questions coming before the Parliament every Session—questions connected with the Christian religion, and deeply interesting to the community, in which a Jew could have no sympathy whatever. In so far, therefore, a Jew would be a most unfitting, because he would be a most imperfect, representative of the feelings of his constituents. It would, perhaps, be going too far to say, that no circumstances could arise where a Jew could fairly command the suffrages of a Christian man ; but we are at a loss to imagine them. The Legislature has virtually ceased to declare that a Jew is ineligible, just as it is silent as to a Whig or a Tory being ineligible ; but the gates of the constitution being open to all classes, we, as individual Christians, would no more vote for a Jew, than a Whig would vote for a Tory, or a Tory for a Whig. And as for Baron Rothschild and Alderman Salomons, the support of either is the less excusable, as they have nothing to recommend them but their enormous wealth.

## ABOLITION OF STATE SERVICES.

CONSERVATIVE as Englishmen are of old institutions, forms, and commemorations, they do gradually contrive to drop from time to time those that in the lapse of years have become unsuited to the spirit of the age. These observances are first worn out of the hearts and feelings of the people, and after that, though at a long interval, the crowning step is taken, and they are obliterated from the place they held in the records of the country. Such is the case with the special religious services ordered by the Crown to be observed on the anniversaries of the Gunpowder Plot, and the landing of King William III. (Nov. 5); the Martyrdom of Charles I. (Jan. 30); the Restoration of Charles II. (May 29). The services were all but disused, even on occasion of the anniversaries which they were appointed to commemorate, except, indeed, when their commemoration fell on a Sunday; but their very obsolescence lent them a sanctity in the eyes of ultra-Conservatives and Churchmen of extreme views; especially that one which was devoted to the memory of "King Charles the Martyr." We did not, therefore, expect that the peers would have yielded so readily to the summons of Earl Stanhope to surrender these time-honoured memorials of the theological rancours of a bygone age; or that this surrender would have taken place with the general—we might almost say the unanimous—assent of the bench of Bishops. A concession so gracefully made has not, we believe, taken place since the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts went through the House of Lords without a division.

## DEFEAT OF THE BILL FOR THE ABOLITION OF CHURCH-RATES.

THE Bill for the abolition of Church-rates, which was carried in the Commons, was thrown out of the House of Lords, on the second reading, by an overwhelming majority. There were 187 spiritual and temporal peers who voted against the Bill, while of the thirty-six who voted on the other side there were probably not more than a score who meant more by their vote than that they were desirous to effect a compromise. That which seemed to weigh most with the Prime Minister and the Bishop of Oxford, and, doubtless, with many other peers, in their opposition to the Bill, was the consideration that the majority of Dissenters

who claimed exemption from Church-rates were averse to the Church Establishment altogether. The supporters of the Bill, on the contrary, were loud in their asseverations that the Dissenters as a body were not hostile to the Establishment, and that their opposition was confined to the question at issue. On this point men of candour among the Dissenters would, we think, themselves admit that the Premier and the Bishop take a more correct view of their feelings than those who, on the occasion referred to, professed to speak their sentiments; but it does not therefore follow that they are justified in resisting the demand. For why do the enemies of Church Establishments fasten upon this question of Church-rates? Plainly because it is the vulnerable part of the Church's panoply. Get rid of that, and one main objection to the existence of the Establishment in the eyes of the public is taken away. This is a question on which we have experience to guide us. When Earl Grey brought in his Reform Bill, his opponents declared that all the revolutionists in the country supported it on the plea that it would accomplish their ends. The opponents were right: there was not a demagogue nor revolutionist in the country that did not support the Reform Bill so long as it was in peril; and we may add, there was not one that did not lament when it passed. While it was in agitation, it afforded them the means of exposing the defects of our Constitution; since it has been carried, their occupation is gone. Discontent has ceased; the loyalty of the people has acquired a fresh and new spring of healthy vigour. So it will be with Church-rates: the enemies of the Church Establishment espouse the question, because it affords them an opportunity of exposing the Church's weakness; remove that source of irritation, and, we will answer for it, no one will gain more than the Church herself; none will lose more than those who oppose her connexion with the State.

#### LITURGICAL REVISION.

LORD EBURY's motion for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the best means of reforming the Liturgy fell to the ground, mainly in consequence of the decided opposition of the Premier. In ordinary cases, the last question with which a Government would wish to meddle, is one affecting the Church; and it is only under the pressure of an overwhelming necessity that he will grapple with an ecclesiastical difficulty. And to suppose that Lord



Derby, of all Ministers, would interfere on a question where he was sure to encounter an opposition, from which the boldest of his predecessors would have shrunk, shows that Lord Ebury was disposed to regard the Government with an amount of confidence which the Premier, reckless as he is generally considered, was far too prudent to justify. When public opinion is unmistakably pronounced in favour of liturgical reform, Lord Derby may be expected to lead the movement, and probably aid the expectation; but certainly not till then. It is possible, however, that events may work more rapidly for Lord Ebury's proposition than even he himself has any expectation of at the present moment. As one indication of this, we may quote a new form of petition which originated in a discussion at a clerical meeting at Matlock. Five-sixths of those present (thirty-seven clergymen composed the meeting) expressed themselves favourable to revision, although, for various reasons, but a few were willing to sign a petition on the subject. From a minority of this meeting the following petition originated, and is now in course of signature. It will be observed that one prayer embodied in this document has been anticipated—that relating to the abolition of the three State services. This petition deserves the widest publicity, and we therefore give it *in extenso* :—

“TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY IN COUNCIL,—

“The humble Petition of the undersigned Clergy of the Church of England, sheweth,—

“That your Majesty's petitioners approach the Throne of your Majesty with feelings of fervent loyalty and devotion; and, having had their attention directed to the various proceedings in Parliament and elsewhere, relating to alterations in the Book of Common Prayer, that they respectfully ask permission to bear their testimony to the importance of the subject.

“2. That the experience of your Majesty's petitioners leads them to coincide in the opinion, that abbreviation is an important principle in the work of alteration or revision, and that no new doctrine should be introduced; and if additional services or prayers are contemplated, they desire to leave this, under God, to the wisdom of their superiors in ecclesiastical concerns.

“3. That a change in the Lessons they could desire to see, substituting portions from the Canonical Scriptures for such as are taken from the Apocrypha, and those portions being generally shorter than some which are now appointed to be read; that there are cases, also, in which Lessons called ‘Proper’ might well be changed for others more appropriate, and that Proper Second Lessons, as well as First, might be appointed for all Sundays in the year, with good effect.

"4. That a beneficial abbreviation might be found in discontinuing the congregational use of the Athanasian creed; especially as the doctrines of it, (sound as your Majesty's petitioners believe them to be) are too abstrusely expressed for common worship, and are all found in other parts of the Liturgy; also that the other two creeds might be so placed in juxta-position as that one or the other, and not both, might be used in the same service, or combination of services, 'at the discretion of the minister:' that one of the prayers for the Queen in the Communion Service might be placed in like manner in connexion with that in the Daily Service, and used as an alternative with it,—the other in the Communion Service being put away: and that, in consistency with this arrangement, it would be sufficient if the Lord's Prayer were used twice in the Morning Service with Communion, and once in the Evening Service.

"5. That the observance of Saints' Days was matter of strong objection in the Conference of 1661, and, though the services appointed for them are not in themselves examples of the idolatrous worship of saints, yet that the observance appears to many to countenance this error; the most distant tendency to which cannot be too jealously kept clear of by the Church of Christ: that Apostolic examples, therefore, should be made edifying by ministerial teaching, and the only days for which permanent special services are reserved should be those which have special reference to the great events of our blessed Saviour's life and death, the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the commemoration of the Holy Trinity.

"6. That the Burial Service should be so cleared of passages inapplicable to some deceased persons as to remove the just scruples already expressed under the signatures of nearly four thousand of our clergy, many of them still hoping for relief in relation to this subject with anxious expectation.

"7. That it would also be a great relief, if the Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick, which seems, as some think, to be more than mere declarative, were delivered from all appearance of being an absolution by priestly authority, giving it the semblance of a dangerous error.

"8. That similar ideas and sensations suggest themselves respecting the expressions in our Consecration and Ordination Services, which appear to imply (however they may be otherwise explained) the giving of the Holy Ghost by human hands.

"9. That the like regret is felt by many on the subject of the communication of the Holy Ghost by the administration of holy Baptism, as our ritual seems to express it: that the unhappy divisions which prevail in our Church on this subject might be closed for ever by an alteration of the Baptismal Service, which should exclude the sponsorial element and such portions as seem to imply regeneration or the birth of the Spirit in or by baptism:—that very beautiful services would remain;—and, the Form of Baptism, given in charge by our Lord to his Apostles, having no such implication, they may be perfectly scriptural without it.

"10. That it results from the judgment of your Majesty's highest tribunal in matters ecclesiastical, (however that judgment may be viewed), that the Churchmanship of those who, like your Majesty's petitioners, do not hold baptismal regeneration in the absolute sense, is no less good than that of those who do; and that, therefore, your Majesty's petitioners are honest and consistent Churchmen in using the Baptismal Ritual in a sense which avoids that view, according to the Judgment.

"11. That they wish, therefore, only for what is just and reasonable, in desiring a ritual clear in terms from what they are authorised to eschew in fact; and that they humbly ask, why language occasioning continued dissension, without the palm of superior Churchmanship to one party more than another, should remain in a formulary which might be complete without it? And your Majesty's petitioners are the more solicitous upon this subject, because it is notoriously the chief occasion of disturbance to the peace of the Church, so ardently to be desired for her efficiency, and a cause (as your petitioners believe) of keeping many out of her communion who would otherwise be glad to join it.

"12. That it remains to be observed, in connexion with what has been said, that the Office for Confirmation would of course require to be conformed to that of Infant Baptism: that the Catechism also would require the same conformity as well as other corrections: and that in fact the adoption or construction of another in agreement, for the most part, with the original Catechism of King Edward VI., but more concise and brief in its questions and answers, would be a most valuable acquisition.

"13. That other alterations might be alluded to, both in the body and the rubrics of the Liturgy, which must readily suggest themselves as the work proceeds. The Litany, for instance, on Sunday mornings might be appointed only for the second and fourth Sundays of the month,—a proportionate quantity of the Daily Prayers from and after the *Jubilate* being disused for that time, as also when the Litany is used on week-days; and that the effect would be that of orderly variety, as well as of abbreviation:—that the Forms also for the Fifth of November, the Twentieth of May, and the Thirtieth of January, might be relinquished; and generally all obsolete terms be exchanged for others now more appropriate.

"14. That, on these grounds, your petitioners most humbly pray that your Majesty, by and with the advice of your Privy Council, will be graciously pleased to take the premises into your Royal consideration, and to appoint a Commission for the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer, in harmony with the views hereby most respectfully submitted to your Majesty: and if it become law that persons hereafter to be ordained, on being instituted or licensed to any benefice with cure of souls, shall therein use the New Form only—nevertheless that it may be lawful for those who have been already ordained, and have subscribed the Second Article of the

Thirty-sixth Canon, to continue the use of the Old Form; until, being possessed of any benefice, the New Form shall be *voluntarily* adopted by them, together with a majority of their seat-holders; and, in the case of chapters and colleges, until it be so adopted, the heads and majorities of the ruling powers thereof.

"15. And that, finally, your Majesty's petitioners advance nothing affecting their assent and consent to the Liturgy as it is, but earnestly plead for improvements, of which it is obviously, urgently, and easily susceptible, as they would seek alterations for the better in the laws of the land, to which they bear allegiance; and that, commending both your Most Gracious Majesty and themselves to the mercy and goodness of God,

"Your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c." \*

#### NEW CALEDONIA.

THE British Government, in addition to its serious occupations, is engaged in the task of planting the germ of a great empire on the western sides of the Rocky Mountains. In tracts formerly devoted to beasts of chase, and to a scanty population of Indians, who subsist by their capture, now new veins of gold have been discovered, which promise to vie in the richness of the yield with the most productive mines of Australia or California. Nothing is more remarkable than the part which gold plays in diffusing population over the earth's surface; and though the country be remote, and access to it extremely difficult, it is with no surprise we learn that, upon the first news of its discovery, multitudes were rushing from all parts of the world to share in the auriferous harvests. It is probable the Government would have been well content to postpone the trouble and expense of founding a new colony in these remote regions, but the discovery of the gold has left them no option if they would not see the country given up a prey to lawlessness and bloodshed. The policy adopted is sufficiently simple: as the first colonisers are for the most part a race of desperate men, and many of them not of our own lineage, it would be absurd to offer them, in the first instance, the boon of self-government, which would be sure to be turned into the law of the strongest. A despotism is therefore established for the next four years, in the hope that by that time the settlers may be so compressed and welded together into one homogeneous community that they will then be able to govern themselves. The most unpleasant part of the scheme is the expense it will entail upon the Imperial Government, without any hope of

---

\* The Secretary of the Committee, from whom this petition emanates is the Rev. P. Gell, Duffield Bank, Derby.

a return in kind. We must forthwith send a regiment, which we can ill spare, to this infant settlement, for a governor without an armed force to back his orders would be worse than useless. On the other hand, there are many men who see bright visions in the far future arising from the settlement of this infant state. As may be supposed, from the poetical genius of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, he is among the most sanguine of these. But Mr. Roebuck, who is not usually given to exaggeration, beholds in this colony a chain of states of English origin, extending from Canada in the East to Vancouver's Island in the Pacific, which will form a counterpoise to the otherwise overwhelming strength of the great American Union.

#### CUBA AND THE SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

THE maintenance of a squadron to put down African slavery has been attacked in the House of Commons by Mr. Hutt. This is an old hobby of the honourable member for Gateshead, though of late years he has rather kept it in the background. He informed us, on this occasion, that since the question was last discussed there had been a great revulsion of feeling throughout the country and in the House. The result did not bear out his assertion. Only twenty-four members, in a House of about 250, could be found to support his opinion, that the way to put down the slave-trade was to leave it alone. We need hardly go over the arguments adduced on either side, which are sufficiently familiar to our readers; but there were some facts stated in the course of the discussion, which it may be of some interest to bring into prominent notice. In the first place, it is encouraging to find that all the markets which a few years ago were open for the reception of slaves, are now closed, with the single exception of Cuba. And though the traffic is unfortunately brisk on that island, yet it is not without significance to remark that, a few years ago, the importation of human flesh was not more than 15,000. It has since doubled; but the increase has been caused solely because the exigencies of the Russian war compelled us to relax our vigilance and to reduce our cruisers; so that if the sinister steps recently taken under the authority of the Emperor of the French do not lead to a revival of the trade under his auspices, it does seem as if every year the trade were getting into narrower limits, and more within our ability to cope with. Then, with regard to the progress of lawful industry, it appears that the

natives on that portion of the coast from which the slayer has been the longest driven, have now become so inured to industry, and so sensible of its advantages, that some tempting offers on the part of the French traders to resume the human exportation were rejected by the chiefs, not so much from any moral detestation of the traffic as because they felt that human life was of too much value at home to be exported abroad. These are cheering facts, and, we would fain hope, indicate the near approach of the complete downfall of the system. If Cuba could be closed, the work would be done. We were, therefore, glad to learn that Mr. Fitzgerald does not abandon the hope that the American Government, though they do not permit their ships to be visited by ours, may be induced to take such steps of their own as will clear their flag from the infamy of sheltering pirates and slave-traders.

#### THE INDIAN REVOLT.

THE news from India is of a very mixed character. The work of pacification goes on slowly. All open resistance to troops, is indeed, at an end; the rebels hold not a single stronghold of the country in their hands. But what signifies strongholds to men who are not to be overtaken—strokes against whom are like blows in the water? An impression is made for the time, but no sooner is the weapon removed, than the yielding element closes again, and every thing remains as before. In the mean time our troops suffer more from the weather than from the enemy. They are now in the midst of the hot season—and a hotter season is said to have never before been known in India. It is probably only English soldiers that, in such circumstances, could keep the field at all; and even upon their hardy frames the results are fearful. It may be matter of doubt whether it would not be advisable to send them into quarters, even though the consequence should be the giving up of the country for the time to the ravages of the rebels. We are fearfully reminded by the number of casualties, at what an enormous cost England maintains her hold of India.

#### THE JEDDAH MASSACRE.

THE Musselmans on the shores of the Red Sea have imitated, on a small scale, the sanguinary deeds of the Bengal Sepoys. The melancholy intelligence has been received of an indiscriminate massacre of the Christians of Jeddah, by the Mo-

hammedans. Upwards of twenty persons, including the English Vice-Consul and the French Consul and his wife, fell victims to the fury of the Musselman population. About twenty-four escaped in the Cyclops. Jeddah is the port of Mecca, and therefore in the very centre of Mohammedan fanaticism. We are glad to learn from Lord Malmesbury's answer to an inquiry on the subject by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, that Government has used the utmost despatch in demanding from the Porte the punishment of the authors of this cruel and unprovoked outrage. With that demand the Porte has promised immediate compliance. It must be noted, however, that this dire occurrence does not stand alone. The fact is that the Musselman world is in a ferment. From Candia, in the Mediterranean, to Jeddah, on the Red Sea, the old hatred of Islamism to Christianity is in full activity. Wherever the followers of the false prophet are strong enough to express their real convictions, the hatred against the Giaours break forth; and there is reason to believe that that hatred, especially in the more eastern domain of Islamism, has been stimulated by the Indian massacres, vague rumours of which have found their way to all parts of the Mohammedan world. The massacre of Christians at Jeddah is the more aggravated, as it was committed under the very guns of an English frigate; and, we believe, the opinion is pretty general, that the conduct of the captain of that frigate in not exacting immediate punishment for the outrages is hardly to be commended. As we have already said, satisfaction for that outrage, in which both the French and English consuls have fallen victims to the fury of the mob, has been demanded and is promised; but the more important consideration is, the indication it affords that the old latent fanaticism of the Mussulman has again been stirred to its depths. How is this? There has been no oppression on the part of the Christians, no outrage offered to their religion or their laws. Our own opinion is, that these outrages are only so many indications of conscious weakness; the whole system of Islamism is moribund; and the more sincere, or, perhaps, we ought to say, the more fanatical, of its members, have recourse to these desperate acts to prove its vitality. Like all such paroxysms of violence, these outrages will only hasten its destruction.

#### PERSECUTION FOR RELIGION IN SWEDEN.

A DEPUTATION from the Evangelical Alliance and various other societies presented an address lately to the Swedish

Ambassador, in reference to the punishment of exile and loss of property inflicted on six converts to Roman Catholicism. The reply of Count Platen expressed the agreement of himself and of the Swedish Government, in the views of the memorialists, and held out hopes of a speedy change in the laws affecting religious liberty. Accounts from Stockholm confirm these hopes. The general indignation felt throughout Europe at such persecution happening under a Protestant Government, is telling forcibly on public opinion in Sweden, and will enable the intelligent portion of the community to overcome the resistance to change on the part of the Legislative Houses of the peasantry and clergy.

#### THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION.

Dr. LIVINGSTONE arrived at the Cape on the 21st of April, and left for the Zambesi about ten days after, accompanied by a ship of war, which would see them safely over the bar. The doctor met with a most cordial and gratifying reception from his friends at the Cape. They presented him with a small silver box containing a purse of 800 guineas, and entertained him at a grand dinner. He has been obliged to leave Mrs. Livingstone behind, as she suffered so dreadfully from sea sickness that it was doubtful whether she could reach the East Coast alive. She intends proceeding with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt, to his missionary station at Kuruman, and thence hopes to rejoin her husband on the Zambesi some time next year. What with the Boers and the natives, South Africa is said to be in a dreadful state. The former are destroying all the missionary stations, and one poor missionary's wife is described as flying to the mountains in the middle of the night with all her children, "and that in the time of snow."

#### THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE sea is very jealous of its secrets ; the time seems not yet to have come for it to render them up at man's bidding. The Atlantic telegraph, from which so much was anticipated, has again failed : and failed this time under circumstances more ominous of evil than those of last year. So long as the mischief was confined to the defects of the machinery in discharging it from the ship, we might hope that the difficulty would be overcome by new and better-adapted mechanical contrivances ; but of the three failures which have occurred



this year, the second appears to have been at the bottom of the ocean itself, which defies the ingenuity of man to counter-act.

#### SPAIN AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.

SPAIN has all but dropped out of the list of civilised nations ; no one notes account of her friendship or hostility ; and therefore one notices only with a smile the impotent ravings of a portion of her press, that in revenge for the strong denunciation by our statesmen of her complicity in the slave trade, she threatens to organize a new invasion of England and sweep us from our place in the world. It is evident her public instructors have never heard of the Spanish Armada. Even in Spain, however, there are changes—we can hardly say amendments—in her political affairs. The late transition ministry has been dismissed, and a ministry nominally Liberal, or, as it is there called, “Progressista,” has been called to office, with General O'Donnell at its head. We can place no confidence in the high-sounding name thus given to the new government. General O'Donnell has been false to all parties in turn. He is a man without conscience and without shame ; and the only encouraging token in the matter is, that as he takes for the moment the name of Liberal, it must be that he sees—and he is shrewd enough to see—the Liberals are so strong that their support is worth his while to make an effort to obtain.

#### SPIRITUAL DESTITUTION : REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to inquire into “the deficiency of means of spiritual instruction and places of divine worship in the metropolis and in other populous districts of England and Wales, especially in the mining and manufacturing districts ; and to consider the fullest means of meeting the difficulties of the case,” has been issued. It contains between 600 and 700 pages, and embodies copious minutes of the evidence presented. We shall best convey an accurate impression of this important blue-book, by giving a few extracts from it. After showing the existence of great spiritual destitution, the committee say :—

“To supply this want throughout the land demands a very large amount of funds, for, as the lowest stipend of a clergyman ought not to be less than £100, the permanent supply of an endowment for every additional clergyman would cost £3,000 ; and as by a very

low estimate a thousand additional clergymen are required, not less than £3,000,000 would satisfy the demand. And such an endowment as the *minimum* ought to be, in every parish, independent of all voluntary collections, for such collections cannot fail to have a prejudicial effect on the energies of the most zealous and able minister."

The question arises as to how the three millions of money are to be raised. On this point the committee say that they are not prepared, "for obvious reasons," to recommend any application for a grant of public money, but they deem it their duty to recall the attention of Parliament to the recommendation of the Commissioners for the subdivision of parishes in 1851, that a fund be raised by the sale of benefices in the gift of the Lord Chancellor. Having mentioned the fact that at the present about £82,000 a-year is devoted by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to meeting the spiritual destitution of the country, the Committee conclude their report thus :—

"Without voluntary aid, to the full extent of the sum mentioned above, the object of meeting the necessities of the country cannot be attained. Such voluntary aid the committee do not despair of seeing obtained, if the matter be fairly and plainly represented to the people. Large as the sum is, it is really small when compared with the riches of this great empire. More than double the sum is already voluntarily paid every year for even the tax on the one article of tobacco. A far greater amount is the tax on the annual consumption of spirituous liquors. Again, if we look at the amount upon which income tax is levied, we find an annual income of £230,000,000, it will appear that a sum equal to 3d. in the pound of the rated income of the country in a single year would suffice. We cannot, indeed, hope that all, or even a large proportion of those who pay the taxes first mentioned, will voluntarily tax themselves for the building or endowing of churches. But, in a country so rich, there must be far more than enough of persons who would contribute what is necessary, if their liberality and their Christian principles be properly appealed to. This, however, is a matter on which it is not for us to report any special recommendation; it is sufficient that we have indicated our deep sense of the necessity of such a voluntary effort. In order to afford additional facilities for providing churches, the committee recommend that a tenant for life should be enabled to grant a limited amount of land for churches and parsonage houses, a privilege which has already been given for sites of schools by the 4th and 5th Vict., cap. 38. In conclusion, in order to give effect to the feelings and convictions of every Churchman in favour of the permanent endowment of churches, we cannot forbear recommending that the Mortmain Acts be so far relaxed as to admit bequests of impropriate tithe rent charges, or of money for

the purchase of the same, for the endowment of any benefice with the cure of souls, to an amount not exceeding £300 per annum. This might usefully be combined with some well-considered provision, enabling parties to acquire rights of patronage in benefices below a prescribed value, having a population of a prescribed amount in the gift of public officers, or of bodies corporate or sole. To some extent, this is already effected by the 19th and 20th Vict., cap. 104; but the extension of the principle is worthy of consideration."

#### CONFESSION: CASE OF THE REV. ALFRED POOLE.

THE feeling is all but universal that, in the withdrawal of the license of the Rev. Alfred Poole, as one of the curates of St. Barnabas, the Bishop of London has adopted the only course which was open to him as a Protestant prelate; and this impression receives the highest authoritative sanction by the Archbishop's confirmation of the sentence. It is to be observed that, in all the letters which this controversy has provoked, in all that Mr. Poole has written for himself, and in all that Mr. Liddell and his other friends have written for him, there is no plain, manly, straightforward denial of this one fact, that the practice of confession is habitual at St. Barnabas, and that in the Confessional offences against the seventh commandment are occasionally, if not regularly, dwelt upon. This is the question which the people of England will have brought to a clear issue. Whether the subjects touched upon in the Confessional be of more or less impurity; whether a priest may now and then be more indiscreet than his fellows; whether there be more or less of revolting details;—all these are mere accidents of a system which itself is rotten to the very core. The grand thing to be determined is, whether there shall be a Confessional at all in the Protestant Church. We have no doubt of the answer. England will no longer be England if that answer be in the affirmative. It was a yoke which our fathers were not able to bear, and their sons are not likely to place themselves again under its bondage. We need not here point out how destructive such a system must be to the peace of families. We need not dwell upon the fact so clearly brought out in the cases which have given rise to this controversy, that it necessarily and inevitably leads to gross, foul, and revolting details, turning the priest's heart into a great moral cesspool, till, corrupt himself, he almost unconsciously diffuses corruption among all who come under his influence; there is no necessity for dilating upon these points, for we firmly believe there is no one practice of the Church of Rome against which the people of England have more determinedly set their face, than this of

auricular confession. Rightly understood, we believe the scriptural teaching on this subject is as fully observed in this country as in any other. Our secret sins we confess to God; our open faults we confess to one another. But all that is open, and frank, and manly amongst us—all that we pride ourselves upon as making our national character, revolts from the idea of making the priest a depository of our most secret thoughts, and still more, from the thought of allowing a priest at his pleasure, to probe to the quick the tender and susceptible female conscience. It is a notable circumstance, indeed, in these revelations, that, so far as can be ascertained, the frequenters of St. Barnabas Confessional are all females. We hear nothing of men resorting to these ghostly fathers for penance and absolution, and we should suppose these agents understand the temper of their countrymen too well to practice their solicitations upon the men of that district as they do upon women. It is possible, however, that we are mistaken on this point. Mr. Baring does not profess to have lifted more than a corner of the veil that covers Mr. Poole's confession chamber; and Mr. Poole denies that the glimpse he has given us of what passes within is real. He has gone so far as to threaten legal proceedings against those who have circulated against him what he says are foul slanders and calumnies. On one point, at least, we are glad to agree with the reverend gentleman. The matter cannot rest where it is, and as we respect courage in whatever cause it is exhibited, we are glad, for his own sake, that he proposes to take the initiative. We shall then be made acquainted with the full details of the system. We hope we shall be spared any more of those revelations which have already revolted the Christian public; but, short of that, we trust it will then be made clear beyond the possibility of Mr Liddle, or Mr. Poole, or any one to explain away, whether auricular confession is practised by the clergymen of this parish. When that is once revealed, the rest is easy. The system could only thrive in the English Church upon secrecy. It will die the instant it is brought into the daylight. We are glad to be able to place upon record the following documents having reference to this important case. The first is the citation from the Bishop of London, which, it will be seen, states the ground of the revocation of the licence:—

“ To the Rev. Alfred Poole, clerk, B.A., licensed to perform the office of Assistant Stipendiary Curate in the Church of St. Barnabas, in the district chapelry of St. Paul, Wilton-place, in the county of Middlesex, and diocese of London.

“ We, Archibald Campbell, Bishop of London, do hereby give

you notice that, for a cause which appears to us just and reasonable—namely, that, admitting females to Confession, you address to them questions of a character calculated to bring scandal on the Church—it is our intention to revoke the license, dated the 26th day of September, 1851, granted to you by our predecessor, Charles James, late Lord Bishop of London, to serve the said church as assistant curate. And, in order to give you sufficient opportunity to show cause to the contrary, we appoint you personally to attend us for that purpose at London-house, St. James's-square, in the said county of Middlesex, on Saturday, the 22nd day of May inst., at ten o'clock a.m., unless you prefer at any time before that day to show such cause in writing under your hand, addressed to us at the same place.

“ Given under our hand this 18th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight.

“ A. C. LONDON.”

Mr. Poole chose to show cause why his licence should not be revoked in writing, instead of personally. His reasons not being deemed satisfactory by the Bishop, the revocation of the license issued on the 25th of May. Against this sentence, he appealed to the Primate, whose decision is final. The following are the documents in which that decision is announced:—

“ Lambeth Palace, July 9.

“ Rev. Sir,—I have considered very carefully the statements contained in your petition of appeal against the revocation of your licence as curate by the Bishop of London, which you have presented to me under the provisions of the 1st and 2d of Victoria, cap. 106, sec. 98.

“ Under that statute the Bishop has power, after having given to the curate sufficient opportunity of showing reason to the contrary, to revoke summarily and without further process, any licence granted to any curate for any cause which shall appear to such bishop to be good and reasonable.

“ My duty, therefore, is to examine, in the first place, whether sufficient opportunity has been given to you of showing reason to the contrary; and I find that by a formal letter, under the hand of the Bishop, dated May 18th, you were appointed personally to attend the Bishop for the purpose at London House on the 22nd of May, unless you preferred at any time before that day to show such reason in writing under your hand; and that on the 21st of May, in obedience to the Bishop's letter, you addressed to him in writing under your hand what appeared to you to be necessary on your behalf. I have to consider, secondly, whether there has been good and reasonable cause for the revocation of your licence.

“ It appears from the statements in your formal reply of the 21st of May, and in your letter of the 15th of May to which in your formal reply you refer the Bishop, that you have been in the prac-

tice of conducting a system of private confession and absolution among your people, and that the Bishop deemed such practice to be not authorized by the Church of England, and to be calculated to bring scandal on the Church.

"I concur with the Bishop in the view which he has taken of your practice in this respect, and, therefore, think it just and proper to confirm the revocation of your licence, and I confirm it accordingly.

"I am, Rev. Sir, your faithful servant,

"J. B. CANTUAR.

"The Rev. Alfred Poole, St. Barnabas College, Pimlico."

"We, John Bird, by Divine Providence Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan, having carefully read and considered the merits and circumstances of an appeal made to us by the Rev. Alfred Poole, clerk, as the assistant stipendiary curate in the church of St. Barnabas, in the district chapelry of St. Paul, Wilton-place, in the county of Middlesex, and diocese of London, from the order, decree, or judgment of the Right Rev. Father in God Archibald Campbell, Lord Bishop of London, whereby he did revoke the licence which had been granted to the said Alfred Poole to perform the office of assistant stipendiary curate in the said church of St. Barnabas; and being of opinion that the said Lord Bishop of London hath exercised a sound discretion in revoking the licence of the said Alfred Poole, do, by virtue of the powers and authorities vested in us, as Archbishop aforesaid, by a certain Act of Parliament, made and passed in the session of Parliament, held in the first and second years of the reign of Her present Majesty, entitled 'An Act to abridge the holding of benefices in plurality, and to make better provision for the residence of the clergy,' and by virtue of all other powers in us vested as Archbishop aforesaid, hereby, and by these presents pronounce against the aforesaid appeal of the said Alfred Poole, and do ratify and confirm the revocation of the aforesaid licence granted to him to perform the office of assistant stipendiary curate in the church of St. Barnabas aforesaid.

"Given at Lambeth Palace under our hand this 9th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1858, and of our translation the 11th.

"J. B. CANTUAR.

"Witness—Felix Knyvett, Secretary to the Archbishop."

#### EXETER-HALL SERVICES.

THE Exeter-Hall services have been resumed by clergymen of the English Church—all liturgical exercises being omitted, and extemporary prayer adopted instead. This, it is believed, places the services under the sanction of the common law, in the same way as a public meeting held for any other lawful purpose, and bars the jurisdiction of the eccle-

siastical courts altogether. Mr. Edouart has protested, and threatens proceedings. *Nous verrons*. Here is his formal protest :—

“ To the Revs. R. Burgess, C. Molyneux, J. W. Reeve, E. Bayley, W. B. Mackenzie, R. Maguire, C. D. Marston, J. C. Ryle, J. N. Griffin, W. Bruce, C. J. Goodhart, and J. Bardsley :—

“ Whereas public notice has been given that services with sermons will take place at Exeter Hall, on the evening of various Sundays during this instant month of July, and the months of August and September now next ensuing, and that you, some, or one of you will upon some or one of such occasions preach at Exeter Hall aforesaid, or otherwise take part in the proposed services some or one of them : And whereas the said Exeter Hall is situate within the parish of ‘ St. Michael, Burleigh-street :’ And whereas I, the undersigned Augustin Gaspard Edouart, clerk, M.A., am the incumbent of the said parish ; Now, therefore, I do hereby give you and each and every of you notice, that I, the said Augustin Gaspard Edouart, as such incumbent of the said parish of St. Michael, Burleigh-street, do not consent to your at any time preaching or otherwise officiating at Exeter Hall aforesaid or elsewhere within my said parish ; but, on the contrary, I do hereby forbid and protest against and object to your doing so, or taking any part in the proposed services, or in any of them, without my written consent in that behalf previously had and obtained. And I further hereby give you notice that I am advised that any such services would be illegal, and that I have informed the Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of London, my Diocesan, that I object to such proposed services. And I hereby expressly warn you each and every of you, that in case you or any of you in any way disregard this notice, I shall deem it my duty to take such proceedings against you in relation to the matters aforesaid as I may be advised.—As witness my hand this 9th day of July, 1859.

“ A. G. EDOUART, Incumbent of St. Michael, Burleigh-street.”

## Literature of the Quarter.

---

The Book of the Twelve Minor Prophets, translated from the Original Hebrew: with a Commentary, Critical, Philological, and Exegetical. By E. HENDERSON, D.D. Second Edition. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 33, Paternoster Row. 1858.

DR. HENDERSON'S work has been so long before the public, and has been received with such decided approbation, that we can have but little to say on the appearance of a New Edition. In the preface, the venerable author remarks:—

“The principles on which the Author has proceeded in preparing the present work are the same by which he was guided in composing his Commentary on the Prophet Isaiah. It has been his great aim to present to the view of his readers the mind of the Spirit as expressed in the written dictates of inspiration. With the view of determining this, he has laid under contribution all the means within his reach, in order to ascertain the original state of the Hebrew text, and the true and unsophisticated meaning of that text. He has constantly had recourse to the collection of various readings made by Kennicott and De Rossi; he has compared the renderings of the LXX., the Targum, the Syriac, the Arabic, the Vulgate, and other ancient versions; he has consulted the best critical commentaries; he has availed himself of the results of modern philological research; and he has conducted the whole under the influence of a disposition to place himself in the times of the sacred writers—surrounded by the scenery which they exhibit, and impressed by the different associations, both of a political and a spiritual character, which they embody. In all his investigations he has endeavoured to cherish a deep conviction of the inspired authority of the books which it has been his object to illustrate, and of the heavy responsibility which attaches to all who undertake the interpretation of the oracles of God.

“In no instance has the theory of a double sense been permitted to exert its influence on his expositions. The Author is firmly convinced, that the more this theory is impartially examined, the more it will be found that it goes to unsettle the foundations of Divine Truth, unhinge the mind of the biblical student, invite the sneer and ridicule of unbelievers, and open the door to the extravagant vagaries of a wild and unbridled imagination. Happily the number of those who adhere to the multiform method of interpretation is rapidly diminishing; and there cannot be a doubt, that, in proportion as the principles of sacred hermeneutics come to be more severely studied, and perversions of the word of God, hereditarily kept up under the specious garb of spirituality and of a more profound understanding of Scripture, are discovered and ex-



posed, the necessity of abandoning such slippery and untenable ground will be recognised, and the plain, simple, grammatical and natural species of interpretation, adopted and followed."

We are not quite prepared to agree with this sweeping clause, save so far as the science of hermeneutics is concerned. The advanced believer in search of spiritual truth, will often find much of it in the interpretations of such men as Origen.

The following note we read with regret.

"A Second Edition of this work being in demand, it has been revised for the purpose, but is otherwise only a reprint. The Author would have been glad to enrich it by adding references to those new discoveries at Nineveh, and still more recently at Memphis, which forcibly serve to illustrate the meaning and evidence the truthfulness of the prophetic writings; but being precluded by the infirmities of advancing years from making such attempt, he must rest content to re-issue the volume in its original form."

---

**Manna in the House; or, Daily Expositions of the Acts of the Apostles. Adapted for the Use of Families. By the Rev. BARTON BOUCHIER, A.M., Rector of Fonthill Bishop, Wilts. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt. 1858.**

It appears, from the dedicatory epistle to this excellent volume, that we owe its appearance to the Lord Bishop of Carlisle's approbation of the preceding volumes. It will be fitting praise to say that it well follows up the same plan. We shall select one passage,—the commentary or exposition on that portion of Acts v. which relates the awful death of Ananias and Sapphira:—

"I do not know if it has ever crossed any of your minds that this punishment of Ananias and Sapphira was a very severe one, and that, if every lie that is told were to be visited with equal severity, few would escape, and people would be falling down dead in every place of concourse, whether of business or pleasure, nay, even where but two or three were met together. I fear it would be so: truthfulness is not the characteristic of mankind, inasmuch as the prince of this world is the father of lies, and his children, 'as soon as they be born, go astray, and speak lies.' But God, having signified by this one most awful act and righteous retribution His abhorrence of a lie, has testified to every succeeding generation that He will eventually punish all liars, and has declared throughout the whole Bible, and most significantly in its last chapter, that whosoever loveth and maketh a lie shall find no admission into the heavenly city. And, having done this, He has in a great measure reserved the punishment of liars till that final day when all liars shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire.

"But I would not have you imagine that Ananias and Sapphira were liars of a common grade, or that the falsehood alone drew down the just vengeance of God. Their sin was of a most deep and aggravated character, and combined in it all that would render it odious and offensive in the sight of God, defrauding and dishonest to the community of which they professed to be members, and injurious and derogatory to its character and interests.

"In the close of the last chapter honourable mention was made of one (of whom we often hear afterwards) who, having land, sold it, and brought the money and laid it at the apostles' feet. In this chapter another disciple is recorded as doing the same thing, professing to sell all that he had, and to bring its price into the general treasury. We do not know the respective value of each property—perhaps it is not of much consequence—though I cannot help thinking that it affords some clue to the retribution that befell this guilty man and his wife. It may be that Barnabas was a rich man, and, like his Master, became poor for his brethren's sake: and it may be that Ananias was comparatively a poor man, and thought to become rich at his brethren's cost, and to secure for himself an ampler share in this commonwealth of goods by a supposed surrender of his whole possession. As Jesus had said to the Jews before, 'Ye seek me, not because of the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled.' So Ananias and Sapphira might have professed to become converts, not because there was conviction in their hearts or a work of grace upon their souls, but because they saw money flowing into the treasury, and hoped to secure a share for themselves under the plea that they, too, like Barnabas and others, had surrendered all.

"And even this covetous and sordid expectation was mingled with gross fraud in withholding part of the price, and claiming the credit of giving all—defrauding men and lying unto God, making religion a cloak of covetousness; and, in their hypocrisy, seeking to pass muster with those who had given up all to God, and virtually saying in their hearts, with the wicked of old, 'Is there knowledge in the Most High? The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it.' So that I think we may say, as the Spirit of God said of Eli's sons, that the sin of this guilty pair was very great before the Lord, and, if undetected and unpunished, would have brought much scorn and wrong on the offering of the Lord.

"I imagine that no one for a moment supposes that the Apostle was himself denouncing vengeance on this miserable man. I do not read one word of man's vengeance, or even of man's righteous sentence. The whole of Peter's address to Ananias is indeed that of stern expostulation and remonstrance, laying bare his guilt, stripping it of the flimsy covering of his hypocrisy, with which he had thought to conceal it—but there he stops—he does not, like Elisha on the similarly guilty Gehazi, denounce leprosy or death; there is not a word of threatening either of God's or of man's

punishment. Peter denounces the sin, but God alone passes sentence. For aught that appears to the contrary, Peter knew not, and dreamed not of the instantaneous penalty that should follow on his words, and might himself have been as much awe-struck at the event as those around him. It was no sentence of man's judgment, nor man's tribunal. It was the Lord that thundered out of heaven, and the Highest that gave His voice as distinctly and as awfully as when He rained down fire on the guilty cities of the plain; and may we not add with reverential awe, 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?'

"It was very different in the case of Sapphira. Peter then knew the mind of the Lord, and receiving from her own lips a reiteration of her husband's falsehood and fraud, thus making herself a guilty participator in his sin, he proceeds to pass the sentence already denounced by God on the man. Does the Lord never punish sin in the very act of the offence—the unclean in his impurity—the drunkard in his intemperance—the liar in his falsehood—the rebel in his disobedience? Let the Israelitish man and Moabitish woman in their tent answer—Let Elah King of Israel, 'drinking himself drunk in the house of his steward,' answer—let Korah, Dathan, and Abiram in their rebellion reply,—and let Ananias and Sapphira in their lie still warn us of the awful sin and peril of appealing to the God of truth in confirmation of fraud and falsehood."

It probably escapes many readers that Peter exhibited no knowledge of the terrific judgment which was about to fall on Ananias.

---

Landmarks of Faith: Chapters intended for the Comfort of the Doubting, the Fearful, and the Bereaved. By the Rev. W. S. LEWIS, M.A. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, 24, Paternoster Row, and 23, Holles Street, Cavendish Square. 1858.

WE hardly see why such a title as the above should have been given to a small volume of Sermons like the present. The author says of them,—

"The following Papers were not all designed to form parts of a Series: yet the observant reader will discover a real connexion between them. He will find, that some of them relate mainly to the Saviour's kingdom, as exercised amongst the saints now at rest; that some concern His *Providential* kingdom, as exercised here below; and that one or two glance at that glorious kingdom and appearing of Christ Jesus, which the future is to see. With regard to the first kingdom, he will perceive, that the object has been to impress its reality and blessedness on the mind; with regard to the second, to clear up certain difficulties which are considered to beset it; and, with regard to both, to point out, that the perfect consummation of the saints above, and the complete explanation of God's

Providential dealings with the saints below, shall alike take place at the revealing of the Lord Jesus from heaven. Besides these, other topics—much mooted in the present day, and of very considerable importance—such as, the prominence to be given to the doctrine of Christ's Atonement, and the true nature and scope of Inspiration, have been briefly touched on by the way. And thus, the whole, it is hoped, with God's blessing, will be found adapted to the edification of believers, and suited to the times.

If this be satisfactory to the author, we are not disposed to regard the matter too critically; and we cordially join with the author in the hope which he expresses. The Sermons themselves are decidedly good. The following passage is striking:—

“Thus much, as to our general view of the occupations of heaven. We ask you especially to notice in it, as correcting a common mistake on the subject, that St. John does not represent the songs and music of heaven as constituting its only happiness, but rather as the *result* of its joys. And we ask you not less to observe, that as he describes varieties of station, so, according to our view, he tells us of varieties of occurrence, and scene, and feeling, and employment, in that world. But these points, you will probably appreciate better, after our second division has been handled, in which we are to illustrate and enforce our general view by a particular case. Such a case is furnished us in the chapter which follows on our text. From the beginning of this it appears, that, at the particular time when the vision of heaven we are considering was vouchsafed to the Apostle, its many inhabitants were in a state of comparative expectation and silence. We say comparative silence, that we may not be misled by the term. The living creatures, who never rest, were doubtless still signifying the eternal holiness of Jehovah; and the rest of their fellow citizens in glory, were rejoicingly acquiescing in this truth. For, as in the most silent time near the sea, the perpetual language of the waves only increases our sense of repose, somewhat so is it, I apprehend, with the silence of heaven. It is not a blankness—a mere void. It is the tranquillity of life, not of death; and thoughts are flying, and feelings are breathing, and ‘deep’ may be described in it as ‘calling unto deep,’ and ‘uttering’ his unceasing ‘voice,’ in the praise of God’s name. But, with this necessary, and not inconsistent, exception, there was expectant silence in that world. And the expectation of all was directed, as we might have anticipated, to God’s throne. ‘A roll of a book’ was seen in the right hand of Him who sat there. The roll was ‘written on both sides,’ and was ‘sealed with seven seals;’ and in it, as we afterwards find, was contained a statement or declaration of God’s purposes about man. It had written in it, ‘the things which were to be hereafter.’ And being written, as it was, on both sides, so that no part was left unoccupied, it was to be understood as a full, and

perhaps, final declaration of God's will. But, inasmuch as it was sealed with seven seals, the things it contained were secret. God had decreed, but had not yet revealed them. They were secret to the living creatures—secret to the elders—secret to the myriads of angels round about all. And no one was allowed to doubt this, or to imagine that other shining ones might be acquainted with that which was concealed from himself. For a proclamation, by God's direction, ran through that host; and a mighty angel, commissioned by Him, inquired with loud voice: 'Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?' When his voice ceased, there followed another interval of silence. You hear the sound of the living creatures' wings; you perceive that the stream of their praises, signifying the greatness of Jehovah, is still flowing on—but yet, there is silence in heaven—there is no voice of reply to the angel. No one can answer his challenge. The interpretation is too plain. 'No one in heaven, neither on earth, neither under the earth, is able to open the book,' or 'so to look thereon,' as to decipher and declare it. Thus it appeared, at least, to the Apostle; and thus he accounted for the fact that the angel's inquiry was not replied to.

"Presently, however, and after a manner unknown before, perhaps, in that assembly—a certain solitary voice might be heard. The voice was strange in heaven, on two grounds. It was strange, because that of mortal man, neither glorified, as Enoch and Elijah, nor yet delivered from the flesh. It was strange, because its accents were those of lamentation and weeping. We are hazarding no great conjecture in supposing, that some of the elders turned at the sound. They perceive one who is, some day, to be in glory with themselves—perhaps to take place, with the living creatures, in the midst of the throne. It is the beloved Apostle above named, the inspired narrator of this vision, 'the disciple which testifieth of these things,' and through whose presence there we are learning about the occupations of heaven. And it appears, as we have said, that—either because knowing little of the usages of that world, or, because not seeing distinctly what was afterwards pointed out—he had regarded the absence of all reply to the angel's inquiry as something indicative of despair. And believing, therefore, that this roll, this precious book of the future, must remain for ever a hidden thing, and that none could ever learn what it contained concerning the coming history of the Church, and the progress of the Gospel, and the development of the plan of salvation, he was unable to contain his sorrow. As he tells us, 'I wept much.' And it was this his voice of weeping, as he stood like a stranger and looked on, that had sounded so strange in that scene.

"We may learn from that which followed, how the sympathies of heaven are with men. One of the symbolical elders was immediately moved, it appears, to console his brother from below; to tell him of coming success, and of the Mighty One who could even prevail to open the seals of that book. Upon which—looking

again—‘he beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne, and of the four living creatures, and of the elders,’ stood that mystical lion-like ‘Lamb,’ that adorable and Almighty Saviour, whose assemblage of glories and perfections, as here symbolized to us, we have before tried to pourtray. He stood there—how well St. John must have known Him! How rejoicingly he must have seen the perfect Godhead and glorified humanity of his former friend and master! He stood there in the immediate presence of Him who sat on the throne. Then the armies of heaven beheld Him reach His hand for the book. Then they beheld the book given to Him as to one having right. And then, knowing that its seven seals would now be opened, they perceived the significance of all this:—the onward step it was in redemption—the glory it put on **THE SON**—the proof it was that ‘all fullness,’ and ‘all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,’ were in the ‘Lamb that was slain.’ The Atonement, they knew and felt, had changed the character of the *past*. *Now* they saw how it revealed the *future*; and so—how it told on **ALL TIME**.”

---

An Earnest Exhortation to Christian Unity, with an Appendix containing Bishop Beveridge's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul, and the Divinity of the Christian Religion. By the **CHIEF OF SINNERS**. London: Partridge and Co. 1858.

WE are not quite sure that we have rightly comprehended this book: it reprints large portions of the New Testament—somewhat also from the Old. It contains many admirable passages, and many startling statements; but there seems a certain vagueness about it which renders it less satisfactory than we could wish. We shall extract a few passages:—

“As regards infidelity—this wide-spreading poison is publicly preached in many of the thoroughfares and open spaces of the metropolis, and other cities and large towns of the kingdom, almost every Sunday, as well as widely disseminated by the industrious circulation of all kinds of infidel, obscene, and disgusting publications, in such numbers as will be seen, by the following statistical account, to outvie all the religious publications of every kind and description whatever, inclusive of Bibles and Testaments, that are distributed in order to counteract their vicious and venomous effects; though it is much to be hoped that Lord Campbell's Bill will now have some effect in restraining this frightly issue of circulating poison. ‘The circulation of decent writings of all sorts is said to be less than that of publications which are infidel or licentious:—11,702,000 copies of absolutely vicious and Sabbath-breaking newspapers are annually circulated in these realms. Of works infidel and polluting there are circulated a yearly average of 10,400,000. If we sum up the entire circulation of pernicious literature published annually, it will stand thus:—

|                                           |            |
|-------------------------------------------|------------|
| Ten Stamped Papers . . . . .              | 11,702,000 |
| Six Unstamped ditto . . . . .             | 6,240,000  |
| About sixty Miscellaneous ditto . . . . . | 10,400,000 |
| Worst class ditto . . . . .               | 520,000    |

---

Total . . . . . 28,862,000

Putting together the annual issues of Bibles, Testaments, Religious Tracts, Newspapers and Periodicals of every kind, we find a total of 24,418,620—leaving a balance of 4,443,380 in favour of pernicious and corrupting literature; or rather, it should be stated in this language; as being that amount against works of a religious, virtuous, and moral tendency!”

We trust that this is exaggerated; indeed we know that it is. The following is an amusing and not uninteresting story:

“As characteristic of the lax way in which many of our legislative enactments are passed, I will just mention an anecdote, which was prevalent at the time, as to how the clause was inserted in an Act of Parliament then under discussion, for preventing the sweeps from giving utterance aloud to their calling in the streets, whereby these doctors of smokey chimneys (D.S.C.) were impeded, to a certain extent, in obtaining by their industry an honest livelihood. It arose from this circumstance:—‘Two members of the late parliament (not disciples of Father Mathew) discussing at their *post prandium tête-à-tête*, not only the merits of a bottle of wine, but likewise the loose way in which acts of Parliament were passed; the one offered a bet, which the other accepted, that he would get a clause inserted in an act of parliament (then named), for preventing the sweeps crying aloud the title of their profession in the streets—‘Sweep.’ And which, however ridiculous it may appear, he succeeded in doing, and won the bet, whereby the matin notes of the pupils of these doctors of smokey chimneys were no longer heard. D.S.C. is an affix which a Mr. Bulphin, a celebrated chimney mender, of blue or tory politics in the city of Bristol, some years since added to his name, and whose humorous character will long be remembered in that city, from the circumstance of his having purchased the old carriage of one of Bristol’s merchant princes, the late Mr. Bangley, and in it he, accompanied with his wife, and being drawn by a pair of horses, went, at one of their celebrated contested elections, into Queen-square, and there voted for ‘Miles and Vyvyan for ever!’—for which he got surcharged double, or two years’ duty! which made him look as blue as his politics, or the ribbons he wore!”

We consider the following most objectionable and unwarrantable.

“But for the present I will mention only one, and that the very last, of the last session of Parliament (*ex una disce omnes*)—‘the Marriage and Divorce Bill’ so called, but the title of which would be much more appropriate were it named ‘A Bill for the destruction

of all conjugal and domestic happiness,' for by it not only is 'the Christian dispensation' of the law of marriage entirely set aside and trampled under foot, but even the liberties allowed under the Mosaic, amplified and extended. And I have the strongest reasons for believing that many of the most iniquitous clauses in that Act have been suggested, and inserted at the instigation of certain parties, not particularly celebrated for either their moral or religious virtues, in order that, under it, or by them, they may accuse, and if possible by false testimony, convict other innocent parties, of crimes and offences, and load them with infamy; in order thereby to cover, conceal, and hide their own. May God, in His mercy, turn their hearts. Such is the character of the last Act, which received the royal assent on the very last day of the last session of Parliament, and just previous to her Majesty's speech upon the prorogation being delivered by the Royal Commissioners, and which of course had previously passed through both the House of Peers and the House of Commons; in the former of which sit the Bishops of the Established Church as legislators, many of whom gave their support to this unchristian, antichristian Bill; amongst whom, I am sorry to say, was to be found the present Bishop of London, and who, in fact, was the only one (*proh pudor!*) who was found upon the bench of Bishops to give his sanction to that infamous Bill on its return from the Lower House in its altered—for to call it amended form, as applied to such a bill, would be altogether a misappropriation of terms. And in the Commons, Lord Palmerston is reported to have said, being stung by the honest and determined opposition offered to the passing of this iniquitous Bill, led on by that champion of debate (until compelled to withdraw from the combat by a domestic affliction) Mr. Gladstone, that he would sit day and night until the middle of September in order to carry it;—for what purpose is best known to his Lordship. And upon another occasion, when yielding to the adjournment of the debate upon some of its clauses over a day or two, he stated that he did so, not out of any deference to the opposition, but for the convenience of the Attorney-General, who had to attend next day in the House of Lords, upon the hearing of the question as to the right claimant to the title of the Earl-dom of Shrewsbury. Such was the courteous treatment which the honest legislators, acting antagonistical to this mischievous Bill, received from her Majesty's Premier. But it is perfectly in accord with the manner in which his Lordship treats business matters generally. Witness, for instance, his observations reported to have been made in debate upon the question of the adjournment of the House a day or two previous to the last Derby races. Our jocose, facetious, and humorous Premier, of upwards of threescore years and ten, is reported to have then said, that he readily acquiesced in the adjournment until a future day;—upon what grounds think you, my Christian reader? Upon the merits of the question then before the House? Not at all,—no, no such thing; but because that upon the intervening days 'our Isthmian games' ('the Derby races') were to be celebrated."



The note on the above is simply absurd :—

“ It were much to be wished that, in this Christian country, and particularly in the Legislative Assembly thereof, all allusion or reference to the deities of the ancient heathen mythology were avoided, however well-stored the philosophical mind of man may be in classical lore. The Isthmian games here alluded to were sacred games, held by the Greeks at Corinth, in honour of their sea deity, Melicerta. And what deity our Isthmian games (as his Lordship is pleased to call the Derby races) are held in honour of, or are sacred to, may be pretty well gathered from the consequences too frequently befalling the attendants thereat. I know but of one—the god of this world, Satan, the devil. And these are the Isthmian games, in order to enable them to attend which, a parliamentary holiday is annually granted to the legislators of the Legislative Assembly of this Christian country; and to the adjournment of the House, for that purpose, the Premier of her Majesty’s Executive Government readily assented; though otherwise, he would not have submitted to one moment’s delay, whereby a little more calm consideration, might have been given to the consideration of that Antichristian bill, involving probably the future conjugal and domestic happiness of thousands, it may be millions, of her Majesty’s subjects.”

It is therefore with many drawbacks that we venture to give our general commendation to this well-meant but very defective book.

---

**Sunday School Teaching, its Object and Method Practically Considered. Together with a Chapter on Day Schools, and an Appendix of Skeleton Lessons. By the Rev. J. F. SERJEANT, Curate of St. Mary’s, Bryanstone Square, &c. London: James Nisbet and Co.**

THIS is one of the most practical little books which we ever remember to have fallen in with. The first words are an index of the whole :—

“ The condition of that church is the healthiest where there is found ‘ a use for every talent, and a talent for every use ;’ where the man of erudition and the man of active devotedness and the man of benevolence find an appropriate sphere for the exercise of their respective gifts and graces. And that will be the wisest pastor who best succeeds in discovering and directing the latent energies of his people—dividing with them the burden of his responsibility, and giving to each the kind and the measure of work which the capacity and leisure of each best fits him for accomplishing.

“ How completely has this realization of a christian community been, until lately, forgotten by us ! The functions of the church

have been regarded as exclusively appertaining to her ministers, and the talents of the choicest of her lay members have run to waste. For a christian layman to occupy a post on a missionary platform or by a sick man's bedside, has been considered singular—for him to have the subordinate oversight of a certain number of souls, presumptuous and irregular. However, the laity are assuming their proper position, as responsible members of the church of God, and as bound, each according to the measure of his ability, to carry out that church's plans, and to aid in the extension of the knowledge of her divine Head. And although there is still a sad backwardness in ministers in availing themselves of the assistance which their flocks ought to render, and a sad shrinking among their flocks themselves from offices which infringe upon their ease or augment their responsibility, yet the right principle has been recognised, and it will gather strength as its wisdom and utility come to be apparent."

The requisites for Sunday school teachers are thus set forth:—

"*Christian character*, then, is the first requisite in a teacher. A Sunday school teacher must be one whose sincerity is undoubted; whose character is unblemished; and whose influence is on the Lord's side;—one who hates sin; who delights in the law of the Lord; and who approves and assists, as far as he can, every good work. In short, he must be a Christian; one who can testify against sins from the power of which he has been delivered, and who is himself a follower of the Saviour whom he commends.

"But while character occupies the first place in the list of the requisites of a teacher, it is of the utmost importance that he should possess a fair measure of *aptitude for his work*. The standard of the knowledge required to form a teacher has been utterly at fault. A young man who has never crossed the threshold of a school-room—never opened a manual on religious education, and who is utterly ignorant of the powers he possesses, or of the way to use them, thinks he should like a class. He applies to the superintendent, and, without the slightest investigation of his abilities for the work, and without any preparation on his part, he is duly installed in office. Or, a father, desirous to train up his children in labours of love, brings his sons, lads of twelve and fourteen, and requests the superintendent to assign them work on a Sunday afternoon, by which they may be kept from mischief, and trained to love that which is good. Now in all this there is utterly a fault. The Sunday school deserves the best talent which the lay portion of the church can offer. It is as worthy a field of exertion for men of threescore as for lads of sixteen. When its end shall be less than it is, then inferior agents may carry on the work; but, while its end is so dignified and its responsibility so great, we must seek to enlist in its service intelligence and experience, as well as the still more indispensable requisite of genuine godliness.

"Now, in order that a person desirous of a class, but totally unacquainted with its duties, might commence his work with some measure of efficiency, I would advise him to give a few hours' attendance at some parochial school under efficient superintendence. From seeing a few gallery lessons given by a thoroughly good master, and from watching narrowly the movements and the discipline of the different classes, more will be learned of the mechanical art of teaching than could be obtained from any other source. True, there is very often about the best masters a professional mannerism—an unnatural stiffness, which, in the eyes of a stranger, is offensive and ridiculous; yet, in the thorough familiarity which they manifest with their subject, and in their tact in securing attention and preserving order, they are the very models which an unskilled teacher should study. Through the possession of such an advantage, how often is it that pupil-teachers, in the first or second year of their apprenticeship, are really of more service in the management of a class than gentlemen of established piety and superior education?"

It is a very high standard which Mr. Serjeant requires. He says,—

"One point more as regards the preparation of your lessons. Never take your notes with you to school. It is quite pitiful to see a Sunday school teacher retailing to his class explanations from a written paper; and it is almost as offensive to see him '*cramming*' in some quiet corner of the schoolroom immediately before the teaching commences. If the lesson has been properly studied, and your mind is thoroughly imbued with its spirit, such trammels will be as useless to you as would be crutches to a sound man. I admit that to a lame man crutches *are* serviceable, but you have no right to go limping to your duty. The whole week lies before you, in the which you may prepare, and with only a very moderate degree of application, such helps may be dispensed with. I might almost say, never take your book with you to the school. You should be able to teach as well without as with it. By committing to memory the eight or ten verses of the lesson, this may be easily accomplished; and the freedom and pleasure which such an acquisition will ensure to you, as well as the respect which it will win from your scholars, will not be slight.

"'On reviewing a period of six weeks,' says Mr. Horace Mann, 'the greater part of which I spent in visiting schools in the north and middle of Prussia, and in Saxony, entering the schools to hear the first recitation in the morning, and remaining until the last was completed at night, I call to mind, that

"'During all this time I never saw a teacher hearing a lesson of any kind (excepting a reading or spelling lesson) *with a book in his hand*.

"'During the above period I witnessed exercises in geography, ancient and modern; in the German language, from the explana-

tion of the simplest words up to *belles lettres* disquisitions, with rules for speaking and writing; in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, surveying, and trigonometry; in book-keeping; in civil history, ancient and modern; in natural philosophy; in botany and zoology; in mineralogy, where there were hundreds of specimens; in the endless variety of the exercises on thinking, knowledge of nature, of the world, and of society; in Bible history, and in Bible knowledge; and, as I before said, in no one of these cases did I see a teacher with a book in his hand. His book—his books, his library—was in his head. Promptly, without pause, without hesitation, from the rich resources of his own mind, he brought forth whatever the occasion demanded.’ ”

The following passage requires a still larger amount of self-devotion:—

“It is strange that a duty so advantageous, and, when rightly entered into, so delightful, should be viewed with so much dislike, and engaged in with so much reluctance. Yet it so. The periodical and occasional visit are alike neglected. Slothfulness and apathy creep over the frame, and any hindrance, however slight, is regarded as a legitimate excuse for omitting so distasteful a duty.

“It is Saturday night with yonder teacher. On Sunday he missed a couple of scholars from his class. He felt that he ought to see them. They might be sick, or they might have been out on some truanting excursion. He had a leisure evening on Sunday. He lives alone, and has no family circle which he can join in their devotions, or cheer with his conversation. The church he attends is closed on Sunday evenings, and the day’s teaching is over about five o’clock in the afternoon. If he had gone then, he would have found the house in order; the father and mother at home; and the course clear for the introduction of topics adapted to edify; while he still might have secured three or four hours for self-examination and prayer. Here are his Sunday’s musings:—‘They will not like to be disturbed on Sunday evenings; families like then to be alone. They will think I am crazed in sallying forth so hastily, as if it were a matter of life and death, to see why a couple of Sunday school boys did not come to school. There is a whole week before me, I can take another day. It will be more seemly, more convenient, more agreeable, better in every way.’ But there was another plausible excuse behind:—‘I want Sunday for my own soul. It is God’s day of rest, and I must water my own garden, as well as that of others.’ And thus the day passed. Newton’s Letters and Herbert’s Poems, a few pages from a church missionary report, and a chapter in the Bible with one of Jay’s Commentaries, closed the evening; and, with the dim outline of his two scholars haunting his conscience, he went to rest.

“But the teacher spoke of the coming week. Yes, he *spoke* of it. It was easy to plan and to purpose; but Monday evening brought absent friends to see him; on Tuesday evening there were

letters requiring to be answered ; Wednesday is his church service night ; on Thursday evening he puts his class-book in order, and prepares his next Sunday lessons ; Friday evening finds him at a meeting of a literary society ; and on Saturday evening we find him debating whether he had better not now trust to his absent scholars coming on the morrow, and explaining themselves why they were not there on the previous Sunday.

"It is thus that teachers suffer themselves to be seduced from the path of duty. They do not like that which interferes with their ease. The fireside, the parlour periodical, the social circle, are all so many weights dragging them down with irresistible power when they think of sallying forth into the haunts of the poor to look after the absent, and to wait upon the sick. And thus many a scholar dies, and is buried without a word of exhortation or of comfort, simply because his teacher loves his own ease better than *his* soul, and loses his sense of responsibility in the enjoyment of the comforts in which his heart is too deeply buried."

But we must find room for a passage on play :—

"'The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.' This is one of the features which is mentioned as a characteristic of Jerusalem, 'When it shall be called the city of truth ; and the mountain of the Lord of hosts the holy mountain.' The gospel of Jesus is no foe to enjoyment. While it hallows, it enhances every innocent pleasure. It assumes that the love of play exists in every child's bosom, and, instead of crushing that love, it would only provide that its gratification should be sought in lawful objects, and its extent limited by moderation and prudence.

"One means of affording innocent gratification to the scholars of a Sunday school is the arranging for them an annual festival. If carefully managed, such an occasion becomes an instrument of good. It is important that children should be taught ever to play *aright*, and to distinguish sports which are lawful from those which are sinful :—to see that there is as much pure gratification in mingling with the beauties of nature and in healthful exercise, as in the indulgences of sensuality, the excitement of games of hazard, or the conversation of blackguardism. In addition, however, to this, the opportunity of intercourse which is thus afforded tends to set the teachers in a new and interesting light before the children, as those who can amuse as well as instruct ; while to the teachers the opportunities of observing the characters of the children, from the games they chose, the companions they select, and the conversation in which they engage, will be both interesting and useful.

"*Time, place, provision, amusement, and edification*—these are the chief of points connected with a children's festival. The first three necessarily, and sometimes exclusively ; the last two, wherever a body of management is found sufficiently wise to plan, and

sufficiently painstaking to carry out, the preliminaries which are needful for ensuring ends so desirable. Where the amusement and edification of the scholars are not provided for, a Sunday school festival becomes a mere cram, and the gratification of the appetite is set forth as the chief means of enjoyment. In all rightly managed festivals this will be the least delightful feature of the entertainment. Not that it is unimportant, but the nature of the amusements provided should be such as to throw into secondary estimation the mere pleasure of eating and drinking.

"In the first place, however, I would remark that union festivals are for the most part undesirable. An imposing scene may thus be got up; but what is gained in display is lost in comfort. The annual gathering of the London charity schools in St. Paul's Cathedral, is neither more nor less than a magnificent sight. As to edification, no one thinks of that; the preacher's voice being scarcely audible by a sixth part of the children assembled in the vast amphitheatre, and the excitement of the scene entirely distracting the attention of those most able to listen. And, as to pleasure, I should suppose that there is no day in the three hundred and sixty-five which ends with such feelings of thorough weariness and dissatisfaction as this."

Then follow some very valuable hints as to how such festivals should be carried out, and a note of much importance as to the expense:—

"I may as well state the average cost of ordinary festivals. Fourpence per head, or if the festival be extended to a whole day, fivepence per head, will generally be an ample allowance for provisions, including the hire of crockery. If it, moreover, include a journey into the country, or a trip down the river, an extra sixpence per head will meet the cost. If a booth or marquee require pitching, an extra thirty shillings will be incurred. On this calculation a festival for a school of 250 children, requiring one good meal, and not leaving the town on any excursion, would cost about £4, 4s. If for a whole day, and at a distance of seven or eight miles from the town, about £10, 10s. And if entailing the hire of a large booth, about £13."

Kansas; or, Squatter Life and Border Warfare in the far West.  
By Thomas H. Gladstone. London: Routledge.

THIS most interesting work originally appeared in the form of letters to the "Times," from which journal it is now reprinted with many additions. Mr. Gladstone visited America at a season when the whole union was astir on the subject of the "domestic institution." As our readers will probably bear in mind the tenor of those letters when they first came out, we shall here merely express our satisfaction

at having them in this collected form, and make a few extracts characteristic of the work. Take a description of tavern society in Kansas.

"It was on that night that I first came in contact with the Missourian patriots. I had just arrived in Kansas city, and shall never forget the appearance of the lawless mob that poured into the place, inflamed with drink, glutted with the indulgence of the vilest passions, displaying with loud boasts the 'plunder' they had taken from the inhabitants, and thirsting for the opportunity of repeating the sack of Lawrence in some other offending place. Men, for the most part of large frame, with red flannel shirts and immense boots worn outside their trousers, their faces unwashed and unshaven, still reeking with the dust and smoke of Lawrence, wearing the most savage looks, and giving utterance to the most horrible imprecations and blasphemies; armed, moreover, to the teeth with rifles and revolvers, cutlasses and bowie-knives,—such were the men I saw around me. Some displayed a grotesque intermixture in their dress, having crossed their native red rough shirt with the satin vest or narrow dress-coat pillaged from the wardrobe of some Lawrence Yankee, or having girded themselves with the cords and tassels which the day before had ornamented the curtains of the Free-state Hotel. Looking around at these groups of drunken, bellowing, bloodthirsty demons who crowded around the bar of the hotel, shouting for drink, or vented their furious noise on the levee without, I felt that all my former experiences of border men and Missourians bore faint comparison with the spectacle presented by this wretched crew, who appeared only the more terrifying from the darkness of the surrounding night. The hotel in Kansas city where we were, was the next, they said, that should fall; the attack was being planned that night, and such, they declared, should be the end of every place which was built by Free-state men, or that harboured 'those rascally abolitionists.' Happily this threat was not fulfilled.

"A number of these men became my companions for the night, as I went up by one of the Missouri steamboats from Kansas to Leavenworth city, which, as a convenient centre, I desired to make my head-quarters, whilst investigating the condition of affairs in the territory. The other fellow-passengers were, for the most part of a like order. A few Germans, carrying their stock-in-trade, to turn an honest penny by peaceful traffic, while other people were fighting; a company of New Mexicans, making their way through Kansas to Santa Fé; three or four persons, more gentlemanly in appearance, to whom I shall again have occasion to refer; and, for the rest, a crowd of adventurers little better than those just taken on board, who might be classed generally under the head of 'border ruffians,' made up, with a single exception or two, our travelling party for the night.

"A general rush to the bar ensued. Already maddened with whisky, each would treat his fellow in arms:—

" 'Step up, and liquor here, you sir. A heap finer this stuff than that there rot-gut ashore. Here, you sir; don't be askeard. One of our boys, I reckon? All right on the goose, eh? No high-falutin' airs here, you know. Keep that for them Yankee Blue-bellies down East. If there's any of that sort here, I reckon they'd better make tracks mighty quick, and that's a fact, while I'se on board, unless they want to make a quicker road out than they came in. Yes, sir, this yere tool of mine [handling a pistol], it isn't the first time it has seen a Blue-belly. If there's any of that 'ere sort aboard, I say they'd better clear out, that's sartin. We ain't agoin' to stand them coming here, we ain't. Isn't their own place down East big enough for them, I should like to know? We ain't agoin' to stand their comin' and dictatin' to us with their — nigger-worshipping, we ain't. I reckon we'll make the place hot enough for them soon, that's a fact. Here, boys, drink. Liquors, captain, for the crowd. Step up this way, old hoss, and liquor.' "

"And thus the midnight talk went on—talk which I neither care to remember nor to repeat, and in which I am compelled to omit the fearful expletives of blasphemy which interrupted, not every sentence merely, but every word or two of the dialogue. Others sat down to cards, and quarrelled over their losses; some, more sleepy, threw themselves upon the cabin floor to rest, for it was already two hours past midnight. In all, there were nearly two hundred on board; and as it was evident that the majority must sleep on the floor, I hastened to secure one of the berths, and thus seek relief, if possible, from the distracting noise. In a smaller degree, I had had so much of a similar experience before, that I managed to sleep, only awakened at times by a louder shout from the bar or the gaming table."

An instance of law and order, as it existed only last year in this renowned state, and as, alas! it must, too probably, exist at present, is to be found in the following passage:—

"Nowhere in America, probably, is the contrast between the Northern man exhibited in so marked a manner as in the Kansas. He who would see the difference between comfort and discomfort, between neatness and disorder, cleanliness and filth, between farming the land and letting the land farm itself, between trade and stagnation, stirring activity and reigning sloth, between a wide-spread intelligence and an almost universal ignorance, between general progress and an incapacity for all improvement or advancement, has commonly only to cross the border line which separates a free from a slave State. But he who would see these broad contrasts in a single view, the evidences of well-directed enterprise and intelligent energy mixed up with the ugly features of back-going and barbarity, should seek out Kansas, and make its strange varieties of inhabitant his study.



" Kansas is not altogether bad. It has its redeeming features, its fairer as well as its darker aspects, as if to justify Byron's line, — 'None are all evil.' An impulse more than ordinary has been given on the part of the North, and the necessities of the settler have been more than ordinarily anticipated. Usually life in the bush, or life on the prairie implies a long apprenticeship of toil before the reward of industry is reached. The Western settler must, in most instances, make up his mind to years of lonely struggle, hard battling with the earth and elements, before he finds himself surrounded by the life of civilization even in its most rudimentary forms. But it has not been wholly so in Kansas. The want of capital, which is a principal source of the difficulties and embarrassments that so long retard the progress of settlers in a new country, has been in a great degree met by the active exertions of the Northern emigrant-aid societies. The appliances of civilized life are, as a consequence, by no means wanting. The church, the school-house, the public hall, the necessities of commerce, saw-mills, and other erections of industry, are all in a certain degree provided; and large public works and costly undertakings are promised, and already have an existence on paper, which are in advance of the wants of the place for many years to come. Hence, trade has been greatly stimulated, and a degree of enterprise developed which, had not the pursuit of industry been diverted by the rude checks of war, would have made this new territory remarkable in the annals of successful progress and rapid increase.

" Unfortunately, as I had too many proofs at the time of my visit, the labours of the honest and well-disposed among the settlers were most grievously interfered with by the necessity of bearing arms and shielding themselves from political oppression. The farmers were neglecting their cornfields to form committees of defence. Others found themselves mercilessly robbed of their produce and of their horses and other stock, to supply the wants of the 'Regulators,' who in the name of 'law and order,' scoured the country in search of political victims. A young man, when I was there, was attacked by a band of men, who demanded his horse. He refused. They held their pistols before him, and renewed the demand: 'He must give his horse, or drop.' He again asserted his right to his own. The 'Regulators' were firm. He pleaded, if not justice, mercy—telling them that he was the only son of a widowed mother, and that to take his horse would be to rob him of his chief means of supporting, not himself alone, but her. The 'Law-and-Order' men were weary of the discussion. A single shot terminated both it and the young man's life."

It must not be supposed that Mr. Gladstone looks with prejudice on the character of Western America, he says—

" To draw a true picture of Kansas life, it is necessary, of course, to place in the foreground the true typical Western frontiersman. Coming originally, whether from the cultivated farms of New Eng-

gland, or from the broad Plantations of the South, the settler in the West speedily acquires those general characteristics which belong to the border, and which mark out the Western man as of a species distinct from either Northerner or Southerner. It would be difficult, perhaps, to define it precisely; but there is an element in the Western character which, in the case of the majority I believe of our own countrymen, would gain for it their natural sympathies more readily than they are yielded to the Eastern inhabitants of the States, either north or south. This is the secret, probably, of that strange attraction which belongs, notwithstanding all its discomforts and all its perils, to the border life of the furthest West. Placed in circumstances where they have to endure frequent hardship and privation, called oftentimes to encounter great danger, and to expose their lives to the most imminent perils, these hardy men become in a short time wholly indifferent to all considerations of personal comfort or safety. By a natural transition they are next found deriving pride and pleasure from the life of hardship to which they have become inured, despising the softness of civilization and conventional society, and loving only the proud independence and excitement of a life, in which the surmounting of obstacles, the subduing of nature, and perpetual hair-breadth escapes, form the chief staple of each day's experience.

"Further, the border-man is so situated with regard to his fellow-settler that he is most naturally led to share all he has with his neighbour, and to make common stock of whatever little conveniences each can afford. If A. is felling timber, he will cut for B. too, who lives in the log-house four miles off, and who, perhaps, has unfortunately lost or broken his axe; and if B.'s wife has got a saucepan, A.'s better-half shall not want the means wherewithal to prepare the 'hog and hominy' for the family's wants. And why not? If there were no such generous interchange, a weary week's journey might need to be undertaken before Mr. B. could replace his axe, or Mrs. A. her saucepan. A Western man will take no recompense for services rendered, however kind or valuable; he dislikes to be offered thanks. In my own experience, the most simple acknowledgment of favour by a plain 'if you please,' or 'I thank you,' has been received with evident displeasure that I should introduce the coldness of Eastern conventionalism to mar the freedom of friendly intercourse. The most unbounded hospitality reigns, the talk of the stranger, and the news he may bring, being the set-off against all he may receive. This set-off, however, he must give; for the Western man, while he holds that you have a free right to everything in his cabin, without asking so much as his permission, considers that you and yours are equally at his disposal, and that, should he detain you for a night beneath his roof, you are bound to answer every one of the endless questions he has to present for your solution. Whatever is not generous and free, the true border-man with difficulty comprehends and most heartily hates. Let the stranger leave behind him all home prejudices, all

the chill formalities of conventional society—be ready to accept the rough fare set before him, which, if not good, is yet the best the country will afford—show no fear, no suspicion, no restraint—handle his rifle as if it were his cherished companion—be hearty and cheerful, and ready to communicate, not in word only, but by handing out his brandy-flask, or participating anything else he may have with his entertainers, without allowing it to appear in the smallest degree an act of favour, and tell the rough settler that, though ‘of Eastern raising,’ his heart is with the West, and there is not a log-cabin in the whole border-land from north to south which is not open for his reception. Except in Kansas, one is compelled to add; for there, although the Western nature is still the same—and rightly managed, there is little to fear even from the man who glories in the name of border ruffian—yet, through this detestable war, the generosity of the Western character is marred, and each man looks with suspicion upon either stranger or neighbour.”

And he goes on still further in the same strain—

“It is impossible, however, rightly to comprehend life in Kansas without taking into consideration the natural characteristics of the Western borderer. Take him at his best, and the pioneer of the New World possesses a noble character. There he stands, in his rough woollen shirt of yellow or red, his big boots forming a large circumference around his leathern hose, a buffalo-skin upon his back—at once his covering by day and his bed, sheet and blanket all combined, by night—his coonskin cap, or slouched felt hat, covering a face which hot suns and keen frosts have made brown as an Indian’s, his rifle across his shoulder, powder-horn and shot-pouch hanging from his neck, his belt stuck full of twine and knives, and hatchets and ammunition, and all the minor necessities of his life—the produce of his last shot perhaps upon his shoulder, his visage the fiercer for uncombed hair and thick bristly beard: there he stands, ready for the widest river, or the thickest forest, or the broadest prairie, or the wildest Indian, or the most savage beast that it may be his lot to light on, ready to do or die.

“That there is a charm in all this, at least to ‘those whose hearts are fresh and simple,’ and who are sick of the luxury and display, the hollow pretence and unmanly refinements in the Eastern cities, will be understood by every one. There is a romance about the unheeded perils and unthought of hardships, there is attraction in the manly generosity of these brave pioneers of civilization. They are the men to conquer the wild woods and stern nature that is before them; and they do it. Step by step, not gradually, but rapidly, they have carried forward the outposts of civilized life; the red man has receded before them; the waste wilderness has been transformed into a fruitful field; hundreds, thousands of miles have submitted to the steady march of their conquest: and population has followed to fill up from behind the lands they have cleared;

and hating, as 'crowded up like a city,' the place where they can see in the distance the smoke of another man's log-hut, or cross another man's claim, they ever move on, loving only the act of conquest, and the pride of giving to the world new lands for its enjoyment.

"Open-hearted, hospitable, manly, enterprising, reckless of danger, careless of comfort, full of cool courage and determination as the Western path-finder is, it may readily be supposed he holds in most hearty contempt the delicately raised Yankee, that is, inhabitant of the North-eastern States. To him the Yankee appears the embodiment of all that is stiff and cold, calculating and selfish. He would not exchange the 'rough and ready' welcome to one of his own Western log-huts, for all the gorgeous saloons and costly display of the most brilliant receptions in the Eastern cities. And well it is, that in some part of the Union, the manly strength of its first founders is thus perpetuated. With all his faults, there is life and vigour in the Western borderer, and although capable of being transformed into the worst of ruffians, because the most reckless and determined, yet there are elements of character, as it has been my object to show, in this rough population of Missouri and other border lands, which are noble in themselves, and of the highest value to the interests of the States.

"How this Western character has been affected by the strife of politics, how it has been engrafted upon other stocks and transmuted into new forms, I shall next describe. But this subject must be reserved for another chapter, in which I hope to portray more particularly the varieties of inhabitants to be met with in the seat of Western war, and thus to place before English eyes a picture of log-hut life in Kansas."

We shall next take a sketch from a river steamer:—

"But amid all these—Pro-slavery men, Freesoilers, New Mexicans, Mormons, Nuns, Jews, Germans, professional gamblers, Federal officers, and slaves—there was no liberty of speech, unless the license claimed by the Southern braves be deemed a species of liberty. In an undertone, and keeping to the German language, I ventured to condemn the existing outrages, while conversing with two Germans. I found them of my own mind, but, they added, no one durst open his mouth. Of the denial of freedom of speech a curious illustration occurred as our steamer was approaching the border-line of Kansas, The word 'abolition' had unguardedly dropped from the lips of the clerk of the boat, not with the customary oath, but with a laugh. 'Shut up,' was the instant rejoinder, proceeding from a gruff, hoarse voice; 'reck'n we're in a section now, we're you can't say that there word, not even in jest; so don't crowd on so mighty powerful. You'll have to allow to respect the wishes of the sovereign people; its them that's to rule;—d'ye hear, Mister?'

"Another fellow-passenger held the same views. He was a Judge, and resident in Missouri. I forget his name, but it might

have been O'Trigger. Judge O'Trigger was one of the best-looking of the Missouri men. He was evidently well to do, and had the respect of the others, forming often the centre of a circle before whom he would deliver his opinions. He was a man of fine frame and handsome appearance—tall, but also stout; his eye betokened determination, and his countenance was not unattractive, albeit his cheek was unceasingly, except at mealtime, distended with the tobacco quid. He was well dressed, wore a 'Know-Nothing' hat, and had a black coat on his back, which, however, he removed when he sat down to meals; thus making more conspicuous his tobacco-stained shirt-front. This worthy judge was a leader of the talk on board, and I believe I owe much of my personal safety to the fact of my not refusing to form one of his circle of auditors. But let Sir Oracle speak for himself.

"'I've got some boys up hyar, and I expect I'll bring them down. Reckon property's a 'nation sight safer at home than among those mean, cantankerous Abolition cusses. That's what I'm goin' up for, gentlemen. Got a steep lot, I reckon, altogether; but they're no account in these hyer diggins now, with them Abolition rascals; that's a fact.' Next, discoursing on the agitating politics of the day, the subject to which he always reverted, 'Tall times these, gentlemen, Those Massachusetts men calculated they'd have it all their own way, I reckon. Get us only on their — tracks. We'll soon knock the wind out of them, that's sartin. What on airth have they to do hyar, I should like to know? Let Massachusetts govern itself, I say; and *we'll* govern *ourselves*. That's so. Let Massachusetts govern itself, and *we'll* govern *ourselves*, I say. That's right and fair; and they've no right to interfere.' All joined heartily in admiring the legal wisdom of Judge O'Trigger, interpreting his conclusion as it was meant,—namely, that Missouri should govern Kansas. Then, in order to prevent the intrusion of Massachusetts men, he had his remedy at hand. 'We're not agoin' to let them pass in, no how. There's too many in it, by a long sight, a'ready. We're most agen the border now, I reckon. Catch e're a one of them passing! by —, if I won't scalp him. There's one thing we'll do. We'll pass the word round the boat at the last landing, so as they can jest kinder have their choice which way they like. They must jest be good on the hemp or land. That's how we'll crowd it on 'em, or they'll have to allow to take the change out of this hyar revolver of mine. That's so; they must jest be right on the hemp or put ashore. We've stood them a mighty steep time, but they ain't agoin' to carry on that powerful any longer. That's a fact.' The judicial functionary repeated many times his plan, whereby to separate the wheat from the chaff among the passengers; but, fortunately, when we reached the boundary-line, the excitement was too great to admit of its execution. Most probably the whole of it was mere bravado."

Mr. Gladstone saw a great deal of the red Indians, and  
VOL. XLIV.

s

has given us some interesting pictures of them, their ways, and their habitations ; of these we shall take one :—

“Te-o-kún-ko was of a restless disposition. He never laid down his bow, but sprang out frequently from beneath the tent to shoot an arrow high aloft, run after it, and return. His dress I have described in saying he had a blue girdle sustained by a leathern strap. He was tall, and of that extreme slenderness of limb only to be seen amongst certain wild races. His hair was parted in the centre, and brought down over each shoulder in a plait of two feet length, into which horsehair and other substances were introduced, and which terminated in a ball of thyme or other scented herb. Behind the head the hair was brought back, and terminated by a brass ring. He wore earrings ; also a necklace of beads, long and short alternately, and a second, looser necklace of brass chain. Further, he had armlets—five or six coils of stout brass wire above the elbow, two coils at the wrist. Each little finger had its ring. In his hand was his bow and a few arrows—the arrows broad at the point, and fledged with goose-quill and other feathers brightly dyed. Other adornment had he none, save streaks of bright paint across his brow and cheeks, and spots and patches, red and yellow, about his naked body.

“Táh-zee-keh-dá-cha, at my elbow, was a quiet sprite. He had a blanket loosely thrown around his shoulders ; and whether he had lost his scalp or not, I cannot say, but he shielded his head with a handkerchief, which he held tightly beneath his chin. This attitude gave him very much the appearance of an old woman. He wore also beaded moccasins, and exhibited a larger number of finger-rings than his companion.

“The squaw was dressed in a blue robe, which was held around her person by a broad leathern strap of unusual stoutness. Had the intentions of its manufacturer been carried out, this strap would doubtless have found its place in the harnessing of some Western team ; but it was now ornamented with a triple row of brass buttons, and put to fairer use. Sand-Bar had ear-rings, armlets, big and little finger rings ; her hair was parted and plaited, not wholly unlike that of any European ; her forehead was daintily streaked with lines of beauty and grace, in bright blue and flaming vermilion.

“The little pappoose was dressed simply in vest and leggings. From each ear hung two rings with watch-keys attached, the rings being passed through both the lobe and the upper cartilage of the ear. Around its neck a brass medal was suspended. On examining the medal, I beheld the image and superscription of Queen Victoria !

“Behind the family group there hung, on the sides of the tent, arrows, bows, pipes, furs, buffalo-skins, painted robes, goose-quills, eagles' claws and beaks, porcupines' spines, feathers, hair, beads, paints, and all else that an Indian counts valuable. The complexion of these Indians was of the darkest red, differing very much in depth of shade from the more civilized tribes.

"As we could not exchange intelligibly a single word, our intercourse was limited to looks and gestures. They examined my dress with solemn curiosity. The child began this, and my neighbour, the Torn Belly, followed it up. He pulled my coat-tails, drew out my neck-tie, pushed his finger up the same until he tickled my neck, altogether surveyed me thoroughly. Afterwards we fell to amusement. I stuck a coin upon a stick, and invited the papoose to shoot with his miniature bow and arrow. The young Sioux warrior entered into the game with zest, his father sustaining his arm, whilst he again and again shot only to miss the mark. At last he won his prize, gave the bit of silver into his mother's keeping—an office which she discharged by putting it into her mouth—and eagerly demanded a renewal of the practice.

"Through the half-hour during which I sat under their tent, these solemn figures never smiled, never indicated in the countenance the least presence of feeling. Even the child never laughed. When it triumphed with the bow, the father said, 'ha! ha! ha!' and the child said 'He! he! he!' but the countenances never relaxed their mournful expression. Every Indian that I ever saw, has exhibited the same strange characteristic. The red races are said to be cheerful, even jovial, amongst themselves. Be this true or false, in the presence of strangers they divest themselves of every indication of the emotional, and leave upon the mind an impression of the profoundest melancholy.

"When I rose to go, my entertainers shook me warmly by the hand, and indicated their desire that I should repeat my visit, and especially remember to bring some tobacco with me the next time. Having passed behind the tent, I heard a foot-step following me. It was the little marksman, who, when I stopped, ran towards me, and seized my legs as if to detain me. Next came the Sand-Bar, rushing to the rescue, lest white man should steal red man's child. I surrendered that which it would have been a sore affliction to keep, and left, convinced that whether under a white skin or a red one, a mother's heart is still the same."

So much for the Sioux. The work concludes with a terrible description of the sufferings of some of the Kansas settlers in prison, and Mr. Gladstone takes leave of his readers in the following words:—

"But it is not in the prison alone that the unoffending settlers of Kansas have had to endure fearful suffering. A gentleman from Chicago, who visited the territory in the winter on behalf of a committee of relief, whilst he confirmed the preceding statements, reported further that he found many of the settlers reduced by these acts of political oppression to the very verge of starvation. In one district he met with forty families entirely destitute, some of the fathers being confined in the Leocompton prison; their food green pumpkins and green Indian corn, grated by the hand. In another he found a family of five motherless children, the eldest

only seven years old, in a state of starvation, their father a prisoner at Lecompton. In a third he discovered a hundred families, so destitute of clothing that they were ashamed to be seen. Again, a neighbourhood where nearly every person was sick; and another place where a family had subsisted for four weeks on nothing but wolves' meat. This gentleman visited all the settled portions of Kansas, and everywhere he had visible proof that sickness and hunger had followed, as is usual, in the train of war.

"Looking at the prospects of Kansas in the future, it affords some encouragement to know that the territory has been relieved of some few of those who were foremost in plotting strife and upholding the Reign of Terror. The present Governor has not permitted himself to be the tool of the border-ruffian leaders, in a like manner with his predecessor. Lecompte, 'the Jeffreys of the territory,' has been removed from the office of Chief Justice. Colonel Titus, who with Buford commanded the southern bands from Georgia and other States, and filled the land when I was there with the terror of his deeds, has recently left the territory to join Walker in Nicaragua, and thus resume his former career as a filibusterer. Many besides, throughout the struggle, who have gone from the South to engage in the Kansas war, have become disgusted when they witnessed the reality, and have in a better spirit returned to their homes.

"Nevertheless, peace is not yet in Kansas, and the question is not yet decided whether the new territory shall be an accession of soil to slavery or to freedom. Right has not yet taken the place of wrong, nor liberty been substituted for despotic oppression. At Washington there are indeed hopeful signs in relation to the action of the Federal Government. The Committee on Territories has presented to Congress a report, which recommends the repudiation of the acts of the Kansas Legislature as those of a spurious body, and the repeal of the whole Kansas code, which has given sanction to the bloodshed and crime under which the territory has groaned. This measure, which, if adopted, would be a first great step towards remedying the wrongs of Kansas, has obtained a majority in the House of Representatives. On the other hand, whilst these sheets have been passing through the press, the intelligence has arrived of the bill having been rejected in the Senate. How the contest will end, time alone can show."

We have met with no book of modern times more worthy of note than this, for the justice of the views which it maintains, the excellence of its general style, and the vividness of the pictures which the author places before the eye of the reader.



THE

# CHURCH OF ENGLAND

## Quarterly Review.

---

NOVEMBER, MDCCCLVIII.

---

ART. I.—*The Future of China.*

THE enterprise of these days is absolutely astounding. Had prediction anticipated the grand events of the time in which we live, our fathers would not have believed it. They would have pronounced it impossible for human beings to do what human beings are, in fact, doing. Nevertheless, we have reached a period in our national history long foreseen by thoughtful men,—a period of development. Good and evil are growing qualities. Not content with the proportions already reached, each of these will grow to greater dimensions, until a vast gulf be fixed between them. It is in the nature of things that it should be so. Science cannot advance alone. The moral condition of the people among whom it flourishes will demand equal publicity. As we rise above the level of ancestral movements in our commercial and scientific enterprises, so shall we outstrip them in our benevolent deeds and criminal doings. Traditional fame will no longer satisfy us. Competition has kindled a fire which will burn with increased intensity; and when art, born of science, comes to its help, crime, born of depravity, will seize the instrument for the purpose of promoting its sinister designs. For example, let us suppose a prophecy to the effect that the introduction of railway travelling will put an end to the robbery of the mail, as it skirts the forest in the darkness of night: good men, who are but half convinced of the resources of crime and the depth of human depravity, will hail the railway as an auxiliary to the magistrate and the

preacher of righteousness, never dreaming that the thief can also travel by the train, corrupt the "guard," rob the passengers, abstract the bullion, leave in its place its weight in "shot," and decamp with his booty, proud of the skill and "good luck" which brought his purpose to a successful issue. Or, again, the honest citizen who has acquired a competency by the smile of Providence on his labours, and who wishes all the world to be as honest as himself, takes pleasure in the practical adoption of the electric telegraph, not merely because it will annihilate time and distance, and thus amazingly facilitate the interests of commerce, but also because he sees in it a marvellous agent for arresting fugitive criminals, striking terror into the hearts of evil doers, and forwarding the sacred ends of justice. The lightning message will outstrip the defaulter and manslayer, and the officers of law will speedily produce them in the temple of justice. Good, easy citizen! it entered not into his thoughts that the defaulter and manslayer can speak to their accomplices by the lightning rod as easily as others, and, in a few choice words which no telegraphic clerk would ever suspect to conceal a hidden meaning, can safely arrange their plans for a deed of daring crime. The great criminals of the day are fully abreast of its grandest discoveries; and great crimes are perpetrated with a boldness unequalled in the comparatively dark days of our forefathers, upon which we, in proud self-complacency, look back with affected pity. Our recent criminal records painfully illustrate these remarks. We have had great achievements in art, science, commerce, and crime. Who does not remember the year 1856? Huge villanies blackened its history. Atrocious revelations of what men without the fear of God in their hearts can dare and do, make it a year whose equal we trust never to see again. Education, as the cure of vice, had been the text of several sections of politicians for many years preceding. It was held that knowledge was the catholicon for crime; common schools would be the salvation of the country; the secular schoolmaster would wonderfully diminish the number of the police, empty the gaols of inhabitants, and render the office of the preacher a quiet sinecure, while the triumphs of science would introduce the golden age of humanity. Fundamental mistake! politicians who talk thus know little of the fearful virulence, even though frequently it exhibits a bland exterior, of the depravity of human nature. Were the gentlemen of the Royal British Bank ignorant of the rule of three? Was Robson an ignoramus? Was Redpath an unlettered clown? We go

for education, zealously as the most zealous, earnestly as the most earnest; but a broad view of facts and considerable acquaintance with the ways of men have led us to this conclusion,—that the real improvement of man, without a loyal recognition of God as He is revealed in Scripture, is altogether impossible. In the neglect of this momentous fact lies the secret of the non-success of secular education and science, so far as man's best attributes are concerned. As in the days when Greece had reached the zenith of its glory, the world, by wisdom, knew not God, so is it still. Commerce, without Christ, may enrich the world, and yet leave its inhabitants the victims of fearful poverty. Knowledge, embracing all mundane affairs within its wide circle, may be placed within the reach of all the inhabitants of the British empire; but if the secular politician in England, and the traditional policy in India, keep back the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins through a once crucified Redeemer, the light that is in them will be great darkness. And science may unfold her wonderful secrets, not now to a select and favoured few, but to the masses of the people; yet if the mystery of the Gospel remain foolishness to them, it had been better that they had never been born. And why should this be thought a strange doctrine? Does it not really exhibit the greatness of man, rather than the contrary? Does it not imply that there are powers and susceptibilities in his moral and mental nature, which are so smitten and wounded by sin that nothing less powerful than a Divine hand can reach, heal, and vitalize them? The regeneration of the world by the development of its own resources is an absurdity in theory, and an insult to man. While it pretends to dignify, it degrades him. But let us realize the truth that we must be touched by a Divine hand, must become "God's workmanship," must be made "partakers of the Divine nature," if we would rise to the dignity which redemption both contemplates and effects, and we shall then see that, if we would subdue the world and make a right use of the wonderful events of these times, we must, ourselves, be earnestly and habitually subject to Christ. This will enable us to improve the extraordinary opportunities, and to use the extraordinary facilities, which Divine Providence is giving us for the promulgation of the Gospel in every land.

Hindustan has been prominently and painfully before us for the last two years. To give even a very condensed summary of the terrible history of India during that brief period, would only cause wounds still green to bleed afresh. Suffice it then to say, that while the memory of the conflict will last

until the present generation of men is gathered to the generations that have gone before it, the conflict itself is, we trust, nearly ended, and that which we once began to fear would rend our Asiatic dependencies from us, has issued in the transfer of government in India to the British crown. The sceptre of the Great Mogul, whose name was once a terror to millions, has been transferred to the gentle hands of Queen Victoria, whose name, if it were as well known in India as it is in England, would act as a charm on turbulent hordes, and inspire the disaffected with sentiments of loyalty and the hope of better days for their country. But what is the great lesson we have learned all this time? Three great events have been going on simultaneously, namely, the war in India, the dissolution of the East India Company, and the transfer of the entire government of India to the British crown. But while these great events have been transpiring, no single fact has come out with such prominence as the guilt and folly of the defunct Company's policy with regard to the sacred claims of Christianity in the East. That policy is a foul blot on the history of our Anglo-Indian empire—a blot so foul that posterity will find it extremely difficult to credit it, just as we, who know the fact, find it extremely difficult to realize it in its infamous length and breadth. Conceive of a professedly Christian nation, the very fountain and spring, at the time, of Christianity to the other nations of the earth, attaining dominion—we ask not now whether by fair means or otherwise—over a population of Hindoos and Mohammedans, numbering, say, 180 millions, and systematically and purposely ignoring Christianity among this vast and spiritually enslaved and deluded population! The supposition is in every way appalling and incredible. Nevertheless, it is true, and it will remain true through all time and all eternity. We established schools among our Indian subjects, schools which carried out the idea of secular instruction to its utmost limits, admitting all books from which information calculated to make men intelligent could be derived, always excepting the Bible; nay, admitting the Koran and the Shaster, but excluding the Word of the living God, as if it contained pestilence between its leaves, and taught rebellion in every chapter. In harmony with this infamous policy, we smiled on the Hindoo and the Mohammedan, admitting them to places of honour and emolument, respecting the horrid gods of the former, and the memory of the impostor of Mecca worshipped by the latter, whilst we frowned on the native convert to Christianity, placing him on the lowest round of the social ladder, and doing our best to

starve and insult him even there. Well, our reward, what has it been? Surely such excessive politeness to the gods of the gentiles, whose hold upon the native mind we would not disturb by our aggressive religion, has been rewarded by a good faith and a loyalty above all praise; and surely such a diligent culture of the native intellect by all the appliances of secular training, without the troublesome doctrines of the Christian faith, has developed itself in a highly enlightened, civilized, and trustworthy nation. That such results were anticipated by the authors of the Christless policy, and anticipated by them just because it was Christless, there is not the shadow of a doubt; but what the actual results have been, let the single words *Cawnpore* and *Lucknow* answer. These words call up visions of treachery, terror, massacre, murder, and unrevealed agonies, upon which let an eternal pall of thick darkness rest!

As to the future government of India, we can only hope that the gigantic error of the past will serve as a stern warning to avoid the rock on which that fine country has been nearly wrecked. We have examined the "New Act for the better government of India," but find nothing in it bearing on the subject under notice. This does not, of course, imply that there will be no departure from the original policy; still we could have wished some distinct reference to a matter of such vital importance to the existing population, and to the yet unborn millions of Hindostan. But hoping the best for the future of India, let us take the lesson we have learned from it, and under its influence step on the shores of the wonderful empire of China.

For at last "China is open." And the first question that struck us on reading the strange intelligence—strange and startling even in these days of marvel—was, What are we to do for her people? Three hundred and fifty millions of human beings, if we are to credit the rough guess which must serve us instead of an accurate census, have been suddenly presented before the Christianity of England, as open to its teaching and influence! Three hundred and fifty millions of human beings! We are overwhelmed, bewildered, lost in these numbers. They speak of a world rather than an empire; and such a world—all without Christ! We say all, because the number of native Christians bears no appreciable proportion to this overwhelming multitude of persons. The vast mass of the Chinese people are Buddhists. Buddhism, or, more correctly, Boodhism, teaches that, at distant intervals, 'a boodh,' or deity, appears to restore the world from a state of ignorance and decay, and

then sinks into a state of entire non-existence, or rather, perhaps, of bare existence, without attributes, action, or consciousness. This state, called *Nirvana*, or *Nivan*, is regarded as the ultimate supreme good, and the highest reward of human virtue. Four boodhs have thus appeared in the world, and passed into *Nirvana*, the last of whom, Gaudama, became incarnate more than five hundred years before Christ. From his death in 543 B.C., many thousand years will elapse before the appearance of another; so that the system, in the meantime, is practically one of pure atheism. The objects of worship, until another boodh appears, are the relics and images of Gaudama. Buddhism, however, is not the only religious system known in the celestial empire. Many of the Chinese are heathens in the ordinary acceptation of that term. These pay little or no attention to Boodh, but worship any deity who becomes a candidate for their homage. The vast numbers of Chinese who live on the sea, and are engaged in navigation, worship the Chinese sea-goddess, "the queen of heaven." The sailors of the empire, are, perhaps,—if degrees of comparison can be admitted at all among a people so grossly immoral,—the most profligate and ignorant portion of its population, and utterly incapable of entering into the abstruse refinements of the Boodhist philosophy; accordingly, among other tangible deities, they worship the mariner's compass. Offerings of gilt-paper, such as the devotees of Boodha burn on shore before the huge images in their temples, are at sea offered to the compass, with a heartier devotion. The cultivated classes in China adopt the philosophy of Confucius as their creed; the middle and lower classes are Boodhists; the dregs of society are gross idolaters; but in every class, and under whatever denomination, there is wide spread atheism. Of the Chinese people it is awfully true, that they are without God and without hope in the world.

Such, then, are the people, in very few words, whose emperor, by the masterly diplomacy of Lord Elgin, has tolerated the introduction and promulgation of the Gospel of Christ over the length and breadth of his vast empire. For many years have British Christians longed for the opening of China to the teachers of the pure Gospel, and now, quite unexpectedly, there springs out of the affair of a paltry lorcha on the Canton waters the earnestly desired result. This is one of those remarkable events in which the hand of an overruling Providence is too conspicuous to be overlooked, even by men little accustomed to trace Divine agency in human actions. The emperor of that great nation grants permission

—and the fact that it is done reluctantly only shows how great he considers the concession—to an English ambassador to reside at the court of Peking, opens his country to commerce with all nations, and allows the Gospel to be freely preached everywhere to his subjects. Such intelligence as this, a few years ago, would not have been credited by Europeans. It would have been deemed the wild invention of imagination, being so utterly opposed to all the antecedents of that mysterious people, whose conservative pride led them to maintain their isolation from the rest of the human family, while all the world beside was moving onwards, under the impulse of a growing civilization and an extending commerce. To their great wall, and their great exclusiveness, they looked as to their eternal safeguards against the encroachments of the “outside barbarians.” Priding themselves on a fabulously and impossibly remote ancestry, and naming their country the “Celestial Empire,” the cherished traditional policy of successive emperors and successive dynasties has been China for the Chinese, to the everlasting exclusion of other peoples, except so far as absolute necessity rendered that impossible. But now, just at the moment that brings intelligence of the rapid pacification of India, and just at the moment that the Queen of Great Britain and the President of the United States of America exchange greetings through an electric wire at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, the news reaches us, that Asiatic barriers to the faith and civilization of England have fallen to rise no more, and the English merchant with his wares, and the English missionary with his Bible, can enter China when and where they will, and travel over its populous regions unmolested. All this is sufficiently wonderful, not only to stamp these days with peculiar and abiding interest, but also to cause all men to think seriously, whether God is not rapidly accelerating the accomplishment of his gracious purposes towards our world. At any rate, it is clear to every thoughtful Christian, that these things are more than the achievements of science, more than the results of war, and more than the doings of successful diplomacy. Divine Providence is in all this. The zeal of the Lord of hosts performs this. We are not only true to our religious profession, but loyal to the clearest suggestions of reason, in distinctly avowing our belief, that the times in which our lot is cast, herald and prepare the way for events of still greater magnitude. These surprising occurrences are the prophets of mighty and marvellous changes; they are preparing the way of the Lord for the time, the set time, to

favour Zion, and, through her instrumentality, to favour our long-afflicted world with "abundance of peace and truth." But this strong and consolatory belief only gives force to the question,—What are we to do for the people of China? Remembering that the Christian Church is the steward of God's best gifts, and the witness for Christ her Lord to all the nations of the earth, and feeling, also, that the removal of hinderances to the free course of the Gospel is certainly in answer to her oft-presented prayer, we cannot but ask,—What is her duty under these extraordinary circumstances? Is it not to go up and possess the land? Is it not to summon all her resources, and gather up all her strength, for the honour of her Lord? All Asia is open to her messengers; all Asia groans to be delivered from false gods and the bondage of destructive superstitions. The desolations of many generations seem to cry out, "Come over and help us!" And to whom can that cry be directed, but to the servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, the destined Ruler of all nations, of whom it is written, "He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust. The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. Yea, all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him; his name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed." Animated by such assurances as these, ought not the Church to devise liberal things, on a scale surpassing all that she has hitherto attempted? Ought she not to arise in the might of that faith which grows strong in proportion to the difficulties it has to overcome, and send out her sons to sow the seed of the kingdom of God, the true celestial empire, over those beautiful orient fields where moral darkness and spiritual death have so long held almost undisputed sway? Surely only one answer can be given, and it is of the utmost importance that that answer should take practical shape without loss of time. Greatly to strengthen existing Christian operations in China is obviously our first and easiest duty. All the land is before us;—"Only men and means," writes the Rev. Dr. Wentworth, at Funchau, "are wanted, to put under Christian instruction millions of Chinese youth. If the country is opened up, as is now confidently expected, I believe Christendom might control the schools of the empire, by merely furnishing the means for their pecuniary support. Christian



books, with their positive teaching, could everywhere be introduced alongside of the negative morality of the Chinese sages and philosophers." Since this was written, the country has been opened up, as the writer anticipated, and we receive with satisfaction his assurance, that "Christendom might control the schools of the empire." It was there we failed in India, though we were its rulers. We did not allow Christendom, or rather Christianity, to control its schools, and the result we have seen. Let us not make the same unpardonable mistake in China, if we wish its future to be holiness to the Lord.

We cannot withhold the expression of our deep conviction, that the future of China rests with England. Is the Chinese empire destined, like that of the Great Mogul, to come beneath the sceptre of a British sovereign? Is all Asia about to become a dependency of Britain? We are startled to see the words we have written; and yet, remembering history, and knowing the extraordinary influence of the Anglo-Saxon mind over the Asiatic, we cannot withdraw these words. How got we possession of India? It is a long story, but two words will answer,—by commerce and war: commerce necessitating treaty; war punishing the breach of treaty, and the gradual cession of districts and kingdoms, to atone for breach of faith, and to be a material guarantee for the future; and now the Indian empire is ours. But, as we began and went on in India, so have we begun, and so far gone on, in China. Commerce and war: commerce necessitating treaty; war punishing the breach of treaty, and the cession of districts to atone for breach of faith, and to be a material guarantee for the future. Now the question naturally arises,—Have we seen the limit of this in China? In other words,—Will the Chinese observe the stipulations of the Elgin treaty? We unhesitatingly answer, They will not. What Epimenides—quoted by St. Paul—said of his countrymen, may, with equal truth, be said of Asiatics in general, "The Cretans are always liars." The morality of heathenism knows nothing of the sacredness of truth. It is only at the cannon's mouth that allegiance to international treaty can be enforced in the East; and, on the present occasion, but for the unbending firmness of the Earl of Elgin, he would have been outwitted by the cunning and falsehood of the pompous mandarins, sent by their master to negotiate terms of peace with the representative of England. The long-headed Scottish earl knew the slippery character of the gentlemen he had to deal with, and, while his country owes him a debt of gratitude for the complete success of his

mission, Christians will not fail to thank him for inserting, and insisting on compliance with, that clause in the treaty which demands for Christianity complete toleration throughout the Chinese empire. That the treaty will be respected by China for a time, is clear enough; but the constitutional indolence and the habitual falsehood characteristic of rulers and ruled, will lead her to evade its stipulations on the first favourable opportunity, and then war again, to be followed, as before, with more concessions, and larger slices of the empire being handed over to the terrible British! We see no way of preventing this, but the appointment of a resident ambassador at the court of Peking, whose wisdom and firmness shall see that full faith be kept with us, in every particular.

But suppose the Elgin treaty faithfully observed, and recurrence to fresh wars and fresh demands thus obviated; and suppose that, therefore, there shall not be witnessed in China the counterpart of our conquests in India, still, for trading purposes, great numbers of our countrymen will visit that land; many will make it their occasional, or permanent, place of residence; and thus English ideas and habits, and English intelligence and force of character will conquer the people, while the land still belongs to the emperor. If we are just and generous in our feelings with the people, and loyal to our faith and our God, in the midst of a nation of idolaters, or, more correctly, atheists, our advent on the shores of China will be a better thing for it than all the advents of its boodhs through all the ages of its fabulously long history. It is this consideration that makes us anxious about the future of China. Waiving the possibility that China is destined to come under Anglo-Saxon *sway*, we are perfectly certain that she must come under Anglo-Saxon INFLUENCE—the legitimate influence exercised over a feeble mind by a strong one; and for the well-being of China, and the honour of Great Britain, we desire that influence to be in accordance with the revelation of truth which God has graciously placed in our hands. If this be so, a splendid future awaits the flowery land. If the English merchant is known to be the friend of the English missionary,—not frowning upon him as did the Company's magnates in India,—and, as his friend, facilitating his work in every legitimate way, it is impossible to foresee the rapidity with which the doctrines of Christianity may be diffused through the land. The English, with their capital and skill, will inevitably be the employers, and the natives the employed. If the former remember the honourable responsibility of such a position, in relation to a people who are, compared

with themselves, only grown-up children, and as children imitative and teachable, the work of the Christian school-master and missionary will encounter few of the difficulties it has to overcome in other foreign lands. One thing is clear, if we may reason from history, and from what the Anglo-Saxon race are doing, at this moment, all over the globe, we must make way in China; our ideas, our enterprise, our commerce, and our civilization will make way. It cannot be otherwise. God has given to this race his own truth, with a charge to make it known to all nations; and he has likewise given to this race indomitable perseverance, wonderful decision of character, and an extraordinary love of travel, which prompts us to visit every country, continent, and island on the globe. It appears, then, that we are constitutionally prepared for the work of discharging our Christian mission of being God's light-bearers to the nations of the earth. It wants, therefore, only an ardent love in our hearts for that light and its holy source, to qualify us for the discharge of our sublime mission to the family of man under the whole heaven. Only the other day, for the first time in history, China became one of the family of nations, took her place on the common platform of humanity, and opened her gates to amicable intercourse with other states; but in opening those gates she said, in effect, "I am sick at heart and wearied of my gods; let Christians come, and tell me about their God." Thus one-third of the population of the globe suddenly appeared before the Christian Church, to excite her sympathy and awaken her zeal. What a field for the exercise of these graces! And now, under God, the future—embraced in prophecy and included in promise—rests instrumentally with those that fear and love his name; let them be faithful, and that future will yet show it an orient gem of great splendour and magnitude in the diadem of Immanuel, God with us.

ART. II.—*Histoire de l'Académie Française*. Par PELLISSON et d'OLIVET, avec une Introduction, des Eclaircissements et Notes, par M. CH.-L. LIVET; 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Didier.

AMONGST the institutions which, at the present time, are engaging the public notice, we may name, in the very first place, the *Académie Française* under the Napoleonic régime. Anything like freedom of speech is so completely at a discount, so roughly set aside as dangerous, immoral, contrary to all laws,

both human and Divine, that a society which professes to speak out plainly on every subject coming home to the heart of man, a literary circle practising free discussion, and encouraging it, is a perfect anomaly, and claims the attention of critics on the same ground, at all events, as any *lusus naturæ* would that of physiologists or scientific observers.

There was a period, not very far from us, when the *Académie Française* had become a kind of butt for the jokes of literary hacks, and of young men whose first tragedy had met with an untimely end amidst the groans and hisses of the gods of the gallery; Piron's epigram was the motto of effete poetasters; and if a would-be politician saw his maiden essay going at once from the printer to the greengrocer, he comforted himself by the conclusion that the *Académie Française* was an antiquated, useless institution; it had lived its day, and was dying, at last, a natural death.

The *Académie Française* could well afford to allow such stupid and pointless pleasantries; it visited those who were most bitter in their remarks with the excellent punishment of electing them to the vacant seats; and it is a matter of general observation that the new academicians have been far more pre-occupied with the dignity of the *docte compagnie* than those amongst whom they were called to sit. The time then came when the power of the sword laid low all the liberties of France; statesmen, magistrates, journalists, succumbed, either struck with fear, or gained over to the *fait accompli* by those promises, against which so few men can stand proof; two or three exceptions occurred, and amongst them the *Académie Française*, Richelieu's pet institution, the society patronised by Louis XIV., honoured, therefore, with the direct encouragement of tyranny itself, *that* society resisted, and would not bend the knee before Baal. It has, consequently, become the time for another set of critics to carp at the "forty immortals," to run them down, and to denounce them, but this time, on the ground of their political opposition; when academicians meddle with state craft, they are, it is asserted, wandering from their proper sphere; and MM. Rouland and Granier de Cassagnac would fain establish as an undoubted fact, as a literary axiom, that the only province of writers is to concoct panegyrics on Cæsar, to quibble about the spelling of a word, or to sing the praises of the Immaculate Conception. At any rate, the *Académie Française* is just now the talk of the day; recent circumstances have invested it with more than usual *éclat*, and the occasion seems a very proper one for sketching, in a short, though complete manner, the history of an institution

which has done much towards the progress and development of elegant literature.

The materials ready at hand for any writer anxious to discuss this subject fairly, are not very plentiful. First of all, we have the work of Pellisson. This writer, now almost exclusively known by his conversion to Catholicism, and by the zeal, without knowledge, which he displayed in helping to the persecution of his former co-religionists, was courted under the reign of Louis XIV. as one of the chief among the *beaux esprits*. His style was elegant, and polished; his taste formed on the model of classical antiquity; and, in short, he had risen to be an excellent authority on all points connected with learning. His *relation*, unfortunately too short, is composed of five parts. The author begins by detailing the origin of the Academy; he then reviews its statutes, its labours, the events, more or less interesting, which occurred in connection with it; then he supplies biographical notices of all the academicians who had died when he undertook his task; and he concludes with a list of the members, such as it existed in 1652. D'Olivet's continuation of Pellisson has to recommend it neither beauty of style nor even the merit of accuracy; it is a slovenly production, incomplete, unsatisfactory; and yet so much are we at a loss for other sources of information, that it is quoted as a standard work on the subject which is now occupying our attention. From these remarks, it is beyond a doubt that the *Académie Française*, up to the present day, had not yet found a proper historian; and we are very glad that a writer so learned, so *au courant* of all the minutiae of French literature, as M. Livet evidently is, should have supplied the deficiency. He has, we believe, adopted the only safe course in taking as his ground-work the monographies of Pellisson and D'Olivet; but then, he has completed the labours of his predecessors by introducing a mass of interesting documents derived from various sources, and chiefly, hitherto, unpublished. Thus Chapelain's MS. letters have furnished a long series of extracts; and Conrart's portfolios, that inexhaustible *repertoire* of documents on the literary history of the seventeenth century, are also brought under contribution. M. Livet, indeed, does not profess to take us beyond the contemporaries of D'Olivet, and thus the *Histoire de l'Académie Française* leaves still untouched the events of the age immediately preceding our own; but we must hope that this gap will soon disappear, and we do not know any historian better qualified than M. Livet himself for the task we are now pointing out.

In reviewing here this new and very much improved edition

of Pellisson's work, we must begin by glancing at the state of society in France when the *Académie* received from Richelieu its letters patent, and became a corporate body, with privileges, rights, laws, and an administration of its own. After the conclusion of the civil wars, and when the flame of literature, quenched for a while, was reviving once more, the taste for social intercourse, which forms so conspicuous a part of the French character, combined with a fondness for intellectual pursuits, led to the opening of many *salons*, where men of refinement, either engaged in literary occupations or bestowing upon such occupations their patronage, met together at certain intervals to discuss the productions of the day, to read their own compositions, and to find in the study of society models and hints which they might work out in a play, a novel, or a letter. Who has not heard of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, of Julie d'Angennes, and of those *précieuses* so unmercifully sacrificed by Molière on the altar of good taste! Similar *réunions* were organized, not only in Paris, but in the other principal cities of France; each locality of some importance had its literary *coterie* presided over by some fair one anxious to emulate Mademoiselle de Scudéry, or Madame de Sévigné! Armandes and Philamintes were plentiful; and although the literary stars of Macon, or of Rouen, were necessarily far inferior to Balzac, or Voiture; yet, between them, they managed to produce a respectable amount of epigrams, sonnets, madrigals, and acrostics.

The affectation of the *précieux* and *précieuses*, their jargon, their pedantry, have often and very justly been condemned; but critics too often refuse to acknowledge the good which was produced, though imperfectly, by the *salons* of the seventeenth century. It was something to accustom to the amenities of society, and to bring under the influence of polished conversation, the men whose youth had been spent amidst the perils of the battle-field and the demoralizing atmosphere of the camp. The grim warriors crowding together in the drawing-room of the Rue Saint Thomas du Louvre, to have a glance at Corneille, Bossuet, or Chapelain, were old *Frondeur* troopers, or soldiers of fortune, more familiar with profane oaths than with the elegancies of academic language. Literature might not altogether reform their morals, but it softened down the roughest part of their character, and the amenities of civilized life were not lost upon them. In the history of literature, the Hôtel de Rambouillet plays a most conspicuous part; it contributed its full share to the formation of classical France; and if it retained too deeply traces of the

false taste introduced by Italian *conchetti* and Spanish turgidity, the justness, the force, the beauty of many expressions coined under the patronage of the fair Arthenice \* has given them a lasting place in the vocabulary of the language.

Well, about the year 1629, when Mademoiselle de Scudéry's *salon* was in the heyday of its prosperity, a small knot of wits and *littérateurs*, whom friendship and a similarity of tastes habitually brought together, laid the foundations of the *Académie Française*. To quote Pellisson :—

Ils s'entretenaient familièrement, comme ils eussent fait en une visite ordinaire, et de toute sorte de choses, d'affaires, de nouvelles, de belles lettres. Que si quelqu'un de la compagnie avait fait un ouvrage, il le communiquait volontiers à tous les autres, qui lui en disaient librement leur avis ; et leurs conférences étaient suivies tantôt d'une promenade, tantôt d'une collation qu'ils faisaient ensemble. Ils continuèrent ainsi trois ou quatre ans, et comme j'ai ouï dire à plusieurs d'entr'eux, c'était avec un plaisir extrême, et un profit incroyable ; de sorte que quand ils parlent encore aujourd'hui de ce temps là, et de ce premier âge de l'académie, ils en parlent comme d'un âge d'or, durant lequel avec toute l'innocence et toute la liberté des premiers siècles, sans bruit et sans pompe, et sans autres lois que celles de l'amitié, ils goutaient ensemble tout ce que la société des esprits et la vie raisonnable ont de plus doux et de plus charmant. †

Pellisson is really quite affecting in this description of the *golden age* of the *Académie Française*; whatever he may have thought of absolute government and of centralization, it is evident that he did not consider it applicable to the republic of letters, and despite the *prestige* which Richelieu, and after him Louis XIV., employed to gild the fetters which bound the immortals at the foot of the throne, our historiographer would have preferred a thousand times Conrart's small apartments in the Rue Saint Martin with the slice of cold beef that followed the learned discussions of the first academicians. But golden ages, even in literature, are always of short duration ; and through the indiscretion of that jovial poet whose name rhymes so pat with "*cabaret*," ‡ the cardinal, Duke de Richelieu, heard of what was going on at Conrart's house. The information had been conveyed to him by his favourite, Boisrobert, a kind of living gazette, whose special taste it was

---

\* Anagram of Catherine, Marchioness de Rambouillet. † Livet, vol. i. p. 9.

‡ "Chère rime de cabaret,  
Mon cœur, aimable Faret."—*Saint-Amant*.

to amuse the minister, to *help his digestion*,\* and also to discover anything calling for the interference of a suspicious and ambitious statesman. Cardinal Richelieu sent Boisrobert to ask Conrart's guests whether they would object to be duly and properly recognized as a body corporate, under the especial protection of the crown; they then would assemble, "*sous une autorité publique*," by virtue of a distinct charter, and they would enjoy "*son affection qu'il leur témoignerait en toutes rencontres*."

Coming from such a quarter, an offer of that description could not very well be refused. The academicians, we know, felt rather puzzled at first; they were quite aware that, under the protectorship of Cardinal Richelieu, freedom of discussion would not be tolerated to its fullest extent, and that there must be a stop to all those familiar, unrestrained communications which make meetings between friends and *confrères* so peculiarly pleasant; at the same time, a negative answer to Bois-Robert's message was absolutely out of the question, accordingly it was resolved—

Que M. de Bois-Robert seroit prié de remercier très humblement Monsieur le Cardinal de l'honneur qu'il lui faisoit, et de l'assurer qu'encore qu'ils n'eussent jamais eu une si haute pensée, et qu'ils fussent fort surpris du dessein de son Eminence, ils étoient résolus de suivre ses volontés.

The *Académie Française*, composed of forty members, including a perpetual secretary, a director, and a chancellor, had thus been reconstituted and legalized, so to say, by the all-powerful cardinal, and yet it was with no small amount of difficulty that its position as a privileged assembly, under the direct sanction of government, was established. The parliament of Paris, to whose office belonged at that time the registration of all the acts, decrees, and appointments issued in the king's name, and thus to make them part of the statute-book, refused flatly its assent to the creating of the *Académie Française*. Voltaire, in relating this event,† endeavours to discover the causes with which so unexpected an opposition could have originated, and he explains it in a manner which appears to

\* "Feu M. le Cardinal étant malade à Narbonne, et demandant à M. Cytois, son médecin, quelque remède particulier qui le soulageât, et qui ne fût ni casse, ni rhubarbe, ni saignée: 'Je n'ai plus rien,' dit il, 'monseigneur, à vous ordonner, que deux drachmes de Bois-Robert après votre repas.'" — *Les Épitres, &c., de M. de Bois-Robert-Metel*.

† Histoire du Parlement.



us by no means satisfactory. The true reason, we believe, is to be found in the fact that the Parliament, whose influence had already been very much curtailed by Cardinal Richelieu, was afraid that the *Académie*, though avowedly only a literary association, should by degrees assume more important powers, and become, like the *Grand Conseil*, another political engine in the hands of the prime minister. Such is also the view taken by Pellisson; and we are astonished that Voltaire, with his usual common sense, did not see its probability instead of explaining the resistance of the Parliament by conjectures having nothing to recommend them.

The famous discussion which took place shortly after the creation of the *Académie*, on the subject of Corneille's celebrated tragedy *Le Cid*, is closely connected with the same affair. Why should Cardinal Richelieu have insisted upon the academicians writing a critique on the new play, almost in spite of Corneille himself, whose pride, as an author, felt hurt at having to submit to the verdict of judges appointed by the minister, for the very purpose of finding fault with him? Here a variety of hypotheses have also been adduced; some have imagined that Richelieu felt mortified at seeing his own supposed talents as an author completely eclipsed by the genius of Corneille; others are of opinion that the minister, so severe against duelling and duellists, wanted to express his disapprobation of a work, the interest of which arises precisely from a single combat between Don Rodrigue and the father of his mistress. M. Livet, however, adduces in his preface a more plausible explanation of Richelieu's conduct; the object of the extraordinary *éclat* made about the tragedy of Corneille was, he says, to prove to the Paris Parliament that the *Académie Française* had been instituted as a literary, and not as a political society; its office was to criticize works of art, not to interfere with the government of the country; and nothing could make this more evident than the selection of the popular drama of the day as a theme for the criticism of the incorporated *savants*. Corneille did not understand the honour thus bestowed upon him, and so committed the blunder of attributing to spite on the part of the cardinal what was merely, as we have just seen, a stroke of wise policy. The best proof that Richelieu entertained no ill-will towards Corneille, may be discovered in the fact, that *Le Cid* was performed three times at the Louvre and twice at the *Palais Cardinal*. Madame D'Aiguillon, niece of Richelieu, was also permitted to accept the dedication of the play; and the father of Corneille received a patent of nobility as an acknowledgment of the genius displayed by his

son. At all events, the severe *compte rendu* of *Le Cid* by the *Académie*, produced the desired effect. On the 13th June, 1637, the cardinal's *Aristarchi* went to work, and on the 9th July following, after a resistance which lasted two years and a half, the letters-patent were registered by Parliament. The jealousy of one of the principal judicial bodies in the state was not the only disagreeable circumstance which the *Académie* met with at the time of its first institution. Jokes, squibs, pamphlets, fell thick upon it, and the weapons of ridicule were tried, when opposition of a more serious kind could not prevail. Some wits pretended to mistake the *Académie* for a *bureau d'adresses*, which Renaudot had opened in Paris,—a sort of office where servants found places, and gentlemen, servants; where descriptions of stolen property could be left, on prepayment of a small sum, and where, as it seems, indifferent poetry might also be procured at a very cheap rate. Amongst the *brochures* directed against the *Académie*, three will here be properly named by way of specimens:—Saint Ecremond's *comédie des académistes*, Charles Sorel's *rôle des présentations aux grands jours de l'éloquence Française*, and the *requête des dictionnaires*.

One of the principal tasks devolving upon the academicians, was that of composing a dictionary\*; thereupon the author of the last-named piece indites in the names of Calepin, Nicot, Estienne, Oudin, and others, a humorous epistle in octo-syllabic lines to—

. . . . Nos seigneurs Académiques,  
 Nos seigneurs les hypercritiques,  
 Souverains arbitres des mots,  
 Doctes faiseurs d'avant-propos,  
 Cardinal-historiographes,  
 Surintendants des orthographes,  
 Raffineurs de locutions,  
 Entrepreneurs de versions,  
 Peseurs de brèves et de longues,  
 De voyelles et de diphthongues. †

This amusing poem, for the sequel of which we refer our readers to M. Livet's first volume, gives exactly the state of the case at the time when the academicians appeared on the intellectual horizon. Some people might be inclined to laugh at the "weighers of longs and shorts," at the "surveyors of

---

\* Statut. de l'Acad. Française. Art. 26. Cf. Livet, p. 493.

† Livet, vol. i. p. 477, seq.

spelling;" but such interference was really needed, and the French language, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, was still in a transitory state, just emerging from confusion, and not yet fixed by those laws which are grounded upon propriety and taste, and which endow it with the necessary qualities of clearness, elegance, and beauty. In the first place, a great many words of mediæval extraction had been retained; which not even the reforms of Ronsard and of Malherbe could succeed in rendering altogether obsolete. Mademoiselle de Gournay, the adopted daughter of Montaigne, who lived long enough to see the objects of her literary affections dashed to the ground, and the sanctuary of French *bon goût* invaded, as she deemed, by the barbarians, Mademoiselle de Gournay considered the existence of these archaisms as an indispensable thing, and took it up as a personal quarrel. She discussed with Bois-Robert for the preservation of *moult* and *jaçois*, and the *requête des dictionnaires* says that—

Cette savante demoiselle  
En faveur de l'antiquité  
Eut notre corps sollicité  
De faire des plaintes publiques  
Au décri de ses mots antiques.

Mademoiselle de Gournay was, no doubt, excessive in her pretensions; like most conservatives, she dreaded the very name of improvement; and her passion for the old fashion of speaking blinded her to the necessity, to which languages, like all other things, are bound, of following the general progress, and accepting those modifications which will enable them to express the feelings, the habits, and the aspect of society at large. We are quite ready to acknowledge, at the same time, that the work of destruction has often been carried too far; thus the literary movement of the seventeenth century, whilst clearing the ground of no small amount of rubbish, most unfortunately swept away a variety of expressions which have no equivalent, and the absence of which is, consequently, a positive loss. To give a few examples:—in English we still retain the verb *to cloud*; Ronsard, availing himself of a similar form, says of his mistress's brow, that "*il se nuage de soupçons*;" the idea is a poetical one, but to render it in modern French, we must employ a periphrase which has not half the vigour of the original word. Thus, again, whilst we have at our command the verb *to pourtray*, or *to portray*, our neighbours, instead of saying, as

they did three hundred years ago, *pourtraire*, or *portraire*, are driven to make use of a circumlocution, and to talk of *faire le portrait*. When Montaigne's contemporaries wanted to *welcome* a friend, they would promise to *bienvenner* him; now we must *souhaiter la bienvenue*; a *gentilhomme* taking a ride, was said to *chevaucher*; at the present day, *aller à cheval* is the only expression recognized to embody the same fact. Still, the examples we have just adduced are represented in the French of our own time by forms which, to a certain extent, convey the same ideas; but if we were to draw up a list of words and locutions which have fallen into disuse whilst there is positively nothing to supply their place, we would go far beyond the limits of this article. Dr. Johnson said that he loved a good hater; our Gallican allies, in days of yore, spoke of a *hâisseur*; the word now has disappeared, though the thing itself, or rather the person, still exists, we fear, in spite of the Cherbourg festivities. Montaigne laughs at the "*baisemens de mains affectés, et des révérences serpentes*." *Snaky* bows, *serpentine* obeisances . . . what picturesque sarcasm, and how completely the very words picture to us the lowly attitude of those courtiers who wriggle themselves into all sorts of shapes when there is a windfall to secure, or a favour to solicit! Certainly our contemporary time-servers are as great adepts in snaky gesticulations as their forefathers; but the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* does not justify us in applying to them Montaigne's epithet, perhaps for the very reason that it would soon become too hackneyed.

We have thus stated as fairly as we could Mademoiselle de Gournay's grievances, and supported them by examples; the pruning system applied to the mediæval, or Gaulois element of the French language was, as we have proved, too slashingly used, and the grammar has lost in concision, in strength, in raciness, to a degree which can never be remedied.

But besides what may be called the stock and substratum of the syntax, there remain to be noticed several secondary formations which were superinduced from time to time, and which, after having, during their transient vogue, apparently dethroned the old way of speaking, gradually assumed their proper position, and contributed to the regular *ensemble* of the language only that proportion which was compatible with its genius and peculiar qualities. Thus, we would name the Latin influence, for a certain season quite as powerful, quite as fashionable as the more primitive tendency identified with Mademoiselle de Gournay. Montaigne's adopted daughter would have taken us back to the days of the *trouvères*, and

reduced us to the glossary of the old fabliaux; Ronsard and his followers ran into an error quite as great in aspiring to apply to French grammar the etymological and syntactical peculiarities of Latin and of Greek. At the time of the creation of the French Academy, that folly had not disappeared; far from it, and although writers no longer attempted French hexameters, or heterogeneous compounds made up from Cicero and Aristophanes, the mania ran very high indeed. The form it assumed was that of translations; *littérateurs* took up a book, spent ten years in construing a sentence, and after all their toil, they often succeeded only in giving an absurdly literal version of the text, or in disfiguring it quite as absurdly, for the purpose of throwing about it the graces deemed requisite at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, or amongst Mademoiselle de Scudéry's devotees. The Abbé de Marolles, for instance, would seriously put down as an equivalent for *solito membra levare thoro*, the ridiculous sentence, *reposer sur la paille accoutumée*, and Th. Guyot, translating Cicero's letters, would call Pomponius Atticus *Monsieur de Pomponne*; this is the farcical and extravagant side of the question. It is certain, on the other hand, that the affinity between French and Latin is much greater than between the same language and the various branches of the Teutonic family; the careful study of the chief monuments of classical literature contributed much to give to French that harmony and majesty which distinguish it, although, when employed too exclusively, they sometimes border upon mere verbiage and empty declamation. Thus it was that amongst the principal authors of the epoch we are now discussing, translators stand foremost; Patru and Perrot D'Ablancourt were considered as models of elegant writing, and obtained, at first, much more reputation than even Corneille. In *requête des dictionnaires*, which we have already quoted, pleading for the preservation of archaisms in the French language, the author says—

Sans nous . . . . .  
 Le beau Patru dans sa harangue  
 Ne savait de qui prendre langue,  
 Et cent fois était à quia  
 Dans l'oraison *pro Archia* ;

\* \* \* \* \*

Même le hardi D'Ablancourt  
 Dans Tacite se trouvait court, &c. \*

---

\* Livet, vol. i. p. 486.

We are of opinion, on the whole, that the Latin element being the one which prevails most in the French language, the revival of classical literature is the event which has been attended with the greatest and most beneficial consequences amongst our neighbours, even when merely viewed in a grammatical sense. The truth of this assertion can easily be verified by any reader who will attentively peruse and study in a critical manner the academical discourses of Pellisson, given by M. Livet in the first volume of his work. Harmony, beauty of style, a happy combination of expressions, such are the merits which recommend the compositions of the illustrious academician. The usual corresponding defect seems an undue amount of artificial finish; the construction of each sentence has evidently cost as much trouble as the arrangement of the ideas which it serves to clothe; in short, the writers who, without sufficient tact, affect this manner, leave upon the mind the impression we derive from Dryden's works, for instance, when compared with those of *Saxon-English* authors, such as Sterne or Charles Lamb; but Pellisson is a skilful adventurer on the high seas of elegant composition; he avoids the shoals and quicksands; he shapes his course with the greatest dexterity, and always lands safely in the harbour. "Le style de Pellisson," says M. Livet, "suffirait pour faire vivre même un ouvrage dénué d'intérêt."

The real academician, however, the *beau idéal* of what was then called an *académiste* is neither Patru, nor *D'Ablancourt*, nor even Pellisson, although his name is bound up so closely with the very origin of the *Académie*. To find the required pattern, we must study a little the character and style of Balzac,—Guez de Balzac, "le grand epistolier"—as he was called, who spent his life in syllables, and laying down æsthetic laws in a turgid language quite on a par with the amusing and amazing conceit which formed the leading features of his character. Balzac is a man to be studied, with his oracular delivery, his consummate sense of self-importance, his almost grotesque *bumptiousness*. There is no doubt that he rendered to French prose the same services which Malherbes rendered to poetry; he introduced harmony, elegance, and correctness; but, too often, the beauty of the sentence scarcely conceals the want of ideas, and the impression we derive from a perusal of his writings is conveyed in the motto, "Much ado about nothing." Balzac was the *ultima ratio* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the supreme authority in matters of taste; he had hurled down without mercy all the idols wor-

shipped by the *précieuses* on the altars of literature, but it was only to put up instead his own amusing image. Our readers may easily imagine what was the result of such disgusting conceit; the hatred of all aspirants to literary fame, whom he knew to be nearly his equals, and a morbid jealousy of those who stood confessedly his superiors. "Balzac," says Bautru, "était attractif d'injures." "Poor Balzac!" some one exclaimed, "he is generally ill." "No wonder," replied Bautru, "he is always speaking of himself, and when he does so *it is with his hat off*; so, he must catch cold in the head."

Balzac was the "complete letter-writer" of his day. His epistles, penned on the subject of the smallest trifles, went the round of Paris, and were copied out in the albums of all the ladies who prided themselves on taste and good learning. A letter from Monsieur de Balzac was a treasure, a wonder to be made much of, for from the depths of the solitude to which he had confined himself, he only sent forth his Sibylline leaves like angels' visits, "few and far between," and by making himself very scarce, by dexterously husbanding his talents, he preserved to the last the character of a great man. The letters of Balzac circulated for a long time in MS. before their author allowed his modesty to be so far overcome as to allow their publication. But then, what success, what triumph!—

La république des lettres devint tout à coup une monarchie où Balzac fut élevé à la royauté par tous les suffrages. On ne parlait pas de lui simplement comme du plus éloquent homme de son siècle, mais comme du seul éloquent.\*

Applications for letters came down forthwith upon Balzac as thick as hailstones; a scrap, a few lines, a paragraph, nothing more was requested; would "le grand épistolier" favour his devout worshippers with one of those beautiful compositions which made the ghost of Cicero turn pale? Then Balzac (such is the fate of good nature) took up his pen and yielded, not without many an expression of regret at the importunities of those who *would* come and drag him before the world:—

Le solitaire que vous aimez . . . . . est la butte de tous les mauvais compliments de la Chrétienté, pour ne rien dire des bons qui lui donnent encore plus de peine. Il est persécuté, il est assassiné de civilités qui lui viennent des quatre parties du monde . . . . . Pour l'achever, il lui vient icy des importuns en personne,

---

\* Cf. Livet, vol. ii. p. 67. Moreau's edition of Balzac's Œuvres Choiesies. Geruzez, Hist. de la Litt. Française.

quelquefois de plus de cent lieues et tout exprès, si on les veut croire, qui lui donnent le dernier coup de la mort.\*

If those admirers of fine language had made up their mind to take Balzac at his word, and to leave him in his hermitage, who would have been disappointed?

One of the most amusing episodes in our author's career, and one which relates immediately to our subject, is his connexion with the *Académie Française*; it has procured for him the witty and appropriate title of an *académicien malgré lui*. When Cardinal Richelieu first established the new society, he naturally included in the list of its members the author whose talents and eloquence were the theme of such universal admiration. Balzac's name was proposed on the 13th of March, 1634, together with that of Abel Servien, the cabinet minister. Thereupon a great deal of coquetting took place on the part of the academician-elect. "He was," said he to the Cardinal's man, Bois-Robert, "so fond of solitude, that he would decline the honour of joining any assembly, were it more illustrious than that of the Argonauts, the members of which all boasted of being princes and demi-gods." This conduct was not so wise as that of the other immortals. Balzac should have understood that even in the smaller matter of literary coteries, Richelieu did not like to see his wishes thwarted, and being after all obliged to accept the honour bestowed upon him, he might have spared himself the affront of a reprimand from the minister:—

Monsieur de Bois-Robert (says he) ne goustait point ce langage, et fut fâché que son sérieux m'eût donné subject de rire; il m'écrivit une dernière lettre qui me menaçoit de la part de Monsieur le Cardinal, et me signifioit en termes exprès que je déplaisois à son Eminence, si je meprisois sa fondation, et si je ne faisois à l'Académie un compliment par escrit.†

Thus enrolled amongst the forty immortals, Balzac only took part in one of the sittings, but he left a substantial mark of his generosity, by the creation of a prize for eloquence, which ever since that day has been awarded every alternate year.

We have thus descanted on Balzac's character because his influence on French literature has been serious and lasting. He represents in the history of the language what we may call the Spanish element, the pomp, the stateliness, the

\* Entretiens, No. VII. and X.

† Lettres à Conrart.



grandeur of a style which must be delivered, so to say, *ore rotundo*; unfortunately, with him the sound is too often the only thing to be got, and behind the lofty comparisons, the brilliant epithets, there is a singular abundance of mere common-place. Another writer, who had deeply studied Spanish literature, and whose works, especially the earlier ones, seem to come directly from that source, was Pierre Corneille. After all that has been said about that celebrated writer by Hallam, Schlegel, Guizot, and other historians, it would be useless for us to add any further remark; we shall only observe, that between his style and Balzac's there is the greatest similarity; we say style, *merely*; for Corneille's dramas evidence a power of conception, and an elevation, of which Balzac never gives but the counterfeit. When Corneille flags, he resembles Balzac in a most striking manner by his bombast, by that *matamore* style which reminds us of those Spanish capitans whom we see stalking about in Callot's engravings. And yet Corneille's character was not in the slightest degree tainted with affectation or self-sufficiency; he had nothing about him of Scudéry's presumption, for instance; his grandiloquence was all with him literary habit, and, as we have said, the imitation of trans-Pyrenean literature, or the result of too close a study of Lucan's gorgeous imagery.

If in many respects the author of Polyeucte can be compared to Balzac, he had also some features in common with another literary lion of those days, Vincent Voiture. Imagine all the *concetti* of Italian writers put together, double-distilled, and embodied in a single person; fancy a walking collection of puns, and of *jeux d'esprit*—such was Voiture. Balzac's aim was constantly to impress the mind with something astounding, by its dignity and its pomp; Voiture's ambition consisted in exciting a laugh by some ludicrous association of ideas, some quibble, some joke. The character of Vadius in Molière's *Femmes Savantes* although, as it appears, intended to personify *Ménage*, was quite as applicable to Voiture; and the famous lines on the *carrosse amarante*\*, are equalled by many passages in the amusing correspondence of Valère.† For instance, giving to Madame de Rambouillet an account of his visit to the tomb of a celebrated general, he says:—

En passant par Epernay, je fus voir de votre part M. le Maréchal de Strozzi, et son tombeau me sembla si magnifique que, voyant en

---

\* Ma rente, de ma rente, à ma rente—cela se décline!

† Voiture's *nom de guerre* at the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

quel état j'étois, et me trouvant là tout porté, j'eus envie de me faire enterrer avec lui.\*

And a little lower down :—

Depuis huit jours que j'y suis, je n'ai pu encore me remettre, et plus je me repose, plus je m'en trouve las.

In a letter to Cardinal la Valette, he thus describes a lady whom he had met with in his journeys :—

..... Si elle n'est pas si Egyptienne qu'elle, elle ne laisse pas d'être pour le moins aussi voleuse. Dès sa première enfance, elle vola la blancheur à la neige et à l'ivoire, et aux perles l'éclat et la netteté. Elle prit la beauté et la lumière des astres, et encore il ne se passe guère de jours qu'elle ne dérobe quelque rayon au soleil, et qu'elle ne s'en pare à la vue de tout le monde.†

Those amongst our readers who are acquainted with the English writers of the reign of Charles II., will have no difficulty in recognizing there symptoms of strong admiration for Voiture.

We have now briefly enumerated and illustrated the various elements which have contributed to form the French language. Celtic or Gaulois, Classical, Spanish, Italian, such were these sources; and the *Académie Française*, by representing the tendency to harmonize and combine them together in a definite form, rendered a decided service to literature. The selections first made by Cardinal Richelieu were, generally speaking, good ones, and the chief regulations framed to maintain the dignity and *éclat* of the society were equally excellent. The number forty, to which the members are limited, renders the *Académie* sufficiently select to make admissions a favour and a highly-valued reward for literary merit. It is a small republic, indeed, but a republic of which all the citizens are unquestionably the glory and honour of the country. The encouragements and prizes which the *Académie Française* can dispose of are of double value, from the circumstance that they are bestowed by the most distinguished representatives of intellectual worth, and whilst the successful candidate recites his prize poem and his prize *éloge* before the learned assembly, he may look forward to some day, still to come, when he himself will take his place as an academician, under the time-honoured images of Bossuet and Fénelon.

There is, in connection with the *Académie Française*, an inte-

---

\* Cf. Œuvres de Voiture, édit. Charpentier, vol. i. p. 34.

† Edit. Charpentier, vol. i. p. 258, 259.

resting question, which M. Livet has discussed in his preface; a blame addressed to "the Forty" which he has endeavoured to remove. Some of those sour-minded persons who like to find fault with everything, have at sundry times reproached the Academy for not calling in its midst men whose genius and transcendent merit designated them evidently as fit candidates above many actually enrolled on the select list. A contemporary writer, who too often mistakes a cleverly enunciated paradox for truth, and *marivandage* for good writing, M. Arsène Houssaye, in his *Histoire du 41e Fauteuil de l'Académie Française*, has taken upon himself to remonstrate on the part of all those who, if not excluded from the French Academy, at all events were unjustly allowed to remain without its precincts. In answer to this very unfair recrimination M. Livet enters upon some explanations which, we think, sufficiently refute the witty critic. Pascal, Descartes, Arnauld d'Andilly, Molière, such are the principal literary characters whose claims to the honour of a *fauteuil* were, no doubt, unequalled in the case of any of their contemporaries; a little below them we would perhaps name Scarron, Brébeuf, and Rotrou.

But with respect to the author of the *Lettres Provençales* the answer is obvious. His reputation at the time was that of a mathematician, not that of a writer. Admirable as the letters of Louis de Montalte are, they were, when first published, considered merely as an *ouvrage de circonstance* called forth by the growing influence of the Jesuits, and not as a work of art, a model of discussion, and of quiet though telling irony. Besides, the favour which the Jesuits themselves enjoyed at the Court of Versailles would have, no doubt, prevented the king from giving his sanction to Pascal's election, supposing Pascal had consented to put himself forward as a candidate for one of the *fauteuils*; and, finally, this last-named hypothesis is perfectly inadmissible even as an hypothesis. Pascal, M. Livet remarks, was already living at Port Royal, far from the world and all its agitations. His humility would have precluded his accepting, much more soliciting, a title which, glorious as it was, still could not but be considered as a distinction, and therefore, in his own eyes, as an open infraction to the rule of Christian lowliness.

Descartes is further quoted by M. Houssaye. Descartes, however, residing as he did far from France, was, so to say, without the sphere of influence of the Academy. Can he, besides, be honestly classed in the category of great writers? Did he consider himself as such? To any one who has

attentively read the *Discours de la Méthode*, the answer is obvious.

If we come to Arnauld d'Andilly, the reply is still easier. The title of academician was offered to him, but he declined it, and this refusal induced the learned body to decide that no one should for the future be admitted except on his request formally and explicitly stated, and followed, of course, by the usual ballot. We have seen Balzac *compelled* to become an academician, but then it was Richelieu who exercised that arbitrary power, and it would have scarcely been seemly on the part of the *Académie* to adopt the same tyrannical course.

But Molière is the great name which is now generally cast in the teeth of academicians. Now, in order to understand fully why that illustrious writer did not belong to the *Académie*, we need only think for a moment of the position in which less than a hundred years ago noblemen and literary men stood with respect to each other. Let us remember that Voltaire, even, was *bâtonné* by the Chevalier de Rohan; how could those amongst the immortals whose names were also inscribed in the peerage have endured to receive as their *confrère* the king's upholsterer? It is true that Louis XIV. put his courtiers to the blush by making the comedian breakfast at his table, when not one of the *gentilshommes* would derogate so far as to sit down in the company of a *roturier*; but then Louis XIV. might violate the usages of society when no one else could, and if Molière had been made an academician he would most likely have had to pay dearly for the honour. Two of our contemporaries, Alexandre Duval and Picard, elected members of the *Académie Française* were, like Molière, actors as well as authors; but before they obtained the coveted *fauteuil*, they took their leave of the stage; and M. Livet aptly remarks, that—

L'Académie n'aurait pu permettre qu'un de ses membres s'exposât chaque soir aux sifflets de la malveillance et du caprice, dans une profession qui était loin d'être regardée, par l'opinion publique, comme honorable et libérale.\*

We have talked of the contempt entertained by noblemen for *littérateurs*; the annals of the Academy supply us with the narrative of an incident which illustrates this in the most singular and satisfactory manner; we mean the affair of Pierre de Boissat.† This gentleman, author of several works now

---

\* Vol. i. p. xxi.

† Cf. Livet, vol. i. p. 279, 513.

quite forgotten, was living in Dauphiné, when, through some circumstance which has remained unknown, he incurred the displeasure of Madame de Sault, whose husband then occupied the important post of governor of the province. M. de Sault sent some of his attendants to thrash M. de Boissat; M. de Boissat, in his turn, challenged M. de Sault, who refused the required satisfaction. Our academician had, as he said, received blows too near the seat of memory, to forget them; so he resolved upon obtaining an apology in one way or other. The entire body of the Dauphinaise nobility assembled for the express purpose of judging this delicate case, and by its unanimous decision the governor of the province was obliged to make *amende honorable* in suitable terms to M. de Boissat. This affair is very characteristic in more than one sense; first, it throws considerable light upon the state of French society during the seventeenth century; besides, in all the correspondence which originated with it, M. de Boissat's position as *gentilhomme* is never lost sight of. It was not as a man of letters, as an academician, that he claimed justice, but as a *gentilhomme*, as a person whose social standing placed him quite on a level with even the governor of the province.

Scarron is a very amusing writer; his *roman comique*, besides being exceedingly humorous, displays undoubted qualities of style; but, really, what would have been the use of making of him an academician? How could he have been present in the sittings? And if he was incapacitated from taking his share of the labours, would it have been fair to leave him only the glory? In addition to this, Scarron's services would have been available exclusively for the *burlesque* style, and this part of the literary field was already engaged by another academician—Saint Amant. We conclude, finally, that the academic selections are not so open to objection as some people fancy, and, taking everything into consideration, the *fauteuils* seem to us to have generally been very properly occupied.

The *discours de reception* are another interesting item in the history of the Academy. Patru's elegant composition is, we believe, still extant; and it is well known that with it originated the rule of requiring from every academician-elect an introductory harangue; we have the discourses of Pellisson, La Bruyère, Buffon, and other stars of the like magnitude; But, oh! that the manuscript oration of the Duke de Richelieu should still remain unpublished,—that speech in which we find such specimens of *beau spelling*, as *reigne*, *pront*, *crétien*, *antier*! The witty Piron, who was "not even an academician," had yet been one day very nearly admitted.

"You must look sharp," said to him the perpetual secretary, "and let me see your *discours de reception* as soon as possible, that I may have time to prepare my answer." "Oh!" answered Piron, "my speech is already made, and so is your reply." "How?" "Why, on entering the hall, I shall take my hat off, and say as audibly as I can,—'Gentlemen, I feel very much obliged by the honour you have conferred upon me, in admitting me amongst you.' Then, you will get up, take your hat off, and reply,—'Sir, the honour is not worth mentioning!'"

Of all the discourses, that of M. de Châteaubriand is the one, perhaps, which has obtained the greatest celebrity, from the circumstances under which it was delivered. The illustrious author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, in the beginning of his literary career, had felt some sympathy for Napoleon Bonaparte, whom he considered as the great antagonist of revolutionary principles, and as the restorer of public worship. He had dedicated to him his apologetic work, and even accepted, under the consular government, a diplomatic situation. But circumstances soon plainly proved what the nature of Bonaparte's rule was likely to be; the murder of the Duke d'Enghien removed the last illusion, and M. de Châteaubriand did not hesitate to sacrifice to his opinions whatever chances of fortune and success he might have (and they were many) under the new order of things. About that time, he was elected a member of the *Académie Française*, in the place of Marie Joseph de Chénier, and his *discours de reception* contained so noble, so strong, a protest against the excesses of a power which had raised itself on the ruins of the country, that it could not be delivered. And, yet, what was the idea developed by M. de Châteaubriand, and objected to by the First Consul? Merely, that literature is not a mechanical art, but a power of the soul, and that in passing judgment upon a writer, we cannot separate the style from the thoughts, the artist from the man.\* Indeed, the contrast between the conduct of scientific men, and that of mere *littérateurs*, during the reign of Napoleon, is very striking. Generally speaking, the former disgraced themselves by the most abject flunkeyism, and were amongst the most anxious to crowd in the anti-chambers of the Tuileries, or of Saint Cloud. With the exception of M. de Fontanes, on the contrary, the tribe of *gens de lettres* maintained, throughout, a noble spirit of independence, amply justifying the feeling of hatred with which

---

\* Villemain, M. de Chateaubriand, p. 186.

all despots consider the exercise of thought, and the vigorous development of literature.

The annals of the *Académie Française*, if given in full detail, would be found to contain some of the most amusing illustrations of literary history during the present and last two centuries. M. Livet has very properly, and very completely, availed himself of all the resources which private and public collections offered to him, and the manuscript papers of D'Olivet have supplied him, for instance, with many an amusing incident, till now generally unknown. What a commotion Montesquieu's election excited! In the year 1727, he became a candidate, and was then so popular, that "Nul concurrent n'avoit osé faire transpirer son nom." All of a sudden, it is understood, that the *Lettres Persanes* displeased the Cardinal-minister, that his Excellency had spoken strongly on the subject, saying that if the Gascon nobleman was elected, the king would most probably refuse his consent.

Ce n'est pas (continues D'Olivet) que M. le Cardinal m'ait écrit, ou fait parler directement à la compagnie; mais hier dans les appartements et devant trois ou quatre personnes il a dit en propres termes à M. l'Abbé Bignon: le choix que l'Académie veut faire sera désapprouvé de tous les honnêtes gens. \*

Cardinal de Fleury was certainly very inconsistently squeamish about Montesquieu, but then, on the other hand, he saw plainly the real purport and meaning of that fictitious correspondence, which, under so amusing a form, embodied the most cutting satire of despotism and Roman Catholicism. It was, as an eminent critic has remarked, the time of reaction. After the last years of Louis XIV., after the influence of Father Le Tellier and of Madame de Maintenon, the liberty of the French mind shook off the restraint of those religious forms which had been imposed upon them. The grossest licentiousness was not only admitted, but eagerly welcomed. With what avidity was that book perused which described all the voluptuousness of the East, and all that is ridiculous in the West, setting at defiance, with unusual boldness, the idols of the nations, and directing the shafts of ridicule at things which, till then, were wont to be alluded to only in terms of awful respect.

Il m'est revenu (adds D'Olivet) que ce qui a indigné S. E., c'est la lettre persanne xxxiv., où il est parlé de deux magiciens.

---

\* Livet, vol. ii. p. 412.

We accordingly open the obnoxious volume at the designated passage, and we find as follows :—

Besides, the King of France is a great magician. . . . You must not be astonished at what I tell you of that prince; there is another magician still more powerful than he is. . . . I mean the Pope. Sometimes the Pope makes us believe that three persons are one, that the bread we eat is not bread, that the wine we drink is not wine, and a thousand other things of the same kind.

After this quotation, it seems quite natural that a cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church should have opposed the election of Montesquieu, but how he ultimately relented, or what reasons he found to relent, we are at a loss to imagine. Perhaps the Gascon president succeeded in making the dignity of the church understand that, for the sake of preserving consistency of local colouring, it was necessary to make Persians speak against the Trinity, and turn transubstantiation into ridicule. At all events—

Le Cardinal écrivit au maréchal d'Estrées, directeur, qu'après les éclaircissements que le président lui avoit donnés il n'empêchoit point l'Académie d'élire qui bon lui sembleroit. Il y-a eu boules noires, comme bien vous pensez, mais non en assez grand nombre pour faire pluralité.\*

M. Livet's interesting volumes suggest many other reflections, which, if time and space allowed, might perhaps be profitably developed in the pages of this journal; but we must conclude with a single remark on the present position of the French Academy. Since it was first established by Cardinal Richelieu, it has seen many vicissitudes, and assisted, so to say, at the birth and decay of many a form of government. Created at a time when absolute monarchy was establishing itself on the ruins of a humbled *noblesse*, it has lived through the brilliant despotism of Louis XIV., the degraded rule of Louis XV., the Revolution, the first Republic, the first Empire, the Restoration, the reign of Louis Philippe, the second Republic, and it needs no very great amount of perspicacity to say that it will outlive the gilded rottenness of the second Empire. During all these changes, the *Académie Française* has preserved its independence and its dignity, maintaining high not only the standard of literary taste, but also the undying principles of intellectual freedom. Of course the assertion that the mind is superior to brute force, will

---

\* Livet, vol. ii. p. 413.



always be distasteful to despotism, whether it be that of the rabble or that of a military chieftain; most consistently, therefore did *sans-culottism*, sixty years ago, lock up the doors of the Institute; most consistently would Napoleon III. do the same, if he were not conscious that there is *one* step beyond which even an autocrat cannot set public opinion at defiance.

It is the mistake of despots to think that mind and matter are subject to the same rules. Because at their command powerful fleets can be gathered together, countless armies assembled—docks, arsenals, and barracks rise as by magic—they conclude that they may with equal facility order the production of a tragedy, an epic poem, a work on metaphysics. The fallacy of this inference, proved over and over again, has constantly to be re-stated and demonstrated afresh.

Alexander could, with the help of the Greeks, conquer the half of Asia; if he had wished to realize the plan of one of his architects, he might have had Mount Athos cut into the shape of a gigantic statue, holding in one of its extended hands an entire city, whilst the other poured forth a mighty river. These prodigies, and many other besides, were at his command; and yet he could not summon up either a dramatic or a lyric poet to sing his high deeds. \*

In the same manner, when Napoleon I. instituted the decennial prizes, he thought, no doubt, that his "*sic volo*" would produce a tragedy equal to the *Prometheus vinctus*, or a composition nearly as good as the *Iliad*. What the result was every one can guess who knows the fable which contains the following line:—

Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.

Mr. D'Israeli says (*Curiosities of Literature*), that the establishment of an Academy in the republic of letters is little more than an utopian scheme. We are quite of his opinion, if he means that academies can never, by virtue of their organization, produce genius; but as witnesses to the dignity and independence of literature, academies, we believe, can do a great deal, and whenever a sequel to Pellisson and D'Olivet's works comes to be written, it will be seen that "the Forty" have always fulfilled that important part of their duty.

---

\* Villemain, *Choix d'Etudes sur la Littérature Contemporaine*, p. 182.

ART. III.—*Philosophy in the time of Christ.*—*Historia Philosophiæ Græcæ et Romanæ ex fontium locis contexta.* Editio secunda; recognovit et auxit L. PRELLER. Gothæ: F. A. Perthes. 1857.

ONE of the most remarkable of the incidental evidences of Christianity is the fact that it did not arise until "the fulness of time was come." It was part of the whole system of history. It was no abnormal thing thrust upon the world, like a monstrous birth, in abrupt antagonism to the course of its development. It was no disturbance of those laws which had been silently evolving themselves from the phenomena of human life, and which constituted the great empirical proofs at once of moral truths and of God's providence. It was the clear and obvious purpose of the whole cycle of historical events. The whole growth of the moral and mental world had tended to it. All things, sacred and profane, pointed to an end, and of that end Christianity was the only possible realization. Nothing else could explain the riddle of their complicated sequences, or solve the mystery of their existence. And thus to the Gentiles, as well as to the Jews, it was not so much an opposition as a fulfilment. The shadow of the cross had been flung backwards over all the ages that had gone before, as it is flung now over all those that have come after, gathering into itself, by a mystic potency, of which few are conscious, though all must feel, the whole aggregate of human actions, and the whole power of human thought. The gate by which the Gentiles came into the Church was the end of a long highway, whose beginning is lost in the haze of primeval time, and whose course can be traced, in mysterious windings, through all the hills and valleys of the pagan world.

In another sense, of course, Christianity was not a realization but an antagonism. But the two relations must be kept distinct, and we must not be supposed in speaking of the one to exclude the other. It was just that which men could not for themselves find out. Its elements existed to them as the elements of the tree of life to the alchemists,—beyond all search, though they might search for ever. The world by its metaphysics knew not God: they were feeling for Him, and touched sometimes the hem of his garment, and heard sometimes the echo of the promise of Paradise, and remembered sometimes their own great declension from Him. But the path to Him was hidden and undiscoverable: the only solid residuum of philosophical theology was the irrectible evidence

which it had accumulated, that until God wills to reveal Himself, no searching will find Him, no knowledge will compass Him. And yet, if we take this accumulation not as a chaos, but in its proper chronological arrangement, we shall find, age by age, a gradual progress from greater to less intensity of darkness. The universal analogy of divine government had been followed: all that unaided reason could attain had been reached. Philosophy had not been a mere utterance of maniac ravings, a mere proof, as though four thousand years of proof were needful, of human inability. From the practice of Fetichism to the recognition of Monotheism, there had been the working of a divine process for fitting the poor, to whom it was to be preached, for the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. As in the sacrifices, the stones were heaped together, and the victims set in order, and the priests and people made ready for the offering, and only the fire from heaven left to God; so in all corners of the heathen world, century by century, there was to be found an innumerable congregation standing afar off, and speaking sometimes in unintended prophecy, or gathering unconsciously, and bringing slowly, for the building of the Church of Christ, the gold, and cedar, and precious stones, from which its fabric was to be reared.

In short, the anti-Christian history of the world is one not so much of purposeless wickedness and intellectual aberration, as of education and preparation. We cannot now enter into the political and social aspects of the subject, but confining ourselves to philosophy—and herein taking the result rather than the process—we propose to show how, at the time of the coming of our Lord, human thought had been fitted to receive his teaching. At any other time a continuous miracle would have been necessary to have enabled men to understand, in the first place, their need, and, in the second place, the nature of their remedy. Its very language would have been a new and incomprehensible thing to them: it would have been almost useless to speak of God as a Person, to those whose only idea of deity was anthropomorphic or pantheistic; or of Atonement to those who had no notion of sin. Classical Greek has hardly a word which could be incorporated, in its strictly classical usage, into the language of Christian theology. And besides this, the very truths of human nature on which it bases its appeal would have been unrecognized and unknown. The moral instincts which underlie the appreciation of the great Christian duties must have been taught as new truths, instead of being assumed as undoubted axioms. In short, Christianity, to have obtained rational assent, must have had

an entirely different starting-point, or have been only comprehended by miracle. But this would have contradicted all else that we know of the laws of God's working, and interfered with all that we can assume as to the nature of our human will. It was necessary that men should be brought by their own unconscious efforts, by the strivings of their own free wills, and the working of their own convictions, to a state in which Christianity could appeal to their reason, and demonstrate its own necessity. Only thus, so far as we can see, was revelation compatible with human responsibility, and the existence of an interval between the fall and the restoration harmonized with the Divine equity.

The clearest proof of this lies in the facts themselves: a *priori* argument is useless, if it can be shown that the culmination of fitness had been reached when Christianity was actually promulgated. But in examining the systems into which thought had then shaped itself, we must guard against the common error of supposing an essential opposition where differences merely imply a want of unity in the terminology, or of coincidence in the detail. The great source of confusion in every controversy is the neglect of the distinction between formal and real opposition,—the one involving the inner genius and spirit, the other only the outward shape and accidents. The mere expression of truth varies in the case of each individual man; the bias of his education, the course of his thought, the nature of his pursuits, give every one's theories a peculiar and individual shape. And when there is any wide interval of either time or place between two thinkers, these outward differences almost entirely obscure the inward resemblances. It requires far closer study than most men can give to plunge beneath the surface, and see the real meaning of a philosophy in the calm deeps which lie hidden from ordinary sight. And besides this, there is a proneness in most men to dwell rather upon points of controversy than upon points of agreement, and to cluster together the former, until the possibility of the latter seems almost excluded. This has been the common practice of theologians with regard to the philosophy of the time of our Lord; they have taken the great differences of phraseology as though these necessarily implied essential opposition; they have magnified unimportant discussions into fundamental questions; they have, in short, endeavoured to exalt Christianity by depreciating those among whom it was promulgated, and whom God was gradually fitting for the reception of it.

In the recently published volume of M. Merivale's "History

of the Romans under the Empire," there is so clear a statement of the question, that we feel compelled to strengthen the case by its quotation:—

Let the stoics, then, be judged solely by what they attempted. Their aims were high, but not wide-reaching. They sought to make some men more than human, but there was no question with them of the few or the many. They boasted that their preternatural standard of holiness was not absolutely unattainable, and, if they could point to a single Cato, or a single Thræseas, as having attained to it, their problem was solved, their principle was established. Virtue had become impersonate. Man had become God. The end of creation was accomplished. Even from the attempt to accomplish this end, however imperfectly, other blessings might flow, indirectly and collaterally: though, indeed, by the true mystic of the Porch they were little heeded. The aspirations, however, of the stoics in general were really less visionary and unpractical. They descended from the clouds to earth to impregnate with noble and fruitful principles such forms of government as were actually accessible to them. Captivated, as they often were, by the aspect of the law, as the exponent of the Divine will, the representative of Divine justice upon earth, they devoted themselves to moulding it to their notions, and informed it with wise and lofty maxims. Stoicism enlarged the minds of its worthy votaries, by purer conceptions of the Deity, and more liberal views of humanity, teaching the unity of God with man, and of men with one another, asserting the supremacy of the will over the passions, of mind over matter, of eternal duty over temporal expediency. It sublimed every aspiration after the good, the just, the honourable, by pronouncing it the instinct of Divinity within us. The immortality of the soul, the triumph of the righteous, a fleeting present, and an illimitable future; these, indeed, were doctrines which some stoics held, some, perhaps, ventured to teach dogmatically: but they were not the true vital principles of the sect—they savoured too much of offering bribes to virtue; they were, in short, too popular to seduce the sterner preachers of a morality, which must have no regard either to punishment on the one hand or reward on the other.\*

In looking, therefore, at the philosophy of the time of Christ, we must not be misled by the many antagonistic facts, or the vast chasm of accidents and circumstances which separated outward systems. We must look, not to the wretched garments of language which continually proved too narrow for the covering of the humblest thoughts, but at the meaning which men were striving to express, and at the spirit which prompted them to express it. Only thus can there be any

---

\* History of the Romans under the Empire, vol. vi. p. 241.

true comparison. It is a mistaken jealousy for Christianity which is based on the hypothesis of the inability of men to evolve a moral code from their own moral intuitions. It is no detraction from the glory of the faith which was to transform the world into the garden of the Lord, that here and there the ground was not wholly barren, but had been made ready by spontaneous human effort, working unconsciously towards an end which was far from sight, for the receiving and nurturing of the seed of it.

The most prominent phase of non-Christian thought was that which passed under the name of Stoicism. It was peculiarly the philosophy of Rome. It had been followed out in practice, long before it had been known in theory. It lay beneath all that was most noble in Roman history, rising and moulding itself, century by century, until it grew into one of the most perfect moral systems at which unaided reason could arrive—the regenerating element which preserved the whole moral world from shipwreck in the interval between the real dissolution of Paganism and the general adoption of Christianity. We must not confound it with the systems of Zeno or Chrysippus; in the time of Epictetus it had acquired a life and character of its own, being related to the stoicism of the third century, rather by similarity of manner than by likeness of matter. It may be subdivided into the school of Poseidonius, the school of Musonius, and the school of Epictetus. In addition to these, there was the school of the Sextii, which, though not strictly stoical, was a modification of the same phase of thought.

Poseidonius was a Syrian of Apameia, and was born about the middle of the second century before Christ. At Athens he studied under Panætius, who was then at the head of the stoical school, and afterwards proceeded to gather knowledge in the only way which was practicable in a bookless age, by travelling to every place where it might be found. When his travels were finished, he fixed his residence at Rhodes, and collected together a band of illustrious disciples, including Cicero, Cotta, Balbus, and Brutus. He was the friend of both Marius and Pompey, and ultimately removed to Rome, where he died about B.C. 51. His chief philosophical adherents after his death were his grandson Jason, who succeeded him in the presidency of the stoical school, and Athenodorus of Tarsus, whose intimacy with Augustus is said to have had the most beneficial effect upon the whole tenor of his government. Athenodorus is more especially interesting because of his position in Tarsus in the youth of St. Paul; we can hardly

suppose that the Apostle was ignorant of one who obtained so many privileges for his native city, and whose memory was celebrated by an annual festival. No doubt the elements of his philosophy were taught in the schools of the city, so that the little which the young Saul knew of Gentile philosophy consisted of his Poseidonian Stoicism. It is remarkable that most of the leading stoics of the time came from the East—Syria, Asia Minor, and Egypt; for this is one of the many facts which contribute to show that there was a fitness of *place*, as well as of time, in the promulgation of Christianity.

A few years later, the native philosophy of Rome made its first real stand; we have already related, in the words of Mr. Merivale, the influence and character of Seneca. His life, with its many imperfections, was not altogether unworthy of the doctrines which he professed; but we must perhaps look elsewhere for the truer spirit of stoicism. C. Musonius Rufus, who was born at the close of the reign of Augustus, and probably lived until the time of Vespasian, gained far higher ground. His pupil Claudius Pollio, wrote his memoirs, and collected his sayings, but this has unfortunately perished, and we have little more than the few fragments of it which are to be found in Stobæus, from which to reconstruct his system. His chief contemporaries were Dionysius of Alexandria, the successor of Charemon, and secretary to most of the emperors from Nero to Trajan; and L. Annæus Cornufus, the teacher and friend of Lucan and Persius, the latter of whom bears strong marks of his influence. But the greatest stoic of this whole epoch was Epictetus, a native of Hieropolis in Pharygia, and a freedman of Epaphroditus the freedman of Nero. He was lame and poor, and after being driven from Rome in the general expulsion of philosophers by Domitian, he spent the greater part of his life at Nicopolis in Epeirus. His pupil Arrian compiled from his discourses a full account of his opinions, half of which, together with an *ἐγχειρίδιον*, or text-book of moral science, has happily been preserved to us. The only other stoics whom we need mention now are Euphrates of Tyre, the friend of Pliny the Younger and Q. Junius Rusticus, the teacher of Marcus Aurelius, after whose time all that was good in stoicism passed into Christianity.

And now, to add the flesh to these bones of historical facts, we must notice, first of all, that stoicism was not so much a theory as a practice. Its best disciples were not those who wrote most in its favour, but those who carried its principles most successfully into life. And herein lay the great change which was gradually fitting the world for the reception of

Divine truth. Philosophy had been brought down to its true subject matter; it had left its fanciful cosmogonies and abstract metaphysics for the consideration of human good and the means of its attainment. Musonius says most explicitly (Preller, § 478, note), "Philosophy is neither more nor less than the practice of virtue;" and again, "To be a philosopher is nothing else than to discover by reason, and carry out in practice, that which is right and proper;" and again, "*The law of God commands a man to be good*;" but to be good is to be a philosopher." And thus the path was clear for the system which recognized, not knowledge, but goodness as the highest human excellence, and one of whose fundamental principles was, that to know the truth we must first practise it. Two hundred years before, philosophers had looked with scorn upon virtue apart from knowledge; and Christianity must then have begun its battle by proving its axiom that moral, rather than mental excellence, is what God chiefly expects from us. But the unconscious progress of human thought had spared the controversy; it was a truth which men might learn, which revelation was not required to teach, and therefore men had to learn it, and revelation tarried until it was known.

And this involved another great point which Christianity assumed: if philosophy were virtue, then all men might be philosophers. The exclusiveness of the Greek schools was at an end; reason had reached the converse of the truth, that with God there is no respect of persons; it was prepared to see in the Christian Church the meeting of rich and poor, learned and unlearned; philosophers who had been themselves slaves could no longer look down "with Academic pride" upon the poor teachers from Palestine; and they, whose city was the world, were fitting themselves, by the thought thereof, for a realization which far surpassed their theory, in the existence of the kingdom of God.

But even more important than the cosmopolitan idea which involved a Church, and the predominance of ethics over metaphysics, which placed greatness in virtue rather than knowledge, was the explicit recognition of the fact of *sin*. To quote the words of Seneca (De Clem. i. 6), "We have all sinned, some more and some less; some designedly, and some dragged on by sudden impulse, or misled by the wickedness of others; some of us, again, because we have failed to abide by our good resolutions, and thus lost our innocence against our will. And not only have we offended, but evermore to the end of the world we shall continue to offend." And yet, from the evil world, they thought it



possible to eliminate a body of men who should gradually depart from sin: that which to us is the purpose of religion was to them the purpose of philosophy. They called it "the healing of the soul," and the passage from slavery to freedom. Epictetus describes the state of sin as a state of bondage, in a spirit remarkably similar to that which, at the same time and almost the same place, animated the mind of St. Paul; he says (Diss. iv. 1), "A free man is one who lives as he wills; who cannot be compelled, nor prevented, nor forced; whose impulses are unhindered; whose desires are satisfied; whose inclinations are successful. *Who, then, wishes to live in sin?* No one. Who wishes to live deceived, unsuccessful, unjust, in wickedness, in dissatisfaction, in abjectness? No one. No bad man, then, lives as he wishes; therefore, he is not free. Who wishes to live in pain, in fear, in jealousy, seeking and failing, desiring and having not? No one. But is there any bad man who is exempt from pain, and fear, and failure? No. Then there is none who is free."

Again, we cannot forbear to strengthen our argument by the very able words of M. Merivale. After much that is in harmony with what we have already advanced, he says:—

The acceptance of Christianity, we should consider not so much a strong reaction from the prevailing wickedness of the age, as a symptom of the aspirations struggling beneath its surface, and of its anxious demand for moral convictions. I have shown, in another place, that the Gospel was not embraced, on its first promulgation in Judea, by the despair of the most wretched outcasts of humanity, but rather by the hopeful enthusiasm which urges those who enjoy a portion of the goods of life to improve and fortify their possession. And so, again, at Rome, we have no reason to suppose that Christianity was only the refuge of the afflicted and miserable; rather, if we may lay any stress on the monuments above referred to, it was first embraced by persons in a certain grade of comfort and respectability; by persons approaching to what we should call *the middle classes*, in their condition, their education, and their moral views. Of this class Seneca himself was the idol, the oracle; he was, so to say, the favourite preacher of the more intelligent and humane disciples of nature and virtue. Now, the writings of Seneca show, in their way, a real anxiety among this class to raise the moral tone of mankind around them—a spirit of reform, a zeal for the conversion of souls, which, though it never rose, indeed, under the teaching of the philosophers, to boiling heat, still simmered with genial warmth on the surface of society. Far different as was their social standing point, far different as were the foundations and the presumed sanctions of their teaching respectively, Seneca and St. Paul were both moral reformers; both, be it said with reverence, were fellow-

workers in the cause of humanity, though the Christian could look beyond the proximate aims of morality, and prepare men for a final development, on which the stoic could not venture to gaze. Hence there is so much in their principles, so much even in their language, which agrees together, that the one has been thought—though, it must be allowed, without adequate reason—to have borrowed directly from the other. But the philosopher, be it remembered, discoursed to a large and not inattentive audience, and surely the soil was not all unfruitful on which his seed was scattered, when he proclaimed that God dwells not in temples of wood or stone, nor wants the ministrations of human hands (Ep. 95); that He has no delight in the blood of victims (Ep. 116); that He is near to all his creatures (Ep. 41. 73); that his Spirit resides in men's hearts (Ep. 46); that all men are truly his offspring (de Provid. 1); that we are members of one body, which is God or nature (Ep. 93. 95); that men must believe in God before they can approach Him (Ep. 95); that the true service of God is to be like unto Him (Ep. 95); that all men have sinned, and none performed all the works of the law (de Ira, i. 14, ii. 27); that God is no respecter of nations, ranks, or conditions, but all, barbarian and Roman, bond and free, are alike under his all-seeing Providence (de Benef. iii. 18).\*

Perhaps the doctrine of stoicism which has suffered most misrepresentation is that of indifference. In its true light it is one of the closest points of contact with Christianity. For it was the belief that a man's moral character and greatness are so entirely independent of the worldly circumstances in which he is placed, that he can look upon the latter as mere accidents of his existence. His true life lies in himself: his passions, and desires, his mental peace and trouble, are the things which make up the sum of his real being. All other things are indifferent to him; no evil can hurt him, no harm can reach him, if the source of all his pleasure lies in his own power. Upon this, Epictetus bases the whole of his ethical philosophy: his "Manual" starts with this distinction; the lives of all the great stoics of the first century are instances of it. The world, as we Christians call it, with its outward pleasures, and riches and honours had no charms for them; its favour came or went without destroying their equanimity or their happiness; they used it as they found it, as being perishable and dead, and worthless, and unable to touch the soul. And herein consisted their real nobleness; their theory of the powerlessness of worldly wealth or influence to give or take away true happiness, did not make them pass through life with a stolid indif-

---

\* History of the Romans under the Empire, vol. vi. p. 290—292.

ference or shrink from the fulfilment of duty. On the contrary, they are the first to speak of duty, and to insist upon its absolute claims. Their whole life was a struggle to perform the law of their nature. One of their favourite metaphors was that man is an actor on a stage, and that, in spite of the unreality of his part, he must do his best to act it well. And in doing this they were prepared to pass through ridicule and slander, through disgrace and poverty; again and again, like the Christian martyrs, they laid down their lives rather than contradict their consciences. No work was trivial if a duty; no work was to be attempted if it were not so. And so far from abandoning themselves to theories and talking, rather than action and working, they considered the former without the latter as the most unphilosophical of employments. Musonius has a passage which would satisfy the strongest partisans of the "*Laborare est orare*" school: he says (Ap. Stob., lvi. 18.), "Is it not a sad thing, some people ask, that a man who can train and educate youths in philosophy, should till the earth and work with his hands like a common labourer? No, it would rather be sad if the practice and teaching of philosophy were hindered by such work. But on the contrary, it would rather seem to be a great advantage that the youths should be trained not by going to lectures in the city, but by seeing their master working in the country, and demonstrating by practice the true theory that we ought to labour and endure bodily toil, rather than depend on another for our subsistence. What is there to prevent a learner from helping his master in his work, and hearing him talk at the same time about temperance and justice? For true philosophy does not require many words, nor need young men take up with the great mass of studies, which only make them puffed up like the sophists; that which is most necessary and useful to be known can be learned even in the midst of husbandry, especially as men do not work for ever, but sometimes take intervals of rest.

These are, perhaps, the most striking of the results at which philosophy had arrived:—the notion of the pre-eminence of virtue above knowledge prepared the way for a religion which was moral rather than mental, a practice rather than a theory; the notion of the "*civitas mundi*" of which all men were citizens, prepared the way for the catholic "*civitas Dei*," which bound humanity together as a brotherhood; the notion of sin contributed to render men more susceptible of the need of an atonement, and the notion of duty needed but little expansion to become the doctrine of good works. But between the preparation and the fulfilment there was a gap which only God

could fill. "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools:" their virtue lapsed into pride, their self-reliance into apathy. They felt that life is not worth having for the mere shell of self-satisfaction, for the complacent doing of rigid duty: and thus the most distinguished among them either advocated or committed suicide. If there is no pleasure in life, they said, there is at least hope in death; in any way death is a gain. Herein was the demonstration of human weakness, and the expression of human need. Thought had not been wasted utterly. It had come, by its own unconscious processes, to the proof of the necessity of a divine regeneration. It had shown that, even on the highest hypothesis of virtue, life is intolerable away from God. It had explored in vain all corners of the soul to find some inherent pleasure for the satisfaction of its cravings, and the result had been the bitter exposition of emptiness and rottenness and ruin. And just then there came the bringing in of a better hope. In faith, and hope, and charity, in the belief of the Spirit's presence, and the thought of Christ's atonement, in the consciousness of God the Judge, and the light from beyond the grave, lay the elements of a new birth for mankind and for philosophy, which God alone could have taught, and which He is still carrying on to its consummation.

---

ART. IV.—*History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. In 4 vols., vols. I. and II. Chapman and Hall.

IN 1806, Napoleon went to Potsdam to visit the tomb of Frederick the Great. He stood long in silent meditation. Then he took down Frederick's sword, and turning to General Rapp, said, "Did you know that the Spanish ambassador presented me with the sword of Francis I.? The Persian ambassador also gave me a sabre which belonged to Ghengis Khan. I would not exchange this sword of Frederick for four millions of dollars. I will send it to the governor of the Invalides. The old soldiers there will regard with religious reverence a trophy which has belonged to the most illustrious captain of whom history makes any mention." To the military renown of Frederick this was a noble tribute, and such a testimony none will gainsay. But of his greatness in any other way than as a warrior, opinions are now divided. The general impression in this country has been that, with all his ability as a man, and vigour as a ruler, he was

a severe tyrant in his own kingdom, and a reckless disturber of the peace of the world. That he was ambitious, vain, cruel, and selfishly rapacious, few will deny. The attempt to seize Silesia was the first event which brought him on the field of European politics. While affecting to justify himself by antiquated claims of the House of Brandenburg to that territory, this is his own confession in his *Memoirs*: "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk of me, carried the day; and I decided for war." The candour of this admission has been praised, but Frederick was capable of any deception and perfidy when suggested by his interest or his passion. In war he as little scrupled to betray a friend as to overreach an enemy. The unprincipled dexterity with which he shifted his alliances is not justified on the plea of "trimming the balance of power in Europe." In adversity he showed strength of mind, and fertility of resources, but in prosperity he was not to be trusted. "By the public," says Lord Macaulay, "the King of Prussia was considered as a politician destitute alike of morality and decency, insatiably rapacious and shamelessly false; nor was the public much in the wrong." And speaking of the great war in which his military fame was established, the same writer says, "On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years, and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the Column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slain at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America." The author of such calamities must be justly reckoned among the scourges and curses of mankind.

That Frederick has continued to excite the admiration of the world, notwithstanding his private follies and public crimes, is easily explained. Men are generally dazzled by brilliant exploits, even when prompted by ambition or other evil passions. There were special reasons, too, for his popularity in this country, the tradition of which yet survives. In these days the people at large had little authentic intelligence of what passed in other countries, and it was enough to know that Frederick was the ally of England against her hereditary foe, while many also regarded him as another Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of Protestantism, and the Defender of the Faith on the continent. No wonder that his name was a household word, and that his portrait, with the well known cocked-hat and pig-tail, adorned the sign-post of many an English inn. The enthusiasm did not

last long, but it was real, and the epithet of Great remained after the grounds for it were less blindly admitted.

The announcement, some years since, that Mr. Carlyle was engaged upon a "Life of Frederick," excited no little curiosity in the public mind. To one who counts "earnestness," in any shape, the highest virtue, and "stupidity" the one unpardonable crime, the King of Prussia was a hero worthy of historical worship. No doubt the work was commenced with enthusiasm, but long and unexplained delay has occurred in its appearance. The rumour, in fact, for some time, has run that the idea had been abandoned. Some said that Mr. Carlyle found Frederick, on nearer view, not quite such a hero as had been imagined; while others attributed the delay to the difficulty of obtaining and using the necessary materials. The publication of two volumes of the long-promised and long-expected biography has set this last doubt at rest. A great historical work will now be added to English literature, but the other question, as to the vindication of Frederick's claim to hero-worship, has yet to be solved. The actual biography of Frederick occupies but a small proportion of the thirteen hundred pages forming these two volumes. They bring the story no further down than 1740, when Frederick was only in his twenty-eighth year. The closing chapter gives an account of the last days of old Frederick William, and of the accession of the young prince to the throne. Three or four previous chapters contain all that is known about his early life, and his training for kingship. The events of his long reign of nearly half a century, his wars and administration, his domestic and foreign policy, his private habits and personal character, all this is reserved for future consideration. Without immense compression, or alteration of plan, it is difficult to see how two additional volumes will suffice for the completion of the work. At all events, we are relieved, under the circumstances, from expressing an opinion how far Mr. Carlyle's labour will modify the general estimate of Frederick. Thus much we can certainly assert, that no result comparable to that produced by the *Life of Cromwell* will be produced. Nothing that Mr. Carlyle can say, will add to Frederick's renown as a warrior; and in the general estimate of his character as a king, and as a man, what is now more fully told of his early life only confirms what is already known of his vices as well as his virtues. The history of the rise and progress of the Prussian monarchy occupies most of the first volume, and the story of the reign of Frederick William forms a large portion of the second. These parts of the work are complete, and the historic narrative is more elaborate and connected than anything that Mr. Carlyle has hitherto

written. What appears about Frederick is, as yet, only preparatory and fragmentary, and judgment must be suspended as to the main subject of the work. As far as the biography goes, it is done in a way of which no other living writer is capable. Whatever may be the estimate of Frederick after this story, if his life is completed, there will be no question as to the value of the facts industriously collected, and little dispute as to the graphic power with which they are presented.

It would be idle, at this time of day, to make any remarks about Mr. Carlyle's peculiarities, either of thought or diction. *Magnæ virtutes sed magna vitia*, is a saying emphatically true in his case. The power, the independence, the originality of his views, and the rugged strength of his language, are admitted on all hands. What faults there are, either of matter or manner, have long become essential parts of the man, who, nevertheless, surprises, and sways, and delights every thoughtful reader. In his new work, he displays his habitual scorn for all the recognized rules of composition, and the same defiance of syntax, grammar, and other usages of articulate speech. But there is the more allowance to be made for this in all writing, as he has yet chiefly done in these two volumes, about "grim semi-articulate Prussian men, growling in guttural Teusch what little articulate meaning they had;" Frederick William himself, being described as "a man entirely inarticulate, as if dumb," who "cannot argue in articulate logic, only in inarticulate bellowsings, or worse." In treating of such rugged inartificial themes, some corresponding roughness of diction may be charitably allowed. After one of Frederick's great victories, an old field-marshal demonstrated that the battle should have been lost—it was fought contrary to all the rules of war! Success silences all criticism about Mr. Carlyle's style, although it ought not to extort indiscriminate praise, still less suggest servile imitation. What is great in him, is intolerable in not a few young writers who ape his style, and it is only from fear of this influence spreading that any remarks on his mannerism are now justifiable. As to more important points on which Mr. Carlyle is open to censure, it is only fair to say, that we find in this work less eccentricity of statement, and what, in spite of the sneers of his school, we must call heterodoxy of opinion, than in most of his former writings. We would fain believe that the attempt to set up for hero-worship a man wholly destitute of Divine, not to speak of Christian life, has been found a dreary task to one, the noble impulses of whose heart have not been irretrievably overlaid by the cold rationalism to which at times he has allowed undue influence.

Some recognition of this appears in the semi-apologetic tone

adopted in what is called "the Proem" of the history, written evidently after he was fairly immersed in the subject :—

Friedrich is by no means one of the perfect demigods ; and there are various things to be said against him on good grounds. To the last a questionable hero : with much in him which one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished. But there is one feature which strikes you at an early period of the inquiry,—that in his way he is a reality ; that he always means what he speaks ; grounds his actions, too, on what he recognizes for the truth ; and, in short, has nothing whatever of the Hypocrite or Phantasm ; which some readers will admit to be an extremely rare phenomenon.

This is the old cant of Mr. Carlyle about "realities" and "shams." Restless Activity, whether the moving impulse comes from above or below, is to him Truth or Veracity. All other men and things are hypocrites and phantasms. Mahomet and Luther, John Knox and Joe Smith, are to him equally heroic, on the one score of "earnestness." The bustling fervour of a little or even a wicked mind, is to him a "diviner spectacle" than the calm grandeur of virtue or the sublimity of work done in a quieter way. Mr. Carlyle has already written much nonsense of this stamp, but the jest is carried too far when he speaks of Frederick of Prussia as almost the sole "reality" in the eighteenth century.

#### *Eighteenth Century.*

One of the grand difficulties in a history of Friedrich is, all along, this same, that he lived in a century which has no history, and can have little or none. A century so opulent in accumulated falsities,—sad opulence descending on it by inheritance, always at compound interest, and always largely increased by fresh acquirement on such immensity of standing capital ; opulent in that bad way as never century before was ! Which had no longer the consciousness of being false, so false had it grown ; and was so steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone, that, in fact, the measure of the thing was full, and a French Revolution had to end it. To maintain much veracity in such an element, especially for a king, was no doubt doubly remarkable. But now, How extricate the man from his century ? How show the man, who is a reality worthy of being seen, and yet keep his century, as a hypocrisy worthy of being hidden and forgotten, in the due abeyance ?

To resuscitate the eighteenth century, or call into men's view, beyond what is necessary, the poor and sordid personages and transactions of an epoch so related to us, can be no purpose of mine on this occasion. The eighteenth century, it is well known, does not figure to me as a lovely one ; needing to be kept in mind, or



spoken of unnecessarily. To me the eighteenth century has nothing grand in it, except that grand universal suicide, named the French Revolution, by which it terminated its otherwise most worthless existence with at least one worthy act;—setting fire to its old home and self, and going up in flames and volcanic explosions, in a truly memorable and important manner. A very fit termination, as I thankfully feel, for such a century. Century spendthrift, fraudulent-bankrupt; gone, at length, utterly insolvent, without real *money* of performance in its pocket, and the shops declining to take hypocrisies and speciosities any further:—what could the poor century do, but at length admit, “Well, it is so. I am a swindler century, and have long been, having learned the trick of it from my father and grandfather; knowing hardly any trade but that in false bills, which I thought, foolishly, might last for ever, and still bring at least beef and pudding to the favoured of mankind. And, behold, it ends; and I am a detected swindler, and have nothing even to eat. What remains but that I blow my brains out, and do at length one true action?” Which the poor century did; many thanks to it, in the circumstances.

For there was need, once more, of a Divine revelation to the torpid, frivolous children of men, if they were not to sink altogether into the ape condition. And in that whirlwind of the universe,—lights obliterated, and the torn wrecks of earth and hell hurled aloft into the empyrean; black whirlwind, which made even apes serious, and drove most of them mad,—there was, to men, a voice audible; voice from the heart of things once more, as if to say, “Lying is not permitted in this universe. The wages of lying, you behold, are death. Lying means damnation in this universe; and Beelzebub, never so elaborately decked in crowns and mitres, is *not* God!” This was a revelation truly to be named of the Eternal, in our poor eighteenth century, and has greatly altered the complexion of said century to the historian ever since. Whereby, in short, that century is quite confiscate, fallen bankrupt, given up to the auctioneers;—Jew brokers, sorting out of it at this moment, in a confused, distressing manner, what is still valuable or saleable . . . To forget it quite is not yet possible, nor would be profitable. What to do with it, and its forgotten fooleries and histories, worthy only of forgetting? Well: so much of it as by nature *adheres*; what if it cannot be disengaged for our hero and his operations: approximately, so much and no more! let that be our bargain in regard to it.

Elsewhere he speaks of this as a poor somnambulizing century:

What little it *did*, we must call *Friedrich*; what little it *thought*, Voltaire. So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by accident only. They are, for want of better, the two original men of their century; the chief, and, in a sense, the sole products of their century. They alone remain to us as still living results of it—such as they are. And the rest, truly, ought to depart and vanish (as

they are now doing); being mere ephemera, contemporary eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hearsay, and related merely to the butteries and wiggeries of their time, and not related to the perennials at all, as these two were.—Vol. ii. pp. 578, 579.

The eighteenth century is by no means one of the best epochs of the world's history. As Carlyle says of his hero, so may it be said of the century in which he lived, "there is much which one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished." It would have been a grander epoch without the scepticism and triviality which marked much of its religion and literature. Political history, so far as kings and courts and diplomatists were concerned, has not much to boast of in the generations preceding the French Revolution. But the tide of the world's progress was advancing with majestic movement, notwithstanding the surface frothings and local ebbings on which alone Mr. Carlyle would have us fix our view. Even in war the century had seen some great captains before the Prussian Agamemnon—Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and Marshal Saxe. In literature if creating master-spirits no longer appeared, the useful work had commenced of popular enlightenment, in the epochs of Addison and Johnson, with the founders of what is now known as "the Press,"—a "reality" which has attained to some power in the world! Science too made vast progress in these "poor hypocritical times," its annals beginning with the illustrious names of Newton and Leibnitz, and closing with those of Priestly, Lavoisier, Dalton, and the chemists, whose labours led to results not wholly "phantasms." It was in the same "torpid, spendthrift, fraudulent-bankrupt age," that men like Montesquieu and Adam Smith were revolutionizing the commerce and work of the world by their writings, as James Watt and Arkwright were also helping to do by their inventions. The hypocrisies of "philosophy falsely so called," were confined in their baneful effect to the upper strata of society. The great heart of England was sound, and a race of men was training up for achievements worthy of the national fame, for exploring the Pacific Ocean, under the adventurous Cook, or for conquering Canada under the gallant Wolfe. From the rising to the setting sun the world rang with enterprises grand or heroic. It was the age of Clive and Hastings, of Franklin and Washington, yet Mr. Carlyle describes its "histories" as "fooleries worthy only of forgetting," and sees no names worthy of perennial record except Frederick and Voltaire!

In fact, this is the key to the strange hallucinations which cloud a mind strong and clear on any point to which it is separately turned. Never was there such an illustration of what

Bacon called the *idola specus*, the prejudices of the exclusive den in which any man shuts himself up. Having been absorbed for many years of his life in the study of the French Revolution, and of the Life and Times of Frederick, Mr. Carlyle can see nothing in the eighteenth century except through the distorted and discoloured atmosphere of these subjects. The French Revolution was a great epoch, terrible in its events, and powerful in its consequences. But Mr. Carlyle exaggerates its importance. It was only in France, and in the corner of the world under its influence, that the wickedness and "unveracities" of kings, courtiers, wits, and encyclopedists did harm. If the eighteenth century ended all this folly by "committing suicide," it was only in France that the tragedy occurred. Europe was disturbed by the explosion, and other parts of the earth were moved for a time. But the great history of nations was not interrupted by the catastrophe in France. French vanity has long enough assumed that the affairs of *la grande nation* are the affairs of the universe. Other influences are at work in the world's progress besides Parisian mobs and French academicians. It would have been in vain to say this to Mr. Carlyle when in his French Revolution frenzy, but his own studies on the other side of the Rhine have brought him to admit the existence of at least one other "reality" in that eighteenth century. The wild glare of the revolutionary epoch is even blamed for interfering with the clearer light visible beyond it.

The French Revolution may be said to have, for about half a century, quite submerged Friedrich, abolished him from the memories of men; and now, on coming to light again, he is found defaced under strange mud-incerustations, and the eyes of mankind look at him from a singularly changed, what we must call oblique and perverse, point of vision. This is one of the difficulties in dealing with his history, especially if you happen to believe both in the French Revolution and in him; that is to say, both that real kingship is eternally indispensable, and also that the destruction of sham kingship (a frightful process) is occasionally so.

On the breaking out of that formidable explosion, and suicide of his century, Friedrich sank into comparative obscurity; eclipsed amid the ruins of that universal earthquake, the very dust of which darkened all the air, and made of day a disastrous midnight. Black midnight, broken only by the blaze of conflagrations:—wherein, to our terrified imaginations, were seen, not men, French and other, but ghastly portents, stalking wrathful, and shapes of avenging gods. It must be owned the figure of Napoleon was titanic; especially to the generation that looked on him, and that waited shuddering to be devoured by him. In general, in that French Revolution, all was on a huge scale; if not greater than anything in human ex-

perience, at least more grandiose. All was recorded in bulletins, too, addressed to the shilling-gallery; and there were fellows on the stage with such a breadth of sabre, extent of whiskerage, strength of windpipe, and command of men and gunpowder, as had never been seen before. How they bellowed, stalked, and flourished about; counterfeiting Jove's thunder to an amazing degree! Terrific Drawcansir figures, of enormous whiskerage, unlimited command of gunpowder; not without sufficient ferocity, and even a certain heroism, stage heroism, in them; compared with whom, to the shilling-gallery, and frightened, excited theatre at large, it seemed as if there had been no generals or sovereigns before; as if Friedrich, Gustavus, Cromwell, William the Conqueror, and Alexander the Great, were not worth speaking of henceforth.

All this, however, in half a century is considerably altered. The Drawcansir equipments getting gradually torn off, the natural size is seen better; translated from the bulletin style into that of fact and history, miracles, even to the shilling-gallery, are not so miraculous. It begins to be apparent that there lived great men before the era of bulletins and Agamemnon. Austerlitz and Wagram shot away more gunpowder,—gunpowder probably in the proportion of ten to one, or a hundred to one: but neither of them was tenth-part such a beating to your enemy as that of Rosbach, brought about by strategic art, human ingenuity and intrepidity, and the loss of 478 men. Leuthen, too, the battle of Leuthen (though so few English readers ever heard of it), may very well hold up its head beside any victory gained by Napoleon or another. For the odds were not far from three to one; the soldiers were not far from equal quality; and and only the general was consummately superior, and the defeat a destruction. Napoleon did, indeed, by immense expenditure of men and gunpowder, overrun Europe for a time: but Napoleon never, by husbanding and wisely expending his men and gunpowder, defended a little Prussia against all Europe, year after year, for seven years long, till Europe had enough, and gave up the enterprise as one it could not manage. So soon as the Drawcansir equipments are well torn off, and the shilling-gallery got to silence, it will be found that there were great kings before Napoleon,—and likewise an art of war, grounded on veracity, and human courage, and insight, not upon Drawcansir rodomontade, grandiose Dick-Turpinism, revolutionary madness, and unlimited expenditure of men and gunpowder. "You may paint with a very big brush, and yet not be a great painter," says a satirical friend of mine! This is becoming more and more apparent, as the dust-whirlwind, and huge uproar of the last generation gradually dies away again.

Had any one but Mr. Carlyle himself spoken thus of the French Revolutionary times, his "Drawcansir" pen would have started into activity. As it is, something is gained in his admitting other scenes worthy of being noticed in that eighteenth

century, though hitherto only seen, in this country especially, in a dim, hazy manner. For this is given as the next difficulty besetting his history of Frederick.

Amidst wagon-loads of books and printed records on the subject of Frederick, Mr. Carlyle sorely complains of the difficulty of getting at any clear understanding of him, through such help. He lived in a writing era, "the morning of that strange era which has grown to such a noon for us," and his favourite society, all his reign, was with the literary or writing sort. With the exception of Mirabeau, who twice for a short half hour was in his presence, "there was not," says Carlyle, "as far as I have noticed, any man to be called of genius, or with an adequate power of human discount, that have personally looked on Friedrich." Prussian Dryasdusts have heaped up piles of writing, but mostly of a dreary, chaotic kind.

Truth is, the Prussian Dryasdust, otherwise an honest fellow, and not afraid of labour, excels all other Dryasdusts yet known. I have often sorrowfully felt as if there were not in nature, for darkness, dreariness, immethodic platitude, anything comparable to him. He writes big books, wanting in almost every quality; and does not even give an *index* to them. He has made of Friedrich's history a wide-spread, inorganic, trackless matter; dismal to your mind, and barren as a continent of Brandenburg sand! Enough! he could do no other; I have striven to forgive him. Let the reader now forgive me; and think sometimes what probably my raw-material was!

There has doubtless been no light labour in exploring the dreary, indexless records about Frederick's life and times; but there is something of ingratitude, as well as affectation, in Mr. Carlyle's indiscriminate contempt for the German writers. To say nothing of Pöllnitz, or Fassman, and the old gossiping writers of Memoirs, men like Dr. Pauli and Ermann, and Professor Ranke, deserve more respectful treatment. Their works may be "watery," and "intolerable to human nature," but they have supplied more materials to Mr. Carlyle, than he is willing to acknowledge. However, we can well understand the weariness and disgust of our fiery friend during years of tiresome study and compilation, and feel grateful to him for reducing to "cosmic" form whatever what was worth eliminating from the chaotic quarries where he has so long been at work. There is more justice in his statement as to the want of reliable authentic history of Frederick in English literature. Here, as well as in France, he says there is an immense ignorance even, as to the outward facts of Frederick's life; and instead of the Prussian

no-interpretation, there is, in these vacant circumstances, a great promptitude to interpret. Hence many false judgments and assertions on the whole subject, especially on Frederick's character.

To Englishmen, the sources of knowledge or conviction about Friedrich, I have observed, are mainly these two. *First*, for his public character. It was an all-important fact, not to *it*, but to this country in regard to it, that George II., seeing good to plunge head foremost into German politics, and to take Maria Theresa's side in the Austrian Succession war of 1740-48,—needed to begin by assuring his parliament and newspapers, profoundly dark on the matter, that Friedrich was a robber and villain for taking the other side. Which assurance, resting on what basis we shall see by-and-by, George's parliament and newspapers cheerfully accepted, nothing doubting. And they have re-echoed and reverberated it, they and the rest of us, ever since, to all lengths, down to the present day, as a fact quite agreed upon, and the preliminary item in Friedrich's character. Robber and villain to begin with, that was one settled point.

Afterwards, when George and Friedrich came to be allies, and the grand fightings of the Seven Years' war took place, George's parliament and newspapers settled a second point in regard to Friedrich: "One of the greatest soldiers ever born." This second item the British writer fully admits ever since; but he still adds to it the quality of robber, in a loose way—and images to himself a royal Dick Turpin, of the kind known in review articles, and disquisitions on progress of the species, and labels it *Frederick*; very anxious to collect new babblement of lying anecdotes, false criticisms, hungry French memoirs, which will confirm him in that impossible idea. Had such proved, on survey, to be the character of Friedrich, there is one British writer whose curiosity concerning him would pretty soon have died away; nor could any amount of unwise desire to satisfy that feeling in fellow-creatures less seriously disposed have sustained him alive, in those baleful historic Acherons and Stygian fens, where he has had to dig and to fish so long, far away from the upper light!—Let me request all readers to blow that sorry chaff entirely out of their minds, and to believe nothing on the subject except what they get some evidence for.

*Second* English source relates to the private character. Friedrich's biography or private character, the English, like the French, have gathered chiefly from a scandalous libel by Voltaire, which used to be called *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse* (Private Life of the King of Prussia): libel undoubtedly written by Voltaire, in a kind of fury; but not intended to be published by him; nay, burnt and annihilated, as he afterwards imagined. No line of which, that cannot be otherwise proved, has a right to be believed; and large portions of which *can* be proved to be wild exaggerations and per-

versions, or even downright lies written in a mood analogous to the frenzy of John Dennis. This serves for the biography or private character of Friedrich; imputing all crimes to him, natural and unnatural;—offering, indeed, if combined with facts otherwise known, or even if well considered by itself, a thoroughly flimsy, incredible, and impossible image. Like that of some flaming Devil's Head, done in phosphorus on the walls of the blackhole, by an artist whom you had locked up there (not quite without reason) overnight.

Poor Voltaire wrote that *Vie Privée* in a state little inferior to the frenzy of John Dennis,—how brought about we shall see by and by. And this is the document which English readers are surest to have read, and tried to credit as far as possible. Our counsel is, Out of window with it, he that would know Friedrich of Prussia! Keep it awhile, he that would know François Aronnet de Voltaire, and a certain numerous unfortunate class of mortals, whom Voltaire is sometimes capable of sinking to be spokesman for, in this world!

Notwithstanding these, and other difficulties, Mr. Carlyle professes to have arrived at a clear view of his hero-king, whose story he will rescue from the “stupidities,” and “mud-incrustations,” of past biographers. He commences by giving a sketch of “Frederick's history from the distance we are at,” prefixing the following written portrait as frontispiece to the whole work:—

About fourscore years ago there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans-Souci for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner, on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure, whose name among strangers was King Friedrich II., or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was Vater Fritz—Father Fred,—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture; no crown, but an old military cocked-hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute softness, if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse “between the ears,” say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat, with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted

to be blackened or varnished ; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach. The man is not of god-like physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume ; close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height ; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative grey eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man ; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world ; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention ; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour—are written on that old face ; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck ; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked hat,—like an old snuffy lion on the watch ; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that century bore elsewhere according to all the testimony we have. “Those eyes,” says Mirabeau, “which at the bidding of his great soul fascinated you with seduction, or with terror (*portaient, au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur*).” Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun ; grey, we said, of the azure-grey colour ; large enough, not of glaring size ; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy—clear, melodious, and sonorous—all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation : a voice “the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,” says witty Dr. Moore. “He speaks a great deal,” continues the doctor ; “yet those who hear him regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just, and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.” . . . . Just about threescore and ten years ago, his speakings and his workings came to finis in this world of time, and he vanished from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds of men ;—which, as my readers and I may feel too well, is yet by no means satisfied. As to his speech, indeed, though it had the worth just ascribed to it and more, and though masses of it were deliberately put upon paper by himself, in prose and verse, and continue to be printed and kept legible, what he spoke has pretty much vanished into the inane, and, except as record or document of what he did, hardly now concerns mankind. But the things he did were extremely remarkable, and cannot be forgotten by mankind.—Vol. i. pp. 3—5.



*Friedrich then, and Friedrich now.*

This was a man of infinite mark to his contemporaries, who had witnessed surprising feats from him in the world; very questionable notions and ways, which he had contrived to maintain against the world and its criticisms. As an original man has always to do, much more an original ruler of men. The world, in fact, had tried hard to put him down, as it does, unconsciously or consciously, with all such; and after the most conscious exertions, and at one time a dead-lift spasm of all its energies for seven years, had not been able. Principalities and powers, imperial, royal, czarish, papal, enemies innumerable as the sea-sand, had risen against him, only one helper left among the world's potentates (and that one only while there should be help rendered in return); and he led them all such a dance as had astonished mankind and them.

No wonder they thought him worthy of notice. Every original man of any magnitude is; nay, in the long run, who or what else is? But how much more if your original man was a king over men; whose movements were polar, and carried from day to day those of the world along with them. The Samson Agonistes, were his life passed like that of Samuel Johnson in dirty garrets, and the produce of it only some bits of written paper—the Agonistes, and how he will comport himself in the Philistine mill; this is always a spectacle of truly epic and tragic nature. The rather, if your Samson, royal or other, is not yet blinded or subdued to the wheel; much more if he vanquish his enemies, *not* by suicidal methods, but march out at last flourishing his miraculous fighting implement, and leaving their mill and them in quite ruinous circumstances, as this King Friedrich fairly managed to do.

For he left the world all bankrupt, we may say; fallen into bottomless abysses of destruction; he still in a paying condition, and with footing capable to carry his affairs and him. When he died, in 1786, the enormous phenomenon, since called FRENCH REVOLUTION, was already growling audibly in the depths of the world; meteoric electric coruscations heralding it, all round the horizon. Strange enough to note, one of Friedrich's last visitors was Gabriel Honoré Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau. These two saw one another; twice, for half an hour each time. The last of the old gods, and the first of the modern Titans; before Pelion leapt on Ossa; and the foul earth taking fire at last, its vile mephitic elements went up in volcanic thunder. This also is one of the peculiarities of Friedrich, that he is hitherto the last of the kings; that he ushers in the French Revolution, and closes an epoch of world-history. Finishing off for ever the trade of king, think many; who have grown profoundly dark as to kingship and him.—Vol. i. pp. 7, 8.

Before satisfying curiosity as to this figure, seen by the mind's eye in those Potsdam regions, visible, for the last time, seventy years ago, Mr. Carlyle undertakes to describe the scene on which

he played his part in the world's history. Where did this man, of infinite mark to his contemporaries, perform the deeds yet notable in the world? What was the kingdom of this last of the kings? After brief notice of the birth and parentage of his hero, the biographer goes back to trace the origin and growth of the Prussian monarchy. This youngest of the European royalties was only in its twelfth year when Frederick, who is to carry it to such a height, came into the world. In 1700, his grandfather, Frederick I., with sanction of the Kaiser at Vienna, changed the old Electorate of Brandenburg into kingdom of Prussia, and the house of Hohenzollern, slowly mounting these many centuries, has reached the uppermost round of the ladder. To Frederick I. succeeded Frederick William I., in 1713, the young prince being then in his fourteenth month. The mother of Frederick was Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, of whom, and of Sophie Charlotte, mother of Frederick William, and of other notable personages, Prussian, Hanoverian, or English, in the royal connexion, portraits are given in Mr. Carlyle's broad expressive style. This preliminary sketch of family matters being finished, the reader is taken to the history of "Brandenburg and the Hohenzollerns."

First glimpse of these northern regions is the shadow of one Pytheas, "travelling commissioner to Marseilles Chamber of Commerce," looking out for new channels of trade;—the first *writing* or civilized creature that ever saw Germany, and told elsewhere what he had gazed on with his Greek eyes. Of whose report only vague fragments are spoken of. For three centuries after that, the countries were left to the undisturbed possession of bears, wolves, bisons, and shaggy Germans of the Suevic type. Drusus Germanicus looked at them erecting some triumphal pillars on his own safe-side of the Elbe, to *say* that they were conquered. Three centuries more, and new tribes from the far East, immigrating Slaves of the Vandal or Wend kind, spread far over the Elbe, followed by other hordes, between whom and older settlers, perpetual wars about settling the marches, and other matters, ceased not.

These things were; but they have no history; why should they have any? Enough, that in those Baltic regions, there are for the time (year 600, and till long after Charlemagne is out) Slaves in place of Suevi, or of Holstein Saxons and Angli; that it is now shaggy Wends who have the task of taming the jungles, and keeping down the otters and wolves. Wends latterly in a waning condition, much beaten upon by Charlemagne and others, but never yet beaten out. And so it has to last, century after century; Wends, wolves, wild swine, all alike dumb to us. Damb, or

sounding one huge unutterable message (seemingly of tragic import), like the voice of their old forests, of their old Baltic Seas,—perhaps more edifying to us *so*. Here, at last, is a definite date and event:—

"A.D. 928, Henry the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took Brannibor, a chief fortress of the Wends;"—first mention in human speech of the place now called Brandenburg: Bor or "Burg of the Brenns" (if there ever was any *tribe* of Brenns,—*Brennus*, there as elsewhere, being name for *king* or leader); "Burg of the Woods," say others,—who as little know. Probably, at that time, a town of clay huts, with ditch and palisaded sod-wall round it; certainly "a chief fortress of the Wends,"—who must have been a good deal surprised at sight of Henry on the rimy winter morning, near a thousand years ago.

This is the grand old Henry, called "the Fowler" (*Henrich der Vogler*), because he was in his *Vogelheerde* (falconry or hawk-establishment, seeing his hawks fly), in the upland Hartz country, when messengers came to tell him that the German nation, through its princes and authorities assembled at Fritzlar, had made him king; and that he would have dreadful work henceforth. Which he undertook; and also did,—this of Brannibor only one small item of it,—warring fight manfully all his days against chaos in that country, no rest for him thenceforth till he died. The beginning of German Kings; the first, or essentially the first, sovereign of united Germany,—Charlemagne's posterity to the last bastard having died out, and only anarchy, Italian and other, being now the alternative.—Vol. i. pp. 69, 70.

This Henry the Fowler appointed sundry Margraves, as we now call them (originally Mark-grafs, Grafs or Wardens of the marks, bounds, or marches), Mark-grafs of Brandenburg, a title in these regions henceforth. Of these, the most notable was Albert the Bear, regarded as the second founder of Brandenburg.

It was this one first that made Brandenburg peaceable and notable. We might call him the second founder of Brandenburg; he, in the middle of the twelfth century, completed for it what Henry the Fowler had begun early in the tenth. After two hundred and fifty years of barking and worrying, the Wends are now finally reduced to silence; their anarchy well buried, and wholesome Dutch cabbage planted over it: Albert did several great things in the world; but this, for posterity, remains his memorable feat. Not done quite easily, but done: big destinies of nations or of persons are not founded *gratis* in this world. He had a sore toilsome time of it, coercing, warring, managing among his fellow-creatures, while his day's work lasted,—fifty years or so, for it began early. He died in his Castle of Ballenstädt, peaceably among the Hartz Mountains at last, in the year 1170, age about sixty-five. It was in the time while Thomas à Becket was roving about the

world, coming home excommunicative, and finally getting killed in Canterbury Cathedral;—while Abbot Samson, still a poor little brown boy, came over from Norfolk, holding by his mother's hand, to St. Edmundsbury; having seen "*Satanas* with outspread wings" fearfully busy in this world.—Vol. i. p. 96.

Here the name of Hohenzollern first appears, a cadet of that southern house, becoming Burgraf of Nürnberg, and founding a family, will afterwards be joined with that of Brandenburg.

It was in those years that a stout young fellow, Conrad by name, far off in the southern parts of Germany, set out from the old Castle of Hohenzollern, where he was but junior, and had small outlooks, upon a very great errand in the world. From Hohenzollern, bound now towards Gelnhausen, Kaiserslautern, or whatever temporary lodging the great Kaiser Barbarossa might be known to have, who was a wandering man, his business lying everywhere over half the world, and needing the master's eye. Conrad's purpose is to find Barbarossa, and seek fortune under him.

This is a very indisputable event of those same years. The exact date, the figure, circumstances of it were, most likely, never written anywhere but on Conrad's own brain, and are now rubbed out for evermore; but the event itself is certain, and of the highest concernment to this narrative. Somewhere about the year 1170, likeliest a few years before that, this Conrad riding down from Hohenzollern, probably with no great stock of luggage about him, little dreams of being connected with Brandenburg on the other side of the world; but is unconsciously more so than any other of the then sons of Adam. He is the lineal ancestor, twentieth in direct ascent, of the little boy now sleeping in his cradle at Berlin: let him wait till nineteen generations, valiantly like Conrad, have done their part, and gone out, Conrad will find he is come to this! A man's destiny is strange always, and never wants for miracles, or will want, though it sometimes may for eyes to discern them.

Hohenzollern lies far south in *Schwaben* (Suabia), on the sunward slope of the Rauhe-Alp country; no great way north from Constance and its lake, but well aloft, near the springs of the Danube, its back leaning on the Black Forest: it is perhaps definable as the southern summit of that same huge old Hircynian wood, which is still called the *Schwarzwald* (Black Forest), though now comparatively bare of trees. Fanciful Dryasdust, doing a little etymology, will tell you the name *Zollern* is equivalent to *Tollery*, or Place of Tolls. Whereby *Hohenzollern* comes to mean the *High* or Upper *Tollery*, and gives one the notion of antique pedlars climbing painfully, out of Italy and the Swiss valleys, thus far; unstrapping their pack-horses here, and chaffering in unknown dialect about *toll*. Poor souls! it may be so, but we do not know, nor shall it concern us. This only is known, that a human kindred, probably of some talent for coercing anarchy and guiding mankind, had, centuries ago, built

its Burg there, and done that function in a small but creditable way ever since;—kindred possibly enough derivable from “Thassilo,” Charlemagne, King Dagobert, and other kings, but certainly from Adam and the Almighty Maker, who had given it those qualities;—and that Conrad, a junior member of the same, now goes forth from it in the way we see. “Why should a young fellow that has capabilities,” thought Conrad, “stay at home in hungry idleness, with no estate but his javelin and buff jerkin, and no employment but his hawks, when there is a wide, opulent world waiting only to be conquered?” This was Conrad’s thought; and it proved to be a very just one.

Under the great Barbarossa, Conrad rose to high distinction, and founded a family of note and of influence in these ages. To follow their history would require more space than we can here give, but it is enough to note that this Conrad was the lineal ancestor, twentieth in direct ascent, of Frederick the Great. How Anspach, and Baireuth, and Preussen, in the far east towards Poland, and other territories came into the Brandenburg dominion, in the course of successive generations, need not detain us,—nor the exploits of the Teutsche, Ritten, or Teutonic Knights,—nor the Hohenzollern Kurfürsts, the first of whom, as Stattholter, or vice-governor of Brandenburg, reduced the robber-barons of these parts to order and subjection, with the help of artillery, especially one huge gun, the biggest ever seen, a twenty-four pounder, no less, called by the peasants, *Faule Grete*, Lazy, or Heavy Peg. This he had borrowed from the Landgraff of Thüringen, and made good use of on occasions, as at one baron Quitzow’s Castle of Frierach, in 1414. “You, Dietrich von Quitzow, are you prepared to live as a peaceable subject henceforth; to do homage to the laws, and to me?” “Never,” answered Quitzow, and pulled up his drawbridge. Whereupon Heavy Peg opened upon him; Heavy Peg, and other guns; and in some forty-eight hours shook Quitzow’s impregnable castle, walls fourteen feet thick, about his ears. The ruins are discoverable to this day, and in them, “antiquarian science (if it had any eyes) might look for the tap-root of the Prussian nation, and the beginning of all that Brandenburg has since grown to under the sun.” At the time of battering down Frierach Castle, Friedrich was only Burgraf Friedrich VI., not till a year or so to become Kurfürst, or Elector, Friedrich I. To be Kaiser was afterwards in his offer, but he chose to stay in Brandenburg, over which, in one capacity or other, he presided nearly thirty years. He died in 1440. He was seventh in descent from Burgraf Conrad I.; cadet of Hohenzollern, and from this first Elector, Frederick the Great was the descendant,

twelve times removed. Ten Kurfürsts, or Electors of Brandenburg, in the days of the fifth, of whom came the event which shook the world, the Reformation by Luther. This Kurfürst, Joachim, obeyed the call of Charles V., instead of "the summons from the genius of Fact and Veracity," but his successor, Joachim II., gave his adherence to the Augsburg Conference. How much credit for this was due to personal conviction does not appear, but certain it is that the people of Berlin, and the Brandenburg population generally, had been of a Protestant humour, hardly restrainable by law, for some years past. Here Mr. Carlyle has a burst about the Reformation in his best mood.

### *The Reformation.*

The Reformation was the great event of that sixteenth century; according as a man did something in that, or did nothing and obstructed doing, has he much claim to memory, or no claim in this age of ours. The more it becomes apparent that the Reformation was the event then transacting itself, was the thing that Germany and Europe either did or refused to do, the more does the historical significance of men attach itself to the phases of that transaction. Accordingly we notice henceforth that the memorable points of Brandenburg history, what of it sticks naturally to the memory of a reader or student, connect themselves of their own accord, almost all, with the history of the Reformation. That has proved to be the law of nature in regard to them, softly establishing itself; and it is ours to follow that law.

Brandenburg, not at first unanimously, by no means too inconsiderately, but with overwhelming unanimity when the matter became clear, was lucky enough to adopt the Reformation; and stands by it ever since in its ever-widening scope, amid such difficulties as there might be. Brandenburg had felt somehow that it could do no other. And ever onwards through the times even of our little Fritz and further, if we will understand the word "Reformation," Brandenburg so feels; being, at this day to an honourable degree, incapable of believing incredibilities, of adopting solemn shams, or pretending to live on spiritual moonshine. Which has been of unaccountable advantage to Brandenburg: how could it fail? This is what we must call obeying the audible voice of Heaven. To which same "voice," at that time, all that did not give ear—what has become of them since; have they not signally had the penalties to pay?

"Penalties!" quarrel not with the old phraseology, good reader; attend rather to the thing it means. The word was heard of old, with a right solemn meaning attached to it, from theological pulpits and such places; and may still be heard there with a half-meaning, or with no meaning, though it has rather become obsolete to modern ears. But the thing should not have fallen obsolete; the thing is a grand and solemn truth, expressive of a silent law of Heaven, which

continues for ever valid. The most untheological of men may still assert the thing; and invite all men to notice it, as a silent monition and prophecy in this universe; to take it with more of awe than they are wont, as a correct reading of the will of the Eternal in respect of such matters; and, in their modern sphere, to bear the same well in mind. For it is perfectly certain, and may be seen with eyes in any quarter of Europe at this day.

Protestant or not Protestant? The question meant everywhere: "Is there anything of nobleness in you, O nation, or is there nothing? Are there, in this nation, enough of heroic men to venture forward, and to battle for God's truth *versus* the devil's falsehood, at the peril of life and more? Men who prefer death, and all else, to living under falsehood—who, once for all, will not live under falsehood; but having drawn the sword against it (the time being come for that rare and important step), throw away the scabbard, and can say, in pious clearness, with their whole soul: 'Come on, then! Life under falsehood is not good for me: and we will try it out now. Let it be to the death between us, then?'"

Once risen into this divine white-heat of temper, were it only for a season and not again, the nation is thenceforth considerable through all its remaining history. What immensities of dross and crypto-poisonous matter will it not burn out of itself in that high temperature, in the course of a few years! Witness Cromwell and his Puritans—making England habitable even under the Charles II. terms for a couple of centuries more. Nations are benefited, I believe, for ages, by being thrown once into divine white-heat in this manner. And no nation that has not had such divine paroxysms at any time is apt to come to much.

At a time when the old questions and principles of the Reformation are coming again into vital prominence, the testimony of "a man of Mr. Carlyle's independence," may have weight with certain minds. By sceptics on the one hand, and by Romanists on the other, every cause is assigned for the great Protestant movement, except the true one of Divine influence, working through the mind and heart of a nation. Progress of enlightenment, diffusion of learning, political and personal motives, with divers passions of an unworthy kind, may all have been brought to bear, in the English Reformation, for example; but the effect would have been poor and transient without that "Divine white-heat," of which Mr. Carlyle speaks. The living truth of God is alone the grand power, either in personal or national reformation. "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord:" and as nations are benefited by being "thrown once into white-heat in this manner," "Times of revival" also, or "Divine paroxysms" of religious fervour, give new life and greatness to a people.

That was now, in this epoch, the English of "adopting Pro-

testantism;" and we need not wonder at the results which it has had, and which the want of it has had. For the want of it is literally the want of loyalty to the Maker of this universe. He who wants that, what else has he, or can he have? If you do not, you man, or you nation, love the truth enough, but try to make a chapman-bargain with truth, instead of giving yourself wholly, soul and body and life to her, Truth will not live with you, Truth will depart from you, and only logic, "wit" (for example, "London wit"), sophistry, virtù, the æsthetic arts, and, perhaps, for a short while, book-keeping by double entry, will abide with you. You will follow falsity, and think of truth, you unfortunate man or nation. You will, right surely, you for one, stumble to the devil, and are, every day and every hour, little as you imagine it, making progress thither.

\* \* \* \* \*

Austria, Spain, Italy, France, Poland,—the offer of the Reformation was made everywhere; and it is curious to see what has become of the nations that would not hear it. In all countries were some that accepted; but in many there were not enough, and the rest, slowly or swiftly, with fatal, difficult industry contrived to burn them out. Austria was once full of Protestants; but the hide-bound Flemish-Spanish Kaiser element presiding over it obstinately for two centuries, kept saying, "No; we, with our dull, obstinate Cimburgis under-lip and lazy eyes, with our ponderous Austrian depth of habituality and indolence of intellect, we prefer steady darkness to uncertain new light!"—and all men may see where Austria now is. Spain still more; poor Spain going about at this time making its "*pronunciamentos*," all the factious attorneys in its little towns assembling to "pronounce" virtually this, "The old is a lie, then; good Heavens, after we so long tried hard, harder than any nation, to think it a truth! and if it be not Rights of Man, Red Republic and Progress of the Species, we know not what now to believe or to do, and are as a people stumbling on steep places in the darkness of midnight!" They refused Truth when she came, and now Truth knows nothing of them. All stars and heavenly lights have become veiled to such men; they must now follow terrestrial *ignes fatui*, and think them stars. That is the doom passed upon them.

Italy, too, had its Protestants; but Italy killed them—managed to extinguish Protestantism. Italy put up silently with practical lies of all kinds, and shrugging its shoulders, preferred going into dilettantism and the fine arts. The Italians, instead of the sacred service of fact and performance, did music, painting, and the like, till even that has become impossible for them, and no noble nation, sunk from virtue to *virtù*, ever offered such a spectacle before. He that will prefer dilettantism in this world for his outfit shall have it, but all the gods will depart from him; and manful veracity, earnestness of purpose, devout depth of soul, shall no more be his. He can, if



he like, make himself a soprano, and sing for hire,—and probably that is the real goal for him.

But the sharpest-cut example is France, to which we constantly return for illustration. France, with its keen intellect, saw the truth and saw the falsity in those Protestant times, and, with its ardour of generous impulse, was prone enough to adopt the former. France was within a hairsbreadth of becoming actual Protestant. But France saw good to massacre Protestantism, and end it in the night of St. Bartholomew, 1572. The celestial apparitor of Heaven's Chancery, so we may speak, the Genius of fact and veracity, had left his writ of summons:—writ was read, and replied to in this manner. The Genius of fact and veracity accordingly withdrew,—was staved off, got kept away, for 200 years. But the writ of summons had been served; Heaven's messenger could not stay away for ever. No; he returned duly; with accounts run up, on compound interest, to the actual hour, in 1792; and then, at last, there had to be a "Protestantism," and we know of what kind that was!

Nations did not so understand it, nor did Brandenburg more than the others; but the question of questions for them at that time, decisive of their history for half a thousand years to come, was, Will you obey the heavenly voice or will you not?—Vol. i. pp. 264—266.

France has sorely suffered for her St. Bartholomew massacre, and her Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in the next century. With whatever caution we are to interpret Divine judgments, in regard to individuals, it is impossible not to mark Divine retributions, as to nations, the fulfilment of whose destinies lies in this world. Had France been Protestant and Free, her history during the last century, and her present social and political condition, would have been far other. It would have been well for Prussia to have taken a more uncompromising part than she did in the Protestant cause. If by her partial adherence to the Reformation, she escaped some national evils, she has not been exempt from others of a different kind. Germany would not have been trodden down as it was in the seventeenth century, had its rulers taken a bold, manly part in the struggle. Elector George William's relations to Poland, feudal superior to Prussen, were delicate, and other points required circumspectness. But when Gustavus of Sweden raised the banner, a Protestant ruler should have fought for the cause he saw to be right. "At the worst, Brandenburg would have had only one clan of enemies to ravage it, and might have escaped with, arithmetically speaking, half the harrying it got in that long business."

But Protestant Germany—sad shame to it, which proved lasting sorrow as well—was all alike torpid; Brandenburg not an excep-

tional case. No prince stood up as beseemed ; or only one, and he not a great one, Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen, who, and his brave widow after him, seemed always to know what hour it was. Wilhelm of Hessen all along ; and a few wild hands, Christian of Brunswick, Christian of Anhalt, Johann George of Jägerndorf, who stormed-out tumultuously at first, but were soon blown away by the Tilly-Wallenstein *trade-winds* and regulated armaments ; the rest sat still, and tried all they could to keep out of harm's way. The "Evangelical Union" did a great deal of manifesting, pathetic, indignant, and other ; held solemn meetings at Heilbronn, old Sir Henry Wotton going as ambassador to them, but never got any redress. Had the Evangelical Union shut up its ink-horns sooner, girt on its fighting-tools when the time came, and done some little execution with them then, instead of none at all, we may fancy the Evangelical Union would have better discharged its function. It might have saved immense wretchedness to Germany. But its course went not that way.

In fact, had there been no better Protestantism than that of Germany, all was over with Protestantism ; and Max of Bavaria, with fanatical Ferdinand II. as Kaiser over him, and Father Lämmerlein at his right hand, and Father Hyacinth at his left, had got their own sweet way in this world. But Protestant Germany was not Protestant Europe, after all. Over seas, there dwelt and reigned a certain king in Sweden ; there farmed, and walked musing by the shores of the Ouse in Huntingdonshire, a certain man ; there was a Gustav Adolf over seas, an Oliver Cromwell over seas, "and a company of poor men" were found capable of taking Lucifer by the beard,—who, accordingly, with his Lammerleins, Hyacinths, Habernfeldts, and others, was forced to withdraw, after a tough struggle.—Vol. i. p. 326.

Next to George Wilhelm, came Frederick Wilhelm, the great Elector, who gained triumphs over the Swedes, then on the mainland, in less worthy cause than in the days of Gustavus. The Elector was fighting far south in Alsace on Kaiser Leopold's side, in the Louis Fourteenth war, that second one, which ended in the treaty of Nimeguen. The Swedes, edged on by the Grand Monarque, invaded Brandenburg, and for months they were masters of the situation. Swiftly and silently, in June, 1675, his work in Alsace being over, the Kurfürst hastened to meet the Swedes 16,000 strong, attacks them, who divided into three parts, with his cavalry chiefly, not waiting for the foot to arrive, and after a stout fight, utterly routs the main body of the Swedish army, "a thing justly to be for ever remembered by Brandenburg ;—on a smallest modern scale, the Bannockburn, Sempach, Marathon of Brandenburg." Four years after, the Swedes again, prompted by Louis XIV., were on the point of

taking Königsberg. Frederick starts to the relief, with cavalry as before, guns and infantry to follow as soon as possible. He, with his dear wife Louisa, travels sixty miles a day, on the long midwinter march.

- On the 16th of January, 1679, it had become of the highest moment for Friedrich Wilhelm to get from Carwe (village near Elbing), on the shore of the Frische Haf, where he was, through Königsberg, to Gilge on the Curische Haf, where the Swedes are, in a *minimum* of time. Distance, as the crow flies, is about 100 miles; road, which skirts the two Hafs (wide shallow washes, as we should name them), is of rough quality and naturally circuitous. It is ringing frost to-day, and for days back. Friedrich Wilhelm hastily gathers all the sledges, all the horses of the district; mounts some 4,000 men in sledges; starts, with the speed of light, in that fashion. Scours along all day, and after the intervening bit of land, again along, awakening the ice-bound silences. Gloomy Frische Haf, wrapt in its winter cloud-coverlids, with its wastes of tumbled sand, its poor frostbound fishing hamlets, pine-hillocks, —desolate-looking, stern as Greenland, or more so, says Büsching, who travelled there in winter-time,—hears unexpected human noises, and huge grinding and trampling; the 4,000, in long fleet of sledges, scouring across it in that manner. All day they rush along,—out of the rimy hazes of morning into the olive-coloured clouds of evening again,—with huge loud-grinding rumble, and do arrive in time at Gilge. A notable streak of things, shooting across those frozen solitudes, in the new year, 1679;—little short of Karl Gustav's feat, which we heard of in the other or Danish end of the Baltic twenty years ago, when he took islands without ships.

This second exploit—suggested or not by that prior one of Karl Gustav on the ice—is still a thing to be remembered by Hohenzollerns and Prussians. The Swedes were beaten here, on Friedrich Wilhelm's rapid arrival, were driven into disastrous rapid retreat northward, which they executed in hunger and cold, fighting continually like northern bears under the grim sky, Friedrich Wilhelm sticking to their skirts—holding by their tail like an angry bearward with steel whip in his hand. A thing which, on the small scale, reminds one of Napoleon's experiences. Not till Napoleon's huge fighting-flight, 134 years after, did I read of such a transaction in those parts. The Swedish invasion of Preussen has gone utterly to ruin.

Of all his ancestors, this one made the deepest impression on Frederick. In 1750, when the bones of the royal family were shifted from the old vaults to those of the new cathedral finished that year, the king watched the operations; when the great Kurfürst's coffin came, he made them open it, gazed for some time on the features, and laying his hand on the long-dead, said, *Messieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses*. He died 29th of April,

1688, looking with intense interest upon Dutch William's preparations to produce a Glorious Revolution in this island; being always of an ardent Protestant feeling, and a sincerely religious man. Frederick, the crown-prince, then aged thirty-one, then became Kurfürst, who, by means more or less questionable, attained regal rank, and reigned as first King of Prussia. A soldierly man, valiant and useful in the third war of Louis XIV., the Treaty-of-Ryswick one. In the Spanish succession war, and in the Marlborough campaigns, his Prussian troops under able generals rendered good service. This brings us back to when we set out with Mr. Carlyle at the birth of the grandson of the first Prussian king, in 1712, the father then being crown-prince, afterwards known as Friedrich Wilhelm I.

In the two volumes now published Friedrich Wilhelm is the central figure, and a finished and striking portrait Mr. Carlyle has made of it. Whatever he may hereafter do for his hero Frederick, he has redeemed the rough old king his father from much of the obliquity that has been heaped upon him. With all his savageness there was a strong human heart beating in the man, and his madness was tempered by undeniable honesty and sense.

Friedrich Wilhelm was wondered at, and laughed at, by innumerable mortals for his ways of doing; which, indeed, were very strange. Not that he figured much in what is called public history, or desired to do so; for, though a vigilant ruler, he did not deal in protocolling and campaigning,—he let a minimum of that suffice him. But in court soirées, where elegant empty talk goes on, and of all materials for it scandal is found incomparably the most interesting, I suppose there turned up no name oftener than that of his Prussian Majesty, and during these twenty-seven years of his reign, his wild pranks and explosions gave food for continual talk in such quarters.

For he was like no other king that then existed, or had ever been discovered. Wilder son of nature seldom came into the artificial world; into a royal throne there, probably never. A wild man; wholly in earnest, veritable as the old rocks,—and with a terrible volcanic fire in him, too. He would have been strange anywhere, but among the dapper royal gentlemen of the eighteenth century, what was to be done with such an Orson of a king?—Clap him in Bedlam, and bring out the ballot-boxes instead? The modern generation, too, still takes its impression of him from these rumours,—still more now from Wilhelmina's book, which paints the outside savagery of the royal man in a most striking manner, and leaves the inside vacant, undiscovered by Wilhelmina or the rumours.

Nevertheless it appears there were a few observant eyes, even of contemporaries, who discerned in him a surprising talent for

"national economics" at least. One Leipzig professor (Saxon, not Prussian by nation or interest) recognizes in Friedrich Wilhelm "*der grosse Wirth* (great manager, husbandry-man, or landlord) of the epoch;" and lectures on his admirable "works, arrangements, and institutions" in that kind. Nay, the dapper royal gentlemen saw, with envy, the indubitable growth of this mad savage brother, and ascribed it to "his avarice," to his mean ways, which were in such contrast to their sublime ones. That he understood national economics has now become very certain. His grim semi-articulate papers and rescripts, on these subjects, are still almost worth reading, by a lover of genuine human talent in the dumb form. For spelling, grammar, penmanship, and composition, they resemble nothing else extant; are as if done by the paw of a bear: indeed, the utterance generally sounds more like the growling of a bear than anything that could be handily spelt or parsed. But there is a decisive human sense in the heart of it; and there is such a dire hatred of empty bladders, unrealities, and hypocritical forms and pretences, what he calls "*wind and humbug (wind und blauer dunst)*," as is very strange indeed.

And again we read:—

He was a very arbitrary king. But then a good deal of his *arbitrium*, or sovereign will, was that of the Eternal Heavens as well, and did exceedingly behove to be done, if the Earth would prosper. Which is an immense consideration in regard to his sovereign will and him! He was prompt with his rattan, in urgent cases; had his gallows, also, prompt enough, where needful. Let him see that no mistakes happen, as certainly he means that none shall!

Yearly he made his country richer; and this not in money alone (which is of very uncertain value, and sometimes has no value at all, and even less), but in frugality, diligence, punctuality, veracity,—the grand fountains from which money and all real *values* and valours spring for men. To Friedrich Wilhelm, in his rustic simplicity, money had no lack of value; rather the reverse. To the homespun man it was a success of most excellent quality, and the chief symbol of success in all kinds. Yearly he made his own revenues, and his people's along with them, and as the source of them, larger: and in all states of his revenue he had contrived to make his expenditure less than it, and yearly saved masses of coin, and "reposited them in barrels in the cellars of his Schloss," where they proved very useful one day. Much in Friedrich Wilhelm proved useful, beyond even his expectations. As a nation's *husband*, he seeks his fellow among kings, ancient and modern. Happy the nation which gets such a husband once in the half-thousand years. The nation, as foolish wives and nations do, repines and grudges a good deal, its weak whims and will being thwarted very often; but it advances steadily, with consciousness or not, in the way of well-doing, and, after long times, the harvest of this diligent sowing becomes manifest to the nation and to all nations.

Strange as it sounds in the republic of letters, we are tempted to call Friedrich Wilhelm a man of genius,—genius fated and promoted to work in national husbandry, not in writing verses or three-volume novels. A silent genius. His melodious stanza, which he cannot bear to see halt in any syllable, is a rough fact reduced to order; fact made to stand firm on its feet, with the world-rocks under it, and looking free towards all the winds and all the stars.

A man of clear discernment, very good natural eyesight; and irrefragably confident in what his eyes told him, in what his belief was;—yet of huge simplicity withal. Capable of being coaxed about, and led by the nose, to a strange degree, if there were an artist dextrous enough, daring enough. His own natural judgment was good, and, though apt to be hasty and headlong, was always likely to come right in the end; but internally, we may perceive, his modesty, self-distrust, anxiety, and other unexpected qualities, must have been great. And then his explosiveness, impatience, excitability; his conscious dumb ignorance of all things beyond his own small horizon of personal survey! An Orson capable enough of being coaxed and tickled by some first-rate conjuror;—first-rate, a second-rate might have failed, and got torn to pieces for his pains. But Seckendorf and Grumkow, what a dance they led him on some matters, as we shall see, and as poor Fritz and others will see!

He was full of sensitiveness, rough as he was and shaggy of skin. His wild imaginations drove him hither and thither at a sad rate. He ought to have the privileges of genius. His tall Potsdam regiment, his mad-looking passion for enlisting tall men; this also seems to me one of the whims of genius,—an exaggerated notion to have his “stanza” polished to the last punctilio of perfection, and might be paralleled in the history of poets. Stranger “man of genius,” or in more peculiar circumstances, the world never saw.

Lord Macaulay, in his pointed epigrammatic way, describes the palace of Frederick William as “hell, and he the most execrable of fiends—a cross between Moloch and Puck.” The rhetorical exaggeration of his whole account of him will be evident to all who read Mr. Carlyle’s fairer and now discriminating history of his life and reign. While his strange rough deed will be often disapproved, the man himself will be regarded with something of pity mingled with respect. In his relation to his son his character appears on its darkest side, with its sternness of will, vehemence of passion, and abuse of the power which, from his position and education, he had himself never been accustomed to control. Absolute over others he had not learned to rule his own spirit, naturally vehement, and impatient of any check except a clearly perceived sense of duty. Mr. Carlyle thinks that subjection to such a father was good discipline for the son, and that to this

training he owed what was most worthy of admiration in his character. How far this idea is justified will appear as the biography proceeds.

When Samuel Johnson, in 1756, wrote his "Life of the King of Prussia, whose actions and designs now keep Europe in attention," he said, "that of his early years nothing remarkable has been transmitted to us." The quarrel with his father is the first event narrated by Dr. Johnson. It was not till 1812, that the "Mémoires" of Frederick's sister, Frederika Wilhelmina, Margrave de Bareith, made their appearance. There is a capital review of them by Lord Jeffrey in the "Edinburgh Review" for November of that year. Then, for the first time, authentic revelations were made of the domestic life of the old King of Prussia and his family. Other books on the subject Mr. Carlyle describes as "mainly of that sad sort which, with pain and difficulty, teach us nothing; books done by pedants and tenebrious persons, under the name of men."

Among these books, touching on Friedrich's childhood, and treating of his father's court, there is hardly above one that we can characterize as fairly human: the book written by his little sister Wilhelmina, when she grew to size and knowledge of good and evil;—and this, of what flighty, uncertain nature it is, the world partly knows. A human book, however, not a pedant one: there is a most shrill female soul busy with intense earnestness here; looking and teaching us to look. We find it a *veracious* book, done with heart, and from eyesight and insight;—of a veracity deeper than the superficial sort. It is full of mistakes, indeed; and exaggerates dreadfully, in its shrill female way; but is above intending to deceive: deduct the due subtrahend,—say, perhaps twenty-five per cent., or in extreme cases as high as seventy-five,—you will get some human image of credible actualities from Wilhelmina. Practically she is our one resource on this matter. Of the strange king Friedrich Wilhelm and his strange court, with such an heir-apparent growing up in it, there is no real light to be had, except what Wilhelmina gives,—or kindles dark books of others into giving. For that, too, on long study, is the result of her, here and there. With so flickery a taper held over Friedrich's childhood,—and the other dirty tallow-dips all going out in intolerable odour,—judge if our success can be very triumphant.—Vol. i. pp. 383, 384.

Frederick was born in the palace of Berlin, about noon, on the 24th January, 1712. He was the fourth child. Two little princes had died early, and the third is sister Wilhelmina. The old grandfather Friedrich I., the first *King* of Prussia is yet alive, infirm and broken down by many chagrins and disappointments.

The birth of an heir to the crown gave joy to the old man, for there was fear of the Brandenburg-Hohenzollern male line being extinct. "Karl Friedrich" the babe was named at the christening, which ceremony took place with great public rejoicings. The name Karl gradually was dropped afterwards, and Carlyle says, that he never met with any trace of it "except in some dim English pamphlet here and there." Charles Frederick, however, he is called in Dr. Johnson's biographical sketch already referred to. In the early training of the young child two elements are noticeable, widely diverse, the French and the German. One of his nurses was the Dame de Roucoules, "a respectable Edict-of-Nantes" refugee lady, the same who had, twenty-five years before, taken similar charge of Frederick William; "a fact that speaks well for the character of her performance in that office."

Wilhelmina mentions her, at a subsequent period; and we have a glimpse of this same Roucoules, gliding about among the royal young folk, "with only one tooth left" (figuratively speaking), and somewhat given to tattle, in Princess Wilhelmina's opinion. Grown very old now, poor lady; and the dreadfulest bore, when she gets upon Hanover, and her experiences, and Queen Sophie Charlotte's, in that stupendously magnificent court under Gentleman Ernst. Shun that topic, if you love your peace of mind. She did certainly superintend the boy Fritzkin for his first seven years; that is a glory that cannot be taken from her. And her pupil, too, we agreeably perceive, was always grateful for her services in that capacity. Once a-week, if he were in Berlin during his youthful time, he was sure to appear at the Roucoules soirée, and say and look various pleasant things to his "*cher maman* (dear mamma)," as he used to call her, and to the respectable small party she had. Not to speak of other more substantial services, which also were not wanting.

From Dame Roucoules, and her assistants, young Fritz got his first lessons of human behaviour, and learned to speak, and to think, in French, which became his second mother-tongue. He learned to read very soon, but he did not then, or ever, learn to spell,—as a letter written long afterwards, attests. It was to his favourite preceptor Duhan on parting with him:—

Mon cher Duhan, Je vous Promais (*promets*) que quand j'aurez (*j'aurai*) mon propre argent en main, je Vous donnerez (*donnerai*) enuelement (*annuellement*) 2,400 ecu (*écus*) par an, et je vous aimerais (*aimerai*) toujours encor (*toujours encore*) un peu plus q'asteure (*qu' à cette heure*) s'il me l'est (*m'est*) possible.—Frideric P.R., Potsdam, le 20 Juin, 1727.

The native German element of Fritz's early learning was a rough, wild one, differing widely from the French influence. Round



Frederick William, now having succeeded to the throne, were sundry "hyperboreans rough as hemp, and stout of film as hemp; native products of the rigorous north." There was Baron Grumkows, General Glasenap, Colonel Derschau, and Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, chief companions of the king in the boy-days of young Fritz. It was this Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau who performed the notable exploit in the Silesia war, the capture of the strongly fortified Glogau, by a sudden night assault. The prince led the attack, and the Prussians were masters of the place two hours after arriving at the foot of the fortifications. A singular episode is recorded of the assault. Four Prussian grenadiers, who had climbed the ramparts, missing their way, met an Austrian captain with fifty-two men; they were at first frightened, and were about to retreat; but getting courage, commanded the Austrians to lay down their arms, and in the terror of darkness and confusion were obeyed. Anhalt-Dessau was General Field-Marshal of the Prussian armies; and the chief military adviser of the new king. He it was who first drilled the Prussian infantry to be the wonder of the world. With them he fought at Malplaquet, and led then in the right or Eugène wing of Marlborough's army on the day of Blenheim. He was at the Bridge of Cassano, of which Eugene said it was "the hottest fire he ever saw." He was at the storming of the lines of Turin in 1706, and the first man that got over the entrenchment there.

A man that has been in many wars; in whose rough head are schemes hatching. Any religion he has is of the Protestant nature; but he has not much,—on the doctrinal side, very little. Luther's hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, he calls, "God Almighty's Grenadier March." On joining battle, he audibly utters, with bared head, some growl of rugged prayer, far from orthodox, at times, but much in earnest; that lifting of his hat, for prayer, is his last signal on such occasions. . . . Perhaps the biggest man of inarticulate human vitality; certainly one of the biggest then going about in the world. A man of vast dumb faculty; dumb, but fertile, deep; no end of ingenuities in the rough head of him (inventor of iron instead of wooden ramrods, e. g.); as much mother-wit there, I often guess, as could be found in whole talking parliaments, spouting themselves away in vocables and eloquent wind!

With such gentle Roucoulles training on the one hand and rough Anhalt-Dessau influences on the other, young Fritz grew up,—by far the most important element in his education being always his unconscious apprenticeship to the old savage Orson of a king, his father.

Of whose works and ways he could not help taking note, angry or other, every day and hour; nor in the end, if he were intelligent,

help understanding them, and learning from them. A harsh master, and almost half-mad, as at many times seemed to the poor apprentice, yet a true and solid one, whose real wisdom was worth that of all the others, as he came at length to recognize.

At seven years old young Fritz was withdrawn from female superintendence, and committed to tutors chosen by his father, and rigidly bound to adhere to his directions. Latin he was not to learn; French and German, so as to speak and write usefully; history, especially that of the last hundred and fifty years, and in most detail the records of the House of Brandenburg, and countries connected with it; also geography, and international law or the *jus gentium*; the relations of countries and of nations. Of still more direct practical use he was to learn arithmetic, mathematics, artillery, and fortification, with charges to his military tutors to imbue him with a true love for a soldier's life, and the idea that nothing can bring a prince honour and renown like the sword. To help this part of the education, a miniature company of young Prussians of noble houses was organized, and drilled under able drill-master Rentzel, who also played well upon the flute, and awoke, among other faculties, that of music, in the little prince. From ten years and upwards went on this drilling of body and mind, to which were added lessons in riding, fencing, swimming, and sundry accomplishments; papa superintending all with severe scrutiny, and requiring every hour of every day to be employed according to schedule, with pipeclay exactness. Morality and religion to be duly inculcated, including abhorrence of Popery, and insight into its baselessness and nonsensicality (*Ungrund und Absurdität*). In the dogmatic part of theology, divines reckoned most sound and pious, gave their instruction to little purpose, so Mr. Carlyle thinks.

Nottenius' catechism—a ghostly drill-manual for Fritz—at least the catechism he had plied Wilhelmina with, which, no doubt, was the same, is still extant. A very abstruse piece; orthodox Lutheran-Calvinist, all proved from Scripture; giving what account it can of this unfathomable universe, to the young mind. . . . And there is another deeper thing to be remarked; the notion of “teaching” religion, in the way of drill-exercise: which is a very strange notion, though a common one, and not peculiar to Nottenius and Friedrich Wilhelm. Piety to God, the nobleness that inspires a human soul to struggle heavenward, cannot be taught by the most exquisite catechisms, or the most industrious preachings and drillings. No, alas! no; only by far other methods,—chiefly by silent continual example, silently waiting for the favourable mood and moment, and aided then by a kind of miracle, well enough named “the grace of God,” can that sacred contagion pass from soul to soul.

Under the plausible plea of the necessity for divine grace, Mr. Carlyle here has a hit at theological beliefs and doctrinal articles. Or rather, his attack is directed against the use of any outward human means in the training of the soul. True, the grace of God cannot be secured by teachings and preachings, yet it is through the word that the Spirit operates. Take away outward instrumentality, ascribing all to "contagion" and mysterious *afflatus*, and the door is open to every wild fanaticism. While doctrinal teaching without the power of the Spirit profits little, strange delusions and extravagances are sure to mark any spiritual quickening when no outline of truth has been previously taught. In spite of these sneers against *teaching religion*, may English mothers never cease to imbue their little ones with lessons of early piety, nor pastors and teachers to nourish up the rising generations with the wholesome words of faith and of good doctrine. Grant that these may in themselves be for a time mere "form" of sound words. As the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain, so let the good seed of the word be sown in the hearts of the young, awaiting the quickening and power of Divine grace. To mock at the idea of "teaching" religion, implies a kind of fatalism, while the tendency of the neglect of outward means upon which the Spirit is to speak can only lead to error. Between the Rationalism which rests in human agency and the Fanaticism which repudiates tangible helps, lies the field of that true religious training which teaches and also waits, which does not dispense with the diligence of man, while expecting the grace of God.

The minute care of the body, as well as the highest training of the soul, was included in Frederick William's directions to young Fritz's tutors.

In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of and into his clothes as fast as is humanly possible (*hurtig so viel als menschenmöglich ist*). You will also look that he learn to put-on and put-off his clothes by himself, without help from others; and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty (*nicht so schmutzig*).

Sister Wilhelmina has revealed some strange scenes between the Spartan royal master, and the young apprentice. One of the tutors had been telling him about England. When the prince went to his father, he was met with the abrupt speech—"Kalkstein makes you English, does not he?" The prince said, "I respect the English, because I know the people there love me," upon which, as the poor lad writes to his mother,—

He sprang forward, seized me by the collar, and struck me a

shower of cruel blows with his rattan. I tried in vain to screen myself, he was in so terrible a rage, almost out of himself; it was only weariness that made him give in.

This Wilhelmina records, confirming many stories still current about the father's cruelty to his children. Fellow-suffering made them close allies. They communicate with one another by cipher-signs, one of their words, *Ragotin*, or Stumpy, meaning, "Papa, the Royal Majesty of Prussia, Frederick Wilhelm I., he to his rebellious children being tyrant, 'Stumpy,' and no better; being indeed short of stature, and growing ever thicker and surlier in these provocations!" Unwillingness to leave his mother and sister to the old man's brutality, made Frederick bear more than he would otherwise have done. At length, the tyranny became unendurable. Thoughts of suicide sometimes crossed his mind, but the idea of taking refuge in England till his father's death was suggested to him. His design was concerted with an officer named Katte. The king discovered the plot, and Katte, who was condemned by a court-martial to perpetual imprisonment, was shot by the tyrant's order; Frederick was sent as a prisoner to the fortress of Cüstria, where he remained for fifteen months. An apparent reconciliation then took place, and the prince submitted to his father in all things, with an outward show of resignation and cheerfulness. He even consented to be united to a German princess, for whom he had no affection, Elizabeth Christina, of Brunswick-Bever, who the father declared would make him a suitable wife. They lived in a palace at Berlin, and afterwards at Reinsberg, an old country seat, in the territory of Ruppin. It was at the Reinsberg palace that the correspondence with Voltaire commenced; but they did not meet till after Frederick's accession. His intercourse with Voltaire, as his literary and philosophical affairs generally, may well stand over till a subsequent part of the history. The personal disagreements and domestic discords in the Prussian royal family, were increased by political questions, which kept all Europe in trouble for many a year. The "Double marriage project" was the chief of these. From the early years of Frederick, the scheme was set on foot of uniting the royal families of England and Prussia by a double marriage. The Princess Wilhelmina was designed for the wife of Frederick, grandson of George I., while the Prussian Prince was to marry the English Princess Amelia. Endless diplomatic difficulties and busy political intrigues resulted from this project, ending at last in smoke, though not without terrible heats and commotions in most of the courts of Europe, and in the Prussian royal household most of

all. Contemporaneous with much of this marriage question, were the troubles arising out of the Austrian Pragmatic Sanction, and what Mr. Carlyle calls the "Kaiser's shadow-hunting." To allow the succession to pass into the female line was the main purport of the Imperial Act, known in history as Pragmatic Sanction, this being the received title for ordinances of a peculiarly solemn and irrevocable kind, made by a sovereign in affairs belonging to himself, or what he reckons his own rights. Other older Acts, Settlements, and Pragmatic Sanctions, could not but be affected thereby, in Bavaria, Saxony, and elsewhere.

To procure adherences and assurances to his Pragmatic Sanction was even more than the shadow of the Spanish crown, and, above all, after he had quitted that, the one grand business of the Kaiser's life henceforth, with which he kept all Europe in perpetual travail and diplomacy; razing-out ambassadors, and less ostensible agents, with bribes, and entreaties, and proposals, into every high sovereign court, and every low; negotiating unweariedly, by all methods, with all men: for it was his evening-song, and his morning-song; the grand meaning of life to him, till life ended. . . . . Shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, shadow of the Spanish crown; it was such shadow-huntings of the Kaiser in Vienna, it was this of the Pragmatic Sanction most of all, that thwarted our double-marriage, which lay so far away from it. This it was that pretty nearly broke the hearts of Friedrich, Wilhelmina, and their mother and father.

Other incidental causes of European embroilment, from time to time arose, divergences mostly from the "Austrian spectral-hunt," by which the nations were kept in perplexity and trouble.

Hence the Austro-Spanish alliance, and the counter-alliance of England, France, and Prussia, by the treaty of Hanover, to maintain the balance of power; hence Cambrai congresses, Soissons congresses, and inexplicable diplomacies, not without actual outbreaks, in these times of scheming and counter-scheming. It is a dreary history now-a-days, and one can almost sympathize with Mr. Carlyle's vehement disgust at the whole affair.

To pitch them utterly out of window, and out of memory never to be mentioned in human speech again. This is the manifest prompting of nature; and this, were not our poor crown-prince and one or two others involved in them, would be our ready and thrice-joyful course. Surely the so-called "politics of Europe" in that day are a thing this editor would otherwise, with his whole soul, forget to all eternity.

These events are not capable of being thus summarily disposed

of, considering their influence on Friedrich Wilhelm, and through him on the young prince. Many books of Mr. Carlyle's history are, therefore, occupied with them, till "the double-marriage project goes adrift under the storm-winds," and "the Kaiser's shadow-hunt catches fire," and ends in smoke and darkness. The nearest and most notable result of the Austrian intrigues, was the influence of Seckendorf and Grumkow in Friedrich Wilhelm's palace, as his chief counsellors and companions. Seckendorf, in pay of the emperor, craftily played upon Frederick, and with Grumkow, and associates, in the Prussian "tobacco-parliament," continued to manage the otherwise intractable and iron-willed king. By help of Seckendorf, the king is detached from the Anglo-Hanoverian interest, alienation from the crown-prince being increased proportionally, other causes of offence from time to time occurred; but in the last year of the old king, he could look with greater complacency on the heir to the throne. Something of this was due to the habit of concealment gradually acquired, but he had also gained qualities and accomplishments, by which any prince might have been adorned. The closing scene of the king's life presents both father and son in genial human light, and covers a multitude of former faults on either side. It was in the spring of 1740, that the king, who had been severely tried by the intense cold of that winter, moved to Potsdam, the crisis thought to be over. He himself knew other. "Fare thee well, Berlin," he said, "I am to die in Potsdam then (*ich werde in Potsdam sterben*)." With Roloff, and other clergymen, he had frequent conferences. "You do not spare me," he said once at parting to Roloff, "it is right; you do your duty like an honest Christian man."

On Thursday, 26th of May, an express from Eller, or the Potsdam friends, arrives at Reinsberg: he is to come quickly, if he would see his father again alive! The step may have danger, too; but Friedrich, a world of feelings urging him, is on the road next morning before the sun. His journey may be fancied; the like of it falls to all men. Arriving at last, turning hastily a corner of the Potsdam Schloss, Friedrich sees some gathering in the distance: it is his father in his *rollwagen* (wheeled-chair), not dying, but out of doors, giving orders about founding a house, or seeing it done. House for one Philips, a crabbed Englishman, he has; whose tongue is none of the best, not even to Majesty itself, but whose merits as a groom of English and other horses are without parallel in those parts. Without parallel, and deserve a house before we die. Let us see it set agoing, this blessed May-day! Of Philips, who survived deep into Friedrich's time, and uttered rough sayings (in mixed intelligible dialect) when put upon in his grooming, or

otherwise disturbed, I could obtain no farther account: the man did not care to be put in history (a very small service to a man); cared to have a house with trim fittings, and to do his grooming well, the fortunate Philips.

At sight of his son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the son keeling sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My father, my father; my son, my son!

For some days he lingered, during which he gave directions about his funeral, and about various matters, his chief care, however, being as to his soul's welfare. He was often heard in prayer, and would say sometimes, "Pray for me, Betet, betet." More than once, in deep tone, "Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." Here, too, is a characteristic trait. In a German hymn, (Why fret or murmur thou?) which they often sung to him, or with him, as he much loved it, are these words, "Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go." "No," he said, "not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on." "Let us be exact, since we are at it!" Many kind and thoughtful things were said and done in his last days, his family and friends round his bedside, Feekin, as he called his wife (Sophiekin) ever near him. "My trust is in the Saviour," he often said, and the last words heard from him were, "Herr Jesu, to thee I live; Herr Jesu, to thee I die; in life and in death thou art my gain (*Du bist mein Gewinn*)."

The last breath of Friedrich Wilhelm having fled, Friedrich hurried to a private room, sat there all in tears, looking back through the gulfs of the past, upon such a father now rapt away for ever. Sad all, and soft in the moonlight of memory,—the lost loved one all in the right as we now see, we all in the wrong! This, it appears, was the son's fixed opinion. Seven years hence, here is how Friedrich concludes the *History* of his father, written with a loyal admiration throughout: "We have left under silence the domestic chagrins of this great prince; readers must have some indulgence for the faults of the children, in consideration of the virtues of such a father."\* All in tears he sits at present, meditating these sad things.

In a little while the Old-Dessauer, about to leave for Dessau, ventures in to the crown-prince, crown-prince no longer; "embraces his knees;" offers, weeping, his condolence, his congratulation; hopes withal that his sons and he will be continued in their old posts, and that he, the Old-Dessauer, "will have the same authority as in the late reign." Friedrich's eyes, at this last clause,

---

\* Œuvres, i. 175 (Mém. de Brandebourg; finished about 1747).

flash out tearless, strangely Olympian. "In your posts I have no thought of making change: in your posts, yes; and as to authority, I know of none there can be but what resides in the king that is sovereign!" Which, as it were, struck the breath out of the Old-Dessauer; and sent him home with a painful miscellany of feelings, astonishment not wanting among them.

At an after hour, the same night, Friedrich went to Berlin; met by acclamation enough. He slept there, not without tumult of dreams, one may fancy; and on awakening next morning, the first sound he heard, was that of the regiment Glasenap under his windows, swearing fealty to the new king. He sprang out of bed in a tempest of emotion, bustled distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping. Pöllnitz, who came into the anteroom, found him in this state "half-dressed, with dishevelled hair, in tears, and as if beside himself." "These huzzahings only tell me what I have lost!" said the new king. "*He* was in great suffering," suggested Pöllnitz; "he is now at rest." "True, he suffered, but he was here with us; and now—!"\*

Mr. Carlyle's great power lies in his graphic and dramatic representations of historical events and personages. When we go back with him into the past centuries, we seem as if in the very presence of the men whom he describes, not the shadowy ghosts of them, but in actual form! as they fought and bustled through their troubled lives in those old times. Or it is as if we were sitting in some Endor cave, under the spell of a magician, who causes to pass before our eyes a succession of grand dissolving views, with veritable portraits of the actors in the scene. We see the looks, the gestures, the movements of the men and the women of other times, and their histories are suggestively conjured up before us. There is generally, too, the keenest insight into character, and unmistakable expression of it, though at times grotesque roughness and amusing caricature in the portraits. But this is almost the extent of Mr. Carlyle's excellence as a historical writer. His turn is dramatic, not philosophical. He can estimate a character far better than any epoch, and individual actions than national movements. His account of Brandenburg, and the Hohenzollerns, we can accept as a series of wonderful biographical portraits and historical sketches, but, as a history of Prussia, not at all. We are told little or nothing about the language, the customs, laws, religion, education, arts, commerce, or institutions of the country; nothing, in short, about *the people* as distinguished from their rulers. It is on all hands agreed now, that history ought to deal with the internal

---

\* Ranke (ii. 46, 47), from certain Fragments, still in manuscript, of Pöllnitz's Memoiren.



condition of a nation or country, as well as with its wars and outward politics. Mr. Carlyle keeps to the old vulgar ideal of history, as a record of fighting and other things that make most noise in the world. With him the people exist for the rulers, not the rulers for the people. We should like to have read something about the condition and progress of Prussia, in matters that come home to the business and bosom in daily life, as well as about the schemes of rulers, and the conflicts of armies. Mr. Carlyle never takes us into the homes of the people, but always to the courts and camps of kings and warriors. To use a favourite and expressive word of his own, there is gross "flunkeyism" in this, although the flunkey is not of the mere Papin-digester and gold-lace type, but of a heroic turn of mind. But with this view of history, we need not be surprised at some of Mr. Carlyle's eccentricities and paradoxes, his frequent abuse of constitutional government, for instance, or his contempt for all literary labours of a kind different from his own. These are blots on the high name of Mr. Carlyle, but can little detract from his power and influence as a writer. We look forward with interest to the completion of his work.

ART. V.—1. *The Last Four Popes. Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome, in their times.* By H. E. CARDINAL WISEMAN. London: Hurst and Blackett, Marlborough street.

2. *My Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome, in their times: an answer to Dr. Wiseman.* By ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI. London: Partridge and Co., Paternoster-row.

"He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him." Once more, and very remarkably, is this saying of the royal philosopher illustrated by the volumes before us. Dr. Wiseman bespeaks a candid perusal of his volume in these words: "Let the work then be taken for what it is, the recollections of four truly good and virtuous men, and of such scenes as they naturally moved in, and of such persons as they instinctively loved and honoured." Signor Gavazzi, in coming and searching him, says,

My reminiscences then will be nothing more than the practical confutation of Dr. Wiseman, in order to show the world, that while an Irishman, in green spectacles, sees everything green at Rome,

an Italian, without spectacles, sees things in their natural state, and thus puts them in print.

Not all, indeed, but few (he adds), are in circumstances to measure themselves with Wiseman in a confutation. He has been sufficiently "wise in his generation" to avoid such skirmishes, by casting this gauntlet in the face of his opponents: "Every reader will expect this volume to present a view of the subject treated different from what is presented by other writers. Tourists, politicians, lecturers, and newspaper writers, have given estimates of persons and events here mentioned, often contradictory to what they may appear in these pages. All that one can do in such a case is to require an impartial balance of evidence. Can these writers or speakers say that they have been present, or have witnessed what they describe, or that they have taken pains to test and verify the hearsay evidence which they have accepted?" To this I answer emphatically, *yes*. Yes, I have witnessed what I describe, equally as Dr. Wiseman, and, indeed, more than Dr. Wiseman. I was not imported into Rome, but was by birth a Roman subject. From my infancy I was familiar with the facts, and saw and approached the persons of the four Popes in question, having spent a large portion of my life at Rome at various times. Yes, moreover, not only because I have taken the pains "to test and verify hearsay evidence," but because, in the majority of cases, I adduce only what I have myself seen. We, therefore, fight with the same weapons as regards ocular testimony; but the result of the conflict cannot be the same for both. While Wiseman brandishes his arms to defend a windmill, I employ mine with the sole view of decapitating a fatal Hydra. I leave it then to others to decide, not who has most skilfully used his weapons, for here I leave the victory to my adversary, but which of us has employed it in the best cause.

To the reader, who looks for a complete history of four pontificates, it is my duty to say, that such is not the object of these reminiscences. In following Wiseman, I shall be compelled to proceed by irregular bounds, without direction, and almost without object, and to present to his view only a poor panorama of places, men, and events, with the least possible historical connection. In a word, Wiseman's book having been justly characterized as a snare and a poison, the sole intent of mine is to exhibit the snare, and offer an antidote to the poison.

Dr. Wiseman thus describes his impressions on his first visit to the "Eternal city":—

A long, narrow street, and the Pantheon burst full into view; then a labyrinth of tortuous ways, through which a glimpse of a church or palace front might be caught occasionally askew; then the small square opened on the eye, which, were it ten times larger, would be oppressed by the majestic, overwhelming mass of the

Farnese Palace, as completely Michel-Angelesque in brick as the Moses is in marble, when another turn and a few yards of distance placed us at the door of the "venerable English College." Had a dream, after all, bewildered one's mind, or at least closed the eager journey, and more especially its last hours, during which the tension of anxious expectation had wrought up the mind to a thousand fancies? No description had preceded actual sight.

No traveller, since the beginning of the century, or even from an earlier period, had visited it or mentioned it. It had been sealed up as a tomb for a generation; and not one of those, who were descending from the unwieldy vehicle at its door, had collected from the few lingering patriarchs, once its inmates, who yet survived at home, any recollections by which a picture of the place might have been prepared in the imagination. Having come so far, somewhat in the spirit of sacrifice, in some expectation of having to "rough it" as pioneers for less venturesome followers, it seemed incredible that we should have fallen upon such pleasant places as the seat of future life and occupation. Wide and lofty vaulted corridors; a noble staircase, leading to vast and airy halls succeeding one another; a spacious garden, glowing with the lemon and orange, and presenting, on one's first approach, a perspective in fresco, by Pozzi, one engraved by him in his celebrated work on perspective; a library, airy, cheerful, and large, whose shelves, however, exhibited a specimen of what antiquarians call *opus tumultuarium*, in the piled-up, disorganized volumes—from folio to duodecimo, that crammed them; a refectory, wainscoted in polished walnut, and above that, painted by the same hand, with St. George and the Dragon ready to drop on to the floor from the groined ceiling; still better, a chapel, unfurnished, indeed, but illuminated from floor to roof with the saints of England, and celestial glories, leading to the altar, that had to become the very hearthstone of new domestic attachments, and the centre of many yet untasted joys;—such were the first features of our future abode, as, alone and undirected, we wandered through the solemn building, and made it, after years of silence, re-echo to the sound of English voices, and give back the bounding tread of those who had returned to claim their own. And such, indeed, it might well look to them, when, after months of being "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in a small vessel, and jammed in a still more tightly-packed *vettura*, they found in the upper corridor, wide and airy as those below, just the right number of rooms for their party, clean and speckless, with every article of furniture, simple and collegiate though it was, spic and span new, and manifestly prepared for their expected arrival. One felt at once at home: it was nobody else's house; it was English ground, a part of fatherland, a restored inheritance. And though, indeed, all was neat and trim, dazzling in its whiteness, relieved here and there by tinted architectural members, one could not but feel that we had been transported to the scene of better men

and greater things than were likely to arise in the new era that day opened. Just within the great entrance-door, a small one to the right led into the old church of the Holy Trinity, which wanted but its roof to restore it to use. There it stood, nave and aisles, separated by pillars connected by arches, all in their places, with the lofty walls above them. The altars had been removed; but we could trace their forms, and the painted walls marked the frames of the altarpieces, especially of the noble painting by Durante Alberti, still preserved in the house, representing the Patron-Mystery, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and St. Edward the Martyr. This vision of the past lasted but a few years, for the walls were pronounced unsafe, and the whole church was demolished, and the unsightly shell of a thoroughly modern church was substituted for the old basilica, under the direction of Valadier, a good architect, but one who knew nothing of the feelings which should have guided his mind and pencil in such a work.

It was something, however, to see that first day, the spot revisited, where many an English pilgrim, gentle or simple, had knelt, leaning on his trusty staff, cut in Needwood or the New Forest; where many a noble student from Bologna or Padua had prayed *in formâ pauperis*, as he was lodged and fed, when, before returning home, he came to visit the tomb of the Apostles; and still more, where many and many a student, like those now gathered there, had sobbed his farewell to the happy spring days and the quiet home of youth, before starting on his weary journey to the peril of evil days in his native land. Around lay scattered memorials of the past. One splendid monument, erected to Sir Thomas Dereham, at the bottom of the church, was entirely walled up and roofed over, and so invisible. But shattered and defaced lay the richly-effigied tombs of an archbishop of York and a prior of Worcester, and of many other English worthies; while sadder wreckage of the recent storm was piled on one side—the skulls and bones of, perhaps, Cardinal Allen, F. Persons, and others, whose coffins had been dragged up from the vaults below, and converted into munitions of war. And if there was required a living link between the present and the past, between the young generation that stood at the door, and the old one that had passed into the crypt of the venerable church, there it was, in the person of the more than octogenarian porter, Vincenzo, who stood, all salutation, from the wagging appendage to his grey head to the large silver buckles on his shoes, mumbling toothless welcomes in a yet almost unknown tongue, but full of humble joy, and almost patriarchal affection, on seeing the haunts of his own youth repeople.

And Signor Gavazzi thus describes *his* journey to Rome. The reader will readily excuse the length of the extract when he sees how admirably it is written, and how very suggestive it

is respecting the poverty and social misery of which the papacy is the prolific mother:—

Although, as a native of Bologna, the chronicles of the contemporaneous Popes were domestic facts with me, and a necessary part of my education, so that *et memini et meminisse juvat* would not involve the necessity, in my case, of the "middle passage from Liverpool to Leghorn, and subsequent travel;" yet my reminiscences would possess a degree less interest with regard to the inspection of the spot if I had never been to Rome, nor passed a part of my life there. Such, however, not being the case, I defy the Maguires, and Bowyers, and all their companions in falsehood, to contradict a single jot of my reminiscences, notwithstanding that they are diametrically opposed to their assertions, and those of the leaders of their band. Although I did not go to Rome to be made chevalier, or train or cross bearer, yet I can describe its miserable condition with mathematical precision, from having myself not only seen and examined, but experienced it too. *Quæque ego miserrima vidi.*

While still a youth, of scarcely sixteen, I abandoned my family and country for the cloister. I experienced the most childish delight at the prospect of a long journey, and at the idea that on reaching Naples, I should cease to be a man, to become a monk. Everything must be pardoned to the age of unconsciousness, even to this enthusiasm of suicide; for the cloistral vows, so contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, are nothing else than a sacrilegious attack upon individual liberty, and hence in reality a moral suicide. Notwithstanding that their defenders hasten to reply, the will of the individual is presumed to be free to the very moment of professing them, it is still patent, that if this will should subsequently undergo a change, it is no longer free to follow its bent. This alone suffices to prove, that the nature of the vows is suicidal. But, supposing even that this was their best excuse, who could adduce it in the case of a youth of sixteen, who in any well-regulated society is considered as too deficient in judgment and experience to act by his own will? It must surely appear both iniquitous and strange, that while all codes consider a youth under twenty-one as a minor, and treat him as incapable of bequeathing property;—while governments—even the most despotically military—exempt him until that age from service, although compulsory and temporary;—when the church itself forbids entrance into so-called holy orders under twenty-one; monasteries alone have the undesirable privilege, so much to be deprecated, of receiving their adepts by three solemn vows, and that at the incompetent age of sixteen. Grant that it may be necessary in order to convert youths glowing with life into so many corpses, *tamquam cadavera*, yet reasoning logic will equally admit that, if the social obligations contracted during the age of minority are null in the eyes of the law, religious vows taken

at that age must be equally so in the sight of God. This suffices to excuse the species of frenzied joy with which I quitted a country which, in more mature years, I was called upon to defend at the risk of my life, and which was to cost me the martyrdom of ostracism, the honour of exile.

It was the month of August, and our party took the route to Tuscany. The reader will not expect me here to delay him, by giving a description of this charming country, and of its capital of flowers and arts. We must rather abandon it, with all speed, that I may begin to place the sad reality of my reminiscences in opposition to Wiseman's phantasmagoric illusions. Leaving the Tuscan frontiers, we enter within the limits of the Roman States, where the Pope commands as priest-king. We are now at Radicofani. What is the sign by which the traveller perceives that he has entered the dominions of the priests? The appearance of squalor, poverty, and wretchedness, which surrounds him on every hand. A mile before he was in a country of rich crops, beautiful verdure, and smiling aspect; its neat villages betokened ease and content; the peasants' houses were simple, it is true, but clean and comfortable. He met shepherds improvising the poetry of nature, and peasantesses plaiting hats of straw—double guarantee of a life passed in innocence and industry. How can it be, that he has scarcely set foot on clerical soil, when the aspect of the scene suddenly changes, and becomes at once harsh, wild, and desolate? Is it the change of soil? No, it is the same. Of climate? No, it is the same. Of language? No, it is the same. What, then, produces tendencies and conditions so different? I know not if the reader has ever traversed the Apennines, which divide Piedmont from the Genoese territory at the point called Giovi. If, on leaving Turin, in the middle of January, he can accomplish the journey to the top of these mountains, in spite of perpetual blasts, clouds, snow, and ice, when once he begins to descend towards San Pier d'Arena, it seems to him as if a wall of mountains divided two antipodes. He finds himself, as by enchantment, beneath a firmament of serene and tepid light, surrounded by a fragrant spring-time of violets, anemones, ranunculuses, jonquils, and hyacinths, the dust rising in volumes beneath the wheels of his vehicles. In a word, he is in a different country. This may easily be explained. Beyond Giovi the north wind of the Alps reigns; south, the soft wind of the Mediterranean. But the difference between Tuscan and the Roman States is not marked by Alps or seas, but by a simple barrier called a custom-house. The difference, therefore, of life, or rather existence, of the two countries must be ascribed to its true cause; that is, to the difference in their respective governments. The one, from the Medici to Leopold, exerted itself to rendering Tuscany the garden of Italy; the other, from Gregory VII. to Gregory XVI., dedicated itself to making the Roman States the desert of Italy, and more than the desert, the opprobrium of the peninsula.

The horrible inn, where the most aristocratic travellers are often obliged to remain days and nights when the swollen torrents prevent them from pursuing their journey—the government of the priests considering bridges, even upon great posting roads, as a heretical luxury—this robber's den, rather than hotel, is quite enough to prepare the traveller for the sad reality of things and places he is about to visit. Grounded in a situation which in England, America, or upon the Rhine, would make the fortune of its possessor, it is such an accumulation of wretchedness and dirt, that the traveller felicitates himself, in turning his back upon it, unaware that further on wretchedness still more disgusting awaits him. Now, if my reader, trusting to the testimony of others, has heard or read that the Roman States possess the most paternal government in the world, to convince himself of the falsehood he has only to step out of one of the balconies, in front of this inn, to see before him a heap of dirty cottages, ironically called the town of Radicofani. If this were a Tuscan place it would be surrounded with gardens and fields, be enlivened by olive trees, and the crest of the hill would be crowned by cypresses and pines. Now it is only an assemblage of naked stones and uncultivated glebe. If he turns in disgust to the opposite balcony, which looks upon the country, he will behold an unlimited extent of plains, hills, and mountains on his right, cultivated and dotted over with habitations, as depicted by fable in the days of Saturn. This is Tuscany. In front and on his left are wilds and deserts, like Pelion and Ossa after the battle against the gods. These are the Roman States. It is with this uninviting prospect that we enter upon our journey towards Rome.

To say with the singer of Venosa, that fear of the Briganti travelled with us, would be a repetition of what Wiseman was unable to suppress in his reminiscences. But why was not this fear felt in Tuscany? The answer will find a place in the chapter on Brigands. The aspect of the human dens which the traveller passes, the solitudes he traverses, the rocks which overhang his path, the filthy inhabitants, whom he may by chance meet, are much more likely to inspire than to dissipate this fear. Fly, then, from these frightful gorges, out of these horrible ravines—down, down from Ponte Centino, down from Acquapendente—down, down yet further to the plain and Lake of Bolsena.

This lake, which for size is unequalled in Central Italy, for beauty of scenery is, perhaps, only exceeded by the Lake of Como; from being now in the so-called patrimony of St. Peter, its wretchedness and insalubrity are only to be compared to the Averno of the poets, or the Dead Sea of the prophets. Where are now the traces of its glorious past, when it was the gem and pride of the Volscians? Nothing is left of them save their memory in its corrupt name, preserved, as if to insult it by the antithesis of history. Certainly the Popes have crowned the works of the

Romans in the devastation of this district. Where the Romans destroyed the colonies, the Popes have destroyed even nature. And further, where the patrimony of St. Peter (?) properly begins, there the traveller also begins to inhale the poison of the malaria, which will be his companion and aliment up to the "eternal city." What has produced this malaria but the government of the priests? It is the consequence, not the cause, of the abandonment of the fields. The hand of man has ceased to cultivate these smiling hills and pleasing valleys. The boatman's oar no longer disturbs the water in the more remote gulfs, and it consequently putrifies in marshes, which even cover the hills. Hay and straw, the thistle and the reed, which flourish in the greatest luxuriance, wither, rot, and decay where they spring up. This is the only cause of the malaria, the name of which here and in the Agro Romano frightens and drives away the traveller. Turn your eye now upon the hordes of beggars which infest the towns and villages of the Roman States, to the great number of brigands upon the highways; to the multitude of agricultural day-labourers, who over-stock the little country places, especially of Piceno, and who, having no work on the surrounding land, live by thieving as by right, and devastate the neighbouring farms; and, finally, to the thousands of robust men who swarm in dungeons, without trial, on mere suspicion, or at the pleasure of the police:—at the same time observe this lake, and the uncultivated land, by which its appearance is rendered so desolate, and you will easily find a solution to the mystery of the malaria, and discover its true cause.

Popery brings with it a dark shadow wherever it comes. Not only is it a lie in the sacred name of religion, a brazen-faced imposture, robbing men of their loftiest privileges, and heaven-chartered rights, but it is the practical adversary of material advancement, of natural progress in agriculture, commerce, art, science, liberty, education,—of everything, in short, that ministers to man's temporal welfare and makes existence tolerable. Apart from all questions relating to the soul, we impeach it as the enemy of the body. We accuse it of making temporal life unhappy. And on this ground alone, were there no other of infinitely greater weight, it ought to be destroyed with an everlasting destruction, so that it may deceive the nations no more. No patriot can be a papist, for it is the vampire of his country; no philanthropist can, for it is the scourge of his race in whatever country men are weak enough to allow it to set foot. Wherever it has had power it has wielded it for evil; it is in its nature to do this; it can do nothing else; and even Dr. Wiseman's eloquence—which, by-the-by, is greatly overrated—in its favour, cautious and prudent tactician though he be, only partially veils abominations in priestly



government of whose existence he knows full well. On this subject Gavazzi has spoken with a force and a feeling which all right-hearted men will appreciate, although it must be admitted that he is not over courteous to the "Archbishop of Westminster." He thus closes his powerful chapter on brigands—

Let me then say, to you, Wiseman—to you, a stone in that edifice of infamy—to you, a rightful member of that government of iniquity—to you, Wiseman, I say, that when priestcraft in power places citizens beyond the pale of the law, for no other crime than their love of Italy, when it constrains them to choose between exile and imprisonment, for the sole crime of desiring the independence and liberty of their country, then you and your government of priests necessarily create brigands or "outlaws;" all not having the courage to support the calamities of banishment or chains, or the patience to see their country trodden under foot by French, Croats, and priests!

Malediction, then, not upon the victims of your government, but upon that government itself! May it be cursed as effectually as your church has taught us to curse in its formulary of excommunication! May God be pleased to destroy the anomaly of clerical government, and the purple in which it has clothed itself—destroy it, and that speedily, as it has destroyed the peace of our families, and the liberties of our dear Italy!

The revelations given us, by this eloquent exile for conscience' sake, of the character and doings of conclave, and of the estimation in which that body is held by the people of Rome, are sufficiently infamous one would think to make Cardinal Wiseman regret that he ever published his book:—

It is during these *Nevenali* (i.e. the nine days between the death of a Pope and that of the entrance of the cardinals into conclave to elect his successor) that the Romans abandon themselves to their pasquinades, a species of popular satire, in which they are unrivalled. These effusions prove the estimation in which conclave is held by the citizens of Rome. It would be impossible to convey any idea of the variety of these popular productions, so numerous are they, all of which, more or less, bear the impress of wit and originality. To confine myself to a few of them which circulated at the death of Leo, I remember one which compared conclave to presepio. The reader should know that presepio, among the Papists, especially of the South, is a species of panorama of little statuettes which represent the stable of Bethlehem at the moment that the shepherds adore the new-born Messiah. The cardinalistic presepio was composed of the following personages:—Cardinal Micara represented St. Joseph, Odescalchi the Madonna, Barberini

the babe, Bernetti the ox, Vidoni the ass. Each of the other cardinals represented the shepherds, goats, fowls, and cabbages, which popish tradition pretends were offered to the cradle of the divine infant. A second pasquinade likened the conclave to Noah's ark, into which popular opinion has erroneously imagined that all the beasts entered two and two. What a miraculous coincidence that the cardinals should enter conclave two and two! The pasquinade assigned to each cardinal the name of some beast with whose instincts his own most prominently and visibly accorded. The collection was rich in tigers, hyenas, hippopotami, crocodiles, wolves, foxes, cats, buffaloes, and donkeys, of which the Zoological Gardens might be envious, though with regard to variety they are certainly richer than the Noatic ark. A third pasquinade, and it shall be the last, applied to each cardinal a verse of the Litany, which in the Roman Church is called the Major Litany (*litanie majores*), and in the Anglican Church, which has copied it in part, is simply called "Litany or General Supplication." Nothing more true or appropriate can be conceived. Thus it ran:—"From the crafts and assaults of the devil, i.e. Cardinal Albani, good Lord, deliver us. From plague, famine, and from battle, i.e. Cardinal Vidoni, good Lord, deliver us. From lightning and tempest, i.e. Cardinal Pacca, good Lord, deliver us. From murder and sudden death, i.e. Cardinal Bernetti, good Lord, deliver us," and so on. The longest lists being under the titles, from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, from fornication, and all other deadly sins. Such is the estimation in which the Romans hold conclave, and such their respect for the electors and election of a Pope.

But conclave will descend yet a grade lower, in the estimation of sensible men, when the use of which it is made in the Roman States is considered. Properly speaking, it is the Epsom, or rather the true Derby, of our population. Almost all bet upon the winning Pope, and bets are made and accepted as regularly as upon an English race-course, and perhaps with more honesty. Although conclave is nothing better than a farce, and the intrigues of a cardinal will often impede a nomination deemed certain by the populace, yet the number of the electors being very restricted, and the eligible among these being few, owing to the understood ineligibility of the majority, public attention is concentrated upon four or six cardinals at most. These are always the favourites for betting upon, and, when the contest is confined to a few of distinguished pedigree, it is a mere affair of opinion, and the chance of one is worth as much as another. But what equity can there be in accepting a bet between "Beadsman" and a starving donkey? Under these circumstances, to avoid cheating and quarrelling, societies are formed, consisting each of as many members as there are living cardinals. Each person pays a fixed sum on becoming member, and the whole amount becomes the prize of the winner.

In Bologna some of these societies oblige each member to contribute the silver plate required for one cover, and these offerings united form a magnificent table service for the one who wins. The name of each cardinal is written on a separate card, and each subscriber draws alphabetically, and receives his cardinal at hazard, while it is left to another trial of chance to decide which card shall be the winner. This is the reverence, I say again, in which conclave is held by the Roman subjects. I remember that, at the death of Pius VII., nine-tenths of the population were for Cardinal Severoli, a man of kindly disposition, through whom they hoped to see healed some of the wounds of the preceding imbecile pontificate. My father, who had drawn his name, felt certain of having gained at least sixty silver table sets. But the Holy Spirit of the Quirinal willed that he should lose even his own deposit. So true it is, as Wiseman asserts, that no one thought of Cardinal della Genga. In fact, he was not worthy of a thought.

As my readers have seen, the Roman subjects do not regard conclave with too spiritual an eye; nor, indeed, do they consider it as a spiritual affair at all, but treat it by satire, just as much as conclave itself is a satire upon them. If any one in England should ask me how it is that this, the most important of the Papist institutions, is treated with such vituperative contempt, I shall answer him by an Italian proverb, to the effect that—The nearer you get to Rome the less you believe in the system of Rome; the more you know of it, the more you despise it. In the times of ignorance, even in parts of Italy, conclave was held in the same respect in which it is now held in distant countries, but in Rome itself never, and always very little in the States subject to it. It is true that in every age the priests have sought to impress upon the minds of the people that conclave is the work of the Holy Spirit; that the cardinals are there convoked to invoke and obey the Holy Spirit; that the elected Pope is always the visible fruit of the descent of the Holy Spirit, and that the new pontiff ought to be received as specially given by the Holy Spirit. But if such old wives' fables are believed in Spain, France, Mexico, or Ireland, certainly they are not at Rome, where it has been known for ages that conclave is nothing but a battle-field of intrigue, cabal, simony, and bribery; a field of action for the cardinals most expert in the art of chicanery and corruption. Wiseman, in obedience to the catechism of his church, pretends to see the work of the Holy Spirit in the choice of Leo XII., when he says, "whom a higher election than that of man's will had destined to fill the pontifical throne;" but his candour is to me perfectly astonishing when he adds, "from such a condition of things it may happen that a papal election will appear like a compromise." Such is precisely the case; for when the Pope is not elected by the arrogance or intrigue of a compact party, his election is always the fusion of the two belligerent factions into a third, which we will call the neutral party, which offends less than

the other, and which is got up by some skilful negotiator. This is what Wiseman accurately designates a compromise. If it is once admitted that conclave is a compromise, I hope that Roman Catholics will cease, for decorum sake, to persist in making believe that it is the work of the Holy Spirit. Compromise and Holy Spirit! Why, who could ever unite day and night, heaven and hell? If the Pope's election is the fruit of compromise, it cannot be the work of the Holy Spirit, and there is an end of all controversy upon the subject. Indeed, if Christ in his Gospel obliges all his followers to let their yea be yea, and their nay nay, it is impossible to maintain that a compromise which is not yea yea, nay nay, can be the work of the Holy Spirit. From this single concession made by Wiseman, we necessarily arrive at the conclusion that not only is the election of a Pope not the work of the Holy Spirit, but that it is a work anathematized with perfect abomination by the Holy Spirit. It may be proved to mathematical demonstration that a compromise is a medium between the two extremes of cold and heat; that it is a little of the one and a little of the other, and constitutes the tepid state, and is therefore hateful to God and rejected of him. "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth" (Rev. iii. 16). It is thus logically true, that the Pope elected by compromise not only is an intruder in the Church, but perfectly abominable in the eyes and to the mind of the Holy Spirit. And here we leave the institution.

It would be well if the case were one of compromise only. We should then see a work simply human and political in conclave; but such and so numerous are the cabals there prevailing, as to give the election the appearance of an affair truly diabolical. That the conclave is the arena of cabal I am in a position to assert, not only from facts or from what I have read and seen, but still more, from what was related to me before his death by Cardinal Cadolini, formerly bishop of Ancona, my companion when a Barnabite, and afterwards my host when a cardinal. I was told by him, shortly after his return home from a conclave, that all that any one reads, or thinks he knows, of the artifices and intrigue connected with conclave is as nothing compared with the reality of the case. He himself had seen the leaders of party go from cell to cell in the dead of night to visit the cardinals, and without shoes, that they might not be heard. The object of their visits was to buy over the hostile, win the doubtful, encourage the timid, and announce to their own party their additions and the progress of the faction. The old man was truly shocked, and concluded by affirming that he could never have imagined that such a state of corruption could have existed in connection with the nomination of the vicar of Jesus Christ. He here laboured under a mistake, however. The nomination is that of a Pope; the vicariate of Jesus Christ is an after addition, to throw the iniquity from the Papacy. Christ cannot delegate his indivisible authority to any, and can, therefore,

have no vicar. He needs no vicar, and has no vicar. But taking the case hypothetically, if Christ did require a vicar the means taken could not be worse—no human institution being worse than conclave—unless we admit the doctrine of the Jesuits, that the end justifies the means. If brambles cannot produce figs, I do not see how compromise and intrigue can produce a vicar of Jesus Christ. Conclave, then, in itself eliminates the idea that the elected Pope is the vicar of Christ. Further, if the Roman Catholic Church, of which the elected Pope calls himself visible head, is no better than his election—and it cannot be better, having itself established and confirmed by bull the form of the election—conclave alone gives a clear idea of the purity and integrity of the entire Papal system.

We hold, then, that even when conclave is conducted with more innocence and simplicity, it is still nothing more than a compromise. Wiseman would make an exception in favour of Pius IX., but, as usual, he is either ignorant of the case, or reluctant to state it in its genuineness. We must, therefore, cautiously receive his assertion—"that of the reigning pontiff is an instance of unanimity and promptness almost without a parallel." When Pius IX. was elected Pope, I was not like Dr. Wiseman at *Melipotamus, in partibus infidelium*, but in the Roman States, and but a few miles from conclave, consequently in a position to know and prove that his election was no exception in favour of the Holy Spirit. These were the facts. On the death of Gregory the cardinals received pressing messages from the diplomatic body to elect the new Pope as soon as possible, because men and the times seemed mature for revolution. They gave them to understand that, as the prolonged conclave of Gregory XVI. had occasioned the Bolognese revolution, so any delay in the present case might occasion a Roman revolution, the anger of all classes being excited to the utmost in reference to the political victims of 1843-4, and their avengers were ready in the metropolis. The cardinals, therefore, at once entered upon conclave, and decided to hasten the nomination of the new Pope to the utmost. Some among them even proposed that they should not shut themselves up in conclave, but save time and expense by agreeing upon the nomination of a Pope before the termination of the *Novenali*. It was, however, decided to maintain the usual forms, but to make conclave as short as possible. Having entered upon it, the electors measured their strength at the first scrutiny, when it appeared that there were two factions in the field, one for Cardinal Lambruschini, the other for Cardinal Micara. Neither had the two-thirds of the votes required, and was, therefore, not nominated; although Lambruschini had thought it certain in his favour—a terrible but well-merited lesson for him and all such as himself. Lambruschini, as the all-powerful Secretary of State under Gregory XVI., had half filled the sacred college with his Genoese fellow-citizens—or with nullities—in order to have their support in conclave. But, as it always happens with courtiers

by trade, the majority of them abandoned him, not only to sell their votes at a higher price, and to a less exacting patron, but moved by the vanity of proving that they were independent of him, and indebted for the purple solely to their own surpassing personal merit. Under such circumstances, Micara, who, during the life of Gregory XVI., had joined the moderate reform party, solemnly conjured the cardinals to nominate neither himself nor Lambruschini, and, *as a compromise*, suggested the third course, of naming Mastai, who, being a weak man and little known, had never given and could not give umbrage to any. The fear of revolution existing on the one hand, and the proposed compromise of Micara on the other, the electors of the latter being increased by the deserters from the Lambruschini party, they united with those cardinals who had remained neutral, a "majority," not "unanimity of votes," was obtained for Mastai, who was thus chosen. Such is conclave even when most innocent. Holy Spirit truly!

It is, moreover, a perfect field of cabal. It was by cabal that, at the death of Leo XII., Castiglione was elected instead of Cappellari, Cardinal Albani having chosen thus to secure to himself the office of Secretary of State. And thus it happened at the death of Pius VII. Wiseman, forgetful that he had whispered something about *divine* in the election of Della Genga at page 214, would make us believe, at page 222, that he was chosen to the Papacy by way of compromise. Excluding all idea both of Holy Spirit and compromise, I would say that he was chosen by intrigue. Della Genga was elected Pope for two principal reasons: the first was, the state of his health, which was such as to give the impression that he had but a few years, if indeed more than a few months, to live. It is well understood that old age and infirmity are great recommendations in the election of a Pope, as the cardinals have thus the probability of soon holding another conclave. This they desire, because conclave always secures an additional annual pension both to themselves and their conclavist servants, and affords them a fresh chance of being elected. Another cause which greatly influenced the choice of Della Genga was his open aversion to Consalvi and the acts of his government. It seems to be the destiny of Secretaries of State to make themselves many enemies, and Consalvi had all the cardinals against him, because he had sought to govern them, and what is worse, *à la Sultan*. Desiring, therefore, to revenge themselves upon him, they could not do so better than by fixing their eyes upon Della Genga. He was elected, but only by cabal, and it required all the effort of cabal to seat him firmly in the cabalistic chair of St. Peter. Being excluded by France, in consequence of having been nuncio in Germany, the cardinal deacon, therefore, had recourse to a most dishonest expedient in order to surprise and cheat the French ambassador into making Della Genga Pope in spite of France. I will narrate the fact in its historic truth, and leave it to Papists to decide whether the fact is to be

attributed to the Holy Spirit. When the cardinal deacon presented himself before the four ambassadors who have the right of exclusion to announce the election of conclave, he did not say, as prescribed by the formularies, "We have elected Cardinal Hannibal Della Genga as Pope," or his cardinal would at once have received the *veto* of Gallia; but he made use of the following Jesuitical expression:—"We have elected the Cardinal Vicar as Pope," Della Genga having been Vicar of Rome under Pius VII. The *ruse* succeeded. The French ambassador, not immediately remembering that the Cardinal Vicar was no other than Della Genga, who was excluded by his court, gave his consent, with the others, to his nomination. Though he afterwards paid for his inadvertence by the loss of his post of ambassador, still Della Genga became Pope in consequence of his mistake, or rather of the mental reservation of the deacon, and crowned the intrigue by assuming the pompous title of Leo XII.

It certainly requires an effort of the mind to realize all this mummary, mockery, and blasphemy going on at the headquarters of what professes to be the only true Church of the Holy Redeemer of men! Were we introduced to the arcana of a pagan priesthood, whose chief object was to hold the devotees of their foul gods in continual bondage and darkness that that they themselves might reign and riot, we could understand it. Disgusted and ashamed as we might be, we should still see something like consistency between the character of the gods worshipped and that of their priests; but when we come to associate CHRISTIANITY and the Roman *Conclave* we are shocked, bewildered, amazed! The two ideas are so utterly opposed to each other, so thoroughly antagonistic, and so mutually repellent, that one or the other must disappear from the scene. But has not our author exaggerated? That were unworthy of a man who has sacrificed so much for the love of truth. No, these things are notorious at Rome, however much we sober-minded Protestants may be scandalized on reciting them. Here is a bit of Romish policy, and a lesson for "sleepy, thoughtless England:"—

One of Leo XII.'s last acts will illustrate the encroaching nature of the Papacy most opportunely, and may also serve as a lesson to sleepy, thoughtless England, if she choose to profit by it. The republics of South America were for some time without bishops, Spain pretending to the right of nominating them. This pretension was simply ridiculous, seeing that the colonies were happily emancipated from the Spanish government. The right had been lost by the mother and acquired by the children. They had obtained it with other conquests on the field of liberty. How does

Rome act in this conjuncture? Paying no regard to former concordats with Spain, which not having been abrogated remained virtually in force in the colonies, notwithstanding their emancipation, and according to which the nomination of bishops belonged to the established government;—without for a moment thinking of consulting the new republics, and learning from them in what manner they wished to proceed in future with regard to the nomination of bishops, Leo XII., on his own authority, sent bishops appointed by himself in numbers according to his own pleasure. Come what might, the new republics were forced to receive them. This is not invention; Wiseman himself tells us that “he had provided them with worthy pastors without the intervention of either side, but in virtue of his supreme apostolic authority.” This act of gross usurpation is characterized by the said Wiseman—“the exercise of the highest prerogative inherent in the supremacy, however galling its application might be.” Rome then cares nothing for the rights she violates, and the wounds she inflicts, but only for her own pretensions. And the vicar of Him who refused not to take from his enemies “a sponge filled with vinegar” (Matt. xxvii. 34), rejoiced in exercising its supreme prerogative, “however galling its application might be.” This is the history of the Papacy in a few words. The stupidity and folly of the nations has so exalted this prerogative that the Papacy feels itself free to exercise it at all cost, certain of losing nothing, but of gaining much. Woe to those governments against whom Rome opposes herself! If they resist she declares them rebels, and excommunicates them. If they yield she assumes such mastery over them that they are never free again, and even lose the right of complaining.

What then was the act of Pius IX. when, *motu proprio*, he created the new hierarchy of England, despatching the legion of titular bishops from Rome to take possession of the sees to which he had appointed them? An exercise of his “supreme apostolic authority.” That the Pope should have authority over the conscience and over the worship of Papists even in England, no one will deny. But as the nomination of titular bishops involves local authority and jurisdiction, and as these are absurd here inasmuch as they reside solely in the English crown, so it is clear that the bull of Pius IX. decreeing the titular hierarchy was and is an act of violence and usurpation which can never be legitimized either by the tacit concurrence of the ministry, the weakling legislation of the two houses, or the apathetic negligence of the English people. Rome laughs;—laughs at the wonderment, laughs at the talk, laughs at the meetings and the gentle roaring, honeyed thunderbolt of the Ecclesiastical ‘Titles’ Bill, having learned by long experience that *melius est conditio possidentis*.

The career of a bigoted Pope cannot close without bigotry, as the torch which is about extinguishing emits one last vivid blaze, and then all is darkness; just so did the bigotry of Leo become



extinct after a blaze of superlative bigotry. Who has not heard of the worship, intercession, and mediation of saints among Papists? Papists, however, seek to avoid controversy upon so ticklish a subject, and, indeed, often have the impudence to deny it altogether, and to maintain that they hold no one sacred but Christ. I shall not be so foolish as to waste my time in entering upon such complicated polemics with them, when one of their Popes infallibly declares them to be either self-deceived or deceivers. This Pope is no other than Leo XII. The inscription for his tombstone, composed by himself, and corrected at his request by his secretary, of Latin letters, which worthily crowns a chapter of bigotry, is the most triumphant confutation of the assertions of those Papists who wish to have it believed that Romanism attributes no patronage, mediation, or power to saints. If in this document the so-called vicar of Christ recommends himself to Christ, or even once names him with respect and affection, and if the document is not altogether dedicated to a saint without even an allusion to Christ, I am willing to give up all character for truthfulness in these reminiscences. I give the epitaph, that my readers may attentively consider it:—

Leoni. Magno.  
 Patrono. Cœlesti.  
 Me. Svpplex. Commendans.  
 Hic. Apvd. Sacros. Eivs. Cineres.  
 Locvm. Sepvitæ. Elegi.  
 Leo XII.  
 Hymilis. Cliens.  
 Hæredvm. Tanti. Nominis.  
 Minimvs.

We have incidentally referred to paganism, and now we respectfully request our readers to hear Gavazzi, an eye-witness and a keen observer, on the paganism of popery—

With regard to the spirituality of the jubilee (he says), it is, in a superlative degree, the concentrated essence of what may be characterized as Papal paganism. *Ex pede Herculem*, I shall exclaim with Wiseman, inviting the reader to judge of its heathenism by the very ceremony of its opening and close. This consists of the breaking open of a door in each of the seven basilicas, an office performed by the Pope at St. Peter's, and by six cardinals in his name at the other churches; which function is repeated with the same pomp and specious show at the termination of the jubilee, when the same individuals block up the seven doors, which remain blank until the next jubilee. The ceremony, it will be seen, is a rough copy of paganism, which closed the doors of the Temple of Janus, at Rome, in time of peace, and opened them only in time of war. It signified that Papal Rome makes war on sin every jubilee, but leaves it to sleep in peace and ease for the course of twenty-four years. The copy, then, is not very happy. These doors are called

in perpetuity the *holy doors*, and by them pilgrims enter when they visit the basilicas, this being one of the conditions, "by no means over easy!" for acquiring the indulgence. Woe to those who enter by any other door! In that case they still remain burning brands of hell. What superhuman power in these mysterious thresholds! what magic in these doors, independently of which the tombs of the Apostles lose even their habitual efficacy, and every prayer becomes a mere soap-bubble, tossed about at the mercy of the winds! *Avete*, then, oh! most spiritual doors, which purify souls from their sins, *avete*! *Salvete*, oh! divine doors, which exempt souls from the gridirons and spits of purgatory, *salvete*! What were the ebony and ivory doors of ancient paganism compared to the *holy doors* of the Papacy? An illusion. They were doors of dreams, these are doors of reality. In this sense, Wiseman is quite correct when he exclaims, at p. 24, "For what in reality is Ultramontanism? Not, certainly, a variation of doctrine, but a more vivid and individual perception, an experience of its operation." That it is not "a variation of doctrine" is easy to be understood. Having entirely adopted the paganism of antiquity, it cannot vary unless it would turn to the doctrine of the Gospel, which, so long as the Papacy is Papacy, is impossible. It therefore merely professes to give us "a more vivid and individual perception, an experience of its operation." Papal Rome has quite outdone old paganism in this respect, celebrated though the latter was for its dazzling performances. Yes, yes; go to Rome at any time, but especially during its jubilees, and you will verify, by your own personal experience, that Roman Catholicism is nothing more than "a vivid perception," that is, nothing more than paganism. Christ and his worship have no need of vivid perception, or of external show, but simply of faith. It is an evangelical axiom, that where there is pageantry there is no spirit. Thus it is that the Italian proverb says, "Rome is the city without faith," not only because it is *par excellence* the city of priests, but much more, because it is the city of sensuality in worship, and therefore pagan.

Wiseman himself shall prove the paganism of Papal Rome, and then even Papists must admit the truth of my proposition, however unpleasant to their palates. He has this sentence: "It is a year in which the Holy See does all it can to make Rome spiritually attractive, and spiritually only." What does this mean? It means that in other years Rome is made attractive, but not "spiritually;" at all events, not "spiritually only." This is a premise which Wiseman will not deny, when he has himself furnished me with it. Now for the argument. The principal attractions of Rome in ordinary years are, according to him, the functions of the Holy Week, the pontificals of the Pope, his benedictions and processions. But none of these ceremonies of Roman Catholic worship, according to Wiseman, are to be considered "spiritual," at least not "spiritual only;" they are therefore pagan, for paganism begins where spirit-

nality ends. Indeed, but a very superficial knowledge of ancient and modern paganism is sufficient to remove all doubt that the majority of the dogmas, the hierarchy and discipline, and the worship of Papal Rome in general, are but an imitation, and often a refinement, of ancient paganism.

Confining myself to the bombastic descriptions given by Wiseman, I would ask, what is the benediction of the Pope from the *Loggia* of St. Peter except paganism of the worst stamp, the paganism of Nebuchadnezzar and Heliogabalus? I will describe it entirely in the words of our author, in order that my reader may, if he can, discover in it a single atom of spirituality. "The gigantic flight of steps leading to the church, with immense terraces between, are covered with such a carpet as no loom ever wove. Groups of peasantry from the neighbouring towns and villages cover it, some standing in eager expectation; many laying down at full stretch, waiting more calmly, chiefly women and children. The men are in their gayest attire, with blue or green velvet jackets, their hair gathered in a green silk net, with white stockings, and silver buckles at the knee, and still more on the foot. But the female attire on those occasions was characteristically distinct. The peasantry of Frascati and Albano, with immense gold earrings and necklaces, the silver skewer through the hair under the snow-white kerchief, with richly-brocaded stomachers and showy silks, looked almost poor beside the oriental splendour of the costume, supposed to be in truth Saracenic, of the dames from Nettuno. A veil of domestic texture, of gold relieved by stripes of the richest colours, forms the crown of a dress truly elegant and magnificent. Gay colours, also, form the predominant feature of more inland districts, as of Sonnino and Sessa. Below, on the level ground, are ranges of equipages filled with the more aristocratic visitors, and further still, there is an open military square, in the middle of which a brilliant staff glitters in the sun. For some time the more eager have been rushing in every direction to reach the pre-appointed place of sight. The bell has been tolling a heavy, monotonous bomb; its sudden hush is a signal for that indescribable tide-like murmur and inarticulate heave which in a crowd implies silence. And what is all this for? It is a vision of a moment. After long expectation, a few heads are just seen, but hardly recognizable above the balustrade of the balcony, then the flabellæ or fan of state, and last, lifted high, the mitred pontiff. A few words are spoken, which are undistinguishable below. The Pope rises, raises his eyes to heaven, opens wide and closes his arms, and pours out from a full heart, and often with a clear, sonorous voice, a blessing on all below. Amidst the clang of bells, the clatter of drums, and the crash of military bands that reach the ear only as noise, while the trumpet is yet speaking to the cannoneer, and he to heaven, the vision has vanished; the observed of all observers seems to have melted from before the eye, which finds itself gazing once more on vacancy. An improvement on this is hardly imagin-

able; never did a great occasion so completely create its own circumstances." "Never," I add, never beyond Romanism and paganism. We read that the same homage was paid to the Sultan of Constantinople by his Mussulmans, when, surrounded by a hundred thousand pomps and ceremonies, he presented himself to the people, especially on the occasion of Ramazan. The same homage is paid by the the Indians to their Grand Lama, on the days that they are made to believe that their invisible pontiff blesses them. It is useless, then, to challenge the people who are not pagans, or, what is still worse, who are not Papists, to improve these benedictions. We glory in having no such follies in evangelical worship—follies expressly adapted to attract the multitudes, but not to do them good. We ask the benedictions we require of our Father which is in heaven, and ask them in the privacy of our habitations. We ask them amidst, and in the language of our families—ask them in the omnipotent name of our only Pontiff, Jesus Christ.

I do not deny that Wiseman's description is vivid and rich in its romantic style. I do not deny that the thing described, the benediction of the Pope, is an imposing spectacle. I do not deny that this "vision" is "a scene never to be forgotten;" but I absolutely deny that it is a spiritual thing, when even the description of Wiseman himself could bestow upon it no other character than that of a pagan ceremonial.

Let Wiseman now prove to us that the processions of his Popes are less pagan than his benedictions, and let us take for model the procession or processions, the *Corpus Domini*. "Between the seven deep lines of spectators, no longer northerns, but country people mostly, many of whom appear in the almost oriental costumes of their villages, rich in velvet, embroidery, and bullion, pass in succession the religious corporations, as they are called, of the city; next, the chapters of the many collegiate churches, and those of the basilicas, preceded by their peculiar canopy-shaped banners, and their most ancient and precious crosses, dating even from Constantine. Then comes that noblest hierarchy that surrounds the first see in the world, partaking, necessarily, of the double functions and character of its possessor—prelates of various degrees, holding the great offices of state and of the household; judges, administrators, and councillors. (N.B. I advise Mr. Bowyer not to call them laymen when he again attacks Dr. Cumming). These are followed by bishops of every portion of the church, arranged in the episcopal robes of their various countries—Latins, Greek, Melchites, Maronites, Armenians, and Copts. To them again succeeds the Sacred Collage, divided like a chapter into deacons and priests, but with the addition of the still higher order of bishops . . . who immediately preceded the finishing group of its moving picture. Its base was formed by almost a multitude of attendants, such as, had they been the object at which one could look, would have carried one back three centuries at least. The bright steel armour of the

Swiss Guards, upon party-coloured doublet and hose, the officers' suits being richly damascened in gold, gleamed amid the red damask tunics of the bearers, walking symmetrically and unflinchingly under a heavy burden, while the many two-handed swords of the Swiss, flamed upwards, parallel with the lofty poles of a rich silver tissue and embroidered canopy, that towered above all, and was carried by persons who deemed it high honour, and who wore also the quaint costume of days gone by. But high in air, beneath the canopy, and upon the estrade or small platform borne aloft, is the crowning object of the entire procession. Upon a faldstool, richly covered, stands the golden monstrance, as it was anciently called in England, that contains the holiest object of Catholic belief and worship—i.e. a wafer—and behind it the pontiff kneels (this is not true, but only simulated), with his ample embroidered mantle embracing the faldstool before him." Now, who will contend that this is anything but paganism from beginning to end? paganism of the most classic colouring? What else were the processions of the Egyptians when they carried their sacred ox all around? What the processions of the Romans when they bore their mother Cybele to the bath? What the processions of the Indians when they exhibited their inhuman Juggernaut? What difference is there between the processions of the pagans and those of the Catholics, except in the increased magnificence and greater hypocrisy of the latter, which renders them even more pagan than the former?

And here again I do not deny that the florid description of Wiseman is adapted to produce the impression upon weak minds that the Papal procession is a very imposing spectacle, nor do I deny that the spectacle attracts an immense number of people, nor that the procession leaves upon the mind "impressions never to be effaced," especially when it numbers among its other "characteristics" "the bared head" of the pontiff, "his dark hair floating unheeded in the breeze;" but that such processions are spiritual I do deny, unless a mere vain show and a gathering of people from curiosity, if not from a worse motive, is to be called spirituality.

But perhaps in the greatest of all the Papist sacrifices—the Mass—when celebrated by the greatest priest, with the greatest possible solemnity, and in the greatest temple of the world, we may find repose from sensual paganism, and rest and freedom in the undraped spirituality of Calvary. Let us enter St. Peter's, under the guidance of Wiseman. "The Papal throne is erected opposite the altar; that is, it forms the furthest point in the sanctuary or choir. It is ample and lofty, ascended by several steps, on which are grouped or seated the pontiff's attendants. On either side, wide apart, at nearly the breadth of the nave, are benches on which assist the orders of cardinals, bishops and priests on one side, and deacons on the other, with bishops and prelates behind them, and then between them and the altar two lines of the splendid noble guard, forming a hedge to multitudes as varied in class and clan as were the visitors at Jerusalem.

at the first Christian Whitsuntide. At the moment to which we are alluding, it is the altar which rivets, which concentrates all attention. On its highest step, turned towards the people, has just stood the pontiff, supported and surrounded by his ministers, whose widening ranks descended to the lowest step, forming a pyramid of rich and varied materials, but moving, living, and acting with unstudied ease. Now, in a moment it is deserted. The high priest, with all his attendants, has retired to the throne. The cardinal deacon advances to the front of the altar, taking thence the paten, he elevates it, and then deposits it on a rich veil hung round the neck of the kneeling sub-deacon, who bears it to the throne. Then he himself elevates, turning from side to side, the jeweled chalice, and with it raised on high, descends the steps of the altar, and slowly and solemnly bears it along the space between the altar and throne. A crash is heard of swords lowered to the ground, and their scabbards ringing on the marble pavement, as the guards fall on one knee, and the multitudes bow down in humble adoration of Him whom they believe to be passing by." Well, with all this ample and fervid description, we have not even the half of the great Vatican performance. Wiseman has forgotten the Swiss guards, with cuirasses and halberds, the Pontifical Grenadiers, the French Zouaves, standing under arms along the whole length of the immense basilica and around the altar. He has forgotten the two long lines of platforms thronged with ladies of every country, to whom the opportunity is thus afforded, not only of seeing the ceremony by means of their opera-glasses, but also of being seen. In order to be the more readily observed and admired, they are ordered to appear with veils, and without bonnets, which affords them an excellent opportunity to display their black or flaxen hair and the artistic skill of the perruquier. Wiseman, too, has forgotten the trumpets, which play a sweet *notturno* during the elevation of the host, and for greater effect are placed at the end of the basilica, at the large window over the principal door of the temple, as was the case in certain of the charlatan concerts at the Surrey Gardens. He has forgotten, in short—not to speak of a thousand other objects—the fascinating attraction of the music, which, although not German, did, and does still enjoy the reputation of being the most classic of any country, from Palestrina down to Basili of our own days, executed by the choir of the Papal chapel, which has always been considered unrivalled. This may afford some idea of a pontifical mass celebrated by the Pope. But can all this be called anything but paganism? Does not similar paganism, though without the admixture of Papist imposture, subsist still, after the lapse of so many ages, with almost identical ceremonials, in Pegu, Japan, and China?

Certainly, Wiseman has a right to think that "an improvement upon this is hardly imaginable." Still there are those who attempt it. Who and where? Comedians at the theatre. Those who have witnessed "Robert le Diable," or the "Huguenots," either at the

Grand Opera at Paris or at old Covent Garden in London, know that the imitation of all these ceremonials of the Popes was practised there, and most successfully. And this is their right place. Beyond the theatre they are found nowhere except in Roman Catholic churches, and especially at St. Peter's of Rome. But whether in theatre or church, they are only copies of paganism.

It is useless for Papists to try to evade the force of the argument; paganism is too inherent in their system to be separated from it. The famous syllogistic sophism attributed to the mother of Philip, of Alcibiades, of Pericles, &c., "I govern my son, my son governs Athens, Athens governs Greece, therefore I govern Greece," becomes an eminently scholastic syllogism, when the premises are stated to prove the paganism of Papal Rome. Such as are the churches, such must be the worship. The churches are pagan, therefore the worship must be pagan. To prove that the churches are pagan, we have only to copy Wiseman at p. 85: "Rome is a city of churches, neither more nor less than a city of galleries and museums, for its churches enter into this class of wonders, too. (Bravo! bravissimo!) Architecture, painting, Scripture, rich marbles, metal work, decoration, artistic effects of every sort, are to be found separate or combined in the churches." What is all this but paganism? Who made the temples of idols so many museums and galleries, not surpassed in grandeur and riches by any palace of the Cæsars? The pagans of Memphis, of Nineveh, of Thebes, of Babylon, of Carthage, of Athens, and Rome. Roman Catholicism, then, is nothing but ancient paganism under a different name, but the same in form and dogma.

Again, then, Wiseman is right when he assures us that Ultramontaniam is not "a variation of doctrine." No, it is no variation of doctrine. That cannot vary which was found in mythology, in the liturgies of Herodotus, Plato, Ovid, and Catullus. Rome has never varied. The Rome of Pius IX. has, in common with the Rome of Numa and Augustus, major and minor gods, their apparitions, their images, their miracles, their mediation, temples, vows, tablets, altars, incense, holy water, indulgences, purgatory, expiation; the hierarchy, from the *Pontifex Maximus* to the *fratres aruales*; exorcisms, charms, penates, oracles, and all the rest of ancient imposture. Roman Catholicism is not then "a variation of doctrine," but only "a more vivid perception." That is to say, that while paganism had a germ of modesty, Catholicism has none; and that, with regard to the gratification of the senses, the Rome of the Popes has outdone the Rome of Romulus. Roman Catholics cannot accuse me of employing unbecoming language. It is not my own, I have only copied one of the dignitaries of their church. The descriptions of Wiseman represent only material worship. If it is true that "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth" (John iv. 24), then everything material is pagan; and, as Rome is at the head of this splendid

materiality of worship, so Rome is the prototype of paganism. To increase the misfortune it is Papal paganism. It is mythology without history; the imposture of Olympus without the reality of the Areopagus and of the Forum; the Vatican without the Acropolis and the Capitol; Popes and priests without heroes; a lie within a lie, without its compensation; Circe, who bewitches her victims; Medusa, who petrifies them to devour them; doubly cursed as paganism and papacy!

Our limits forbid further enlargement, or we might quote some rare things regarding the personal habits of the Four Popes respecting whom Dr. Wiseman and Signor Gavazzi have told us so much; but we wish for the concise and luminous treatise of the latter a very large circulation, confident that it will open the eyes of many to the treacherous shore on which the Tractarians are drifting the Church of England, we shall only heartily recommend our readers to get the book for themselves. Its style partakes largely of the natural vehemence of its eloquent author, whose earnest patriotism leads him at times to speak out with a tremendous force. We have also been very much struck with his command over our language. We can scarcely find a word that reveals that it is not his mother-tongue. Let us hope that his deeply earnest aspirations for the emancipation of his beloved Italy from the priestly thralldom from which he himself has been emancipated, may be fully gratified at no distant day!

ART. VI.—*The Industrial Household: Essays on "The British Workman, his Wife, and Family; their Social, Intellectual, and Religious Elevation; the Obstacles thereto; and the Means of Removing them."* London: Partridge & Co. 1858.

THE Wordsworthian teaching of the dignity and beauty of common things and persons, the Carlylese doctrine of the nobleness of work, and a political and economic pressure from below in the social sphere, have been bearing fruit for many years, in the attention which has been paid to the Condition of the Labourer question. The most conservative sociology going at this time, casts upon "the worker" a glance more respectful and more hopeful than the most revolutionary sociology in the days "when George the Third was king." It was written by him who made that reference popular, that to secure a woman's attention is to have gained the outworks of her heart.



If the conquests of the Condition of Labour question may be measured by the attention it has received, it has surely taken the very Malakhoff tower of prejudice and ignorance, and planted its flag where it is not likely to be dislodged till large concessions are made. At all events, to drop the warlike allusion, the worker has been positively regarded with attention, has been looked at and handled, with telescope, microscope, or naked eye; with gloved or ungloved, rude or gentle, hand; but, at least, attended to.

Eyes and no eyes is an old story, and metaphysicians will tell you that attention involves an act of the will. You cannot help an impression being made upon the retina by a thing that stands before the eye, but you need not look at it unless you like. The moment you begin to look, however, you make discoveries; though, of course, you may look much or little, negligently or carefully, with a passing glance or a fixed gaze, and may, if you try to relate what you see, turn out a compound product of fact and inference, which shall be full of error, either by excess, or by defect, or both. A Frenchman, an Englishman, and a German, were each told to go and write a treatise on the camel. The Frenchman walked into a menagerie, scrutinized a specimen, and said, "Aha! I have all about him!" went home, and wrote a fiction of animated nature which won the Academy prize, but which camel-nature, if consulted, would have cordially repudiated. The Englishman packed up his carpet-bag, took steam for Alexandria, spent six months in the desert in the society of camels, gathered up a million facts, and then, coming back, turned them all out in a heap in two octavo volumes. The German retired to his study on the spot, to construct the Idea of a camel out of his Inner Consciousness.

Of late years the working man has been studied and reported of, upon both the French and the English plan. Formerly society constructed its idea of the labourer out of its inner consciousness. As thus, concerning the agriculturist, for instance, Warton being mouthpiece:—

The hinds, how blest, who, ne'er beguil'd  
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild,  
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,  
For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam  
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,  
They rove abroad in ether blue,  
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;

The sheaf to bind, the beech to fall,  
 That, nodding, shades a craggy dell.  
 'Midst gloomy shades, in warbles clear,  
 Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear :  
 On green, untrodden banks they view  
 The hyacinth's neglected hue :  
 In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,  
 They spy the squirrel's airy bounds :  
 And startle from her ashen spray,  
 Across the glen, the screaming jay :  
 Each native charm their steps explore  
 Of Solitude's sequester'd store.  
 For them the moon, with cloudless ray,  
 Mounts, to illumine their homeward way :  
 Their weary spirits to relieve,  
 The meadows incense breathe at eve,  
 No riot mars the simple fare,  
 That o'er a glimm'ring hearth they share !  
 But, when the curfew's measured roar,  
 Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,  
 Has echoed from the distant town,  
 They wish no beds of cygnet down,  
 No trophied canopies, to close  
 Their drooping eyes in quick repose.  
 Their humble porch, with honey'd flowers,  
 The curling woodbine's shade embowers :  
 From the trim garden's thymy mound  
 Their bees in busy swarms resound :  
 Nor fell Disease, before his time,  
 Hastens to consume life's golden prime :  
 But, when their temples long have wore  
 The silver crown of tresses hoar,  
 As studious still calm peace to keep,  
 Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

Or thus, Paley *loquitur*, of the "artificer" and labouring man in general :\*—

Consider the advantages of those laborious conditions of life which compose the great portion of every human community . . . Frugality itself is a pleasure . . . A yet more serious advantage, which persons in inferior stations possess, is the ease with which they provide for their children (!!) . . . The subject of my envy would be, a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in a morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night . . . A life of labour,—

---

\* "Reasons for Contentment: addressed to the Labouring part of the British Public."

such, I mean, as is led by the labouring part of mankind in this country,—has advantages in it which compensate all its inconveniences. When compared with the life of the rich, it is better in these important respects. It keeps the body in better health, the mind more engaged, and, of course, more quiet . . . . It is attended with greater alacrity of spirits, a more constant cheerfulness and serenity of temper . . . . &c., &c.

These specimens, not the strongest of the kind that might be quoted, are surely examples of constructing the idea of the labourer out of the inner consciousness. These reporters have not even been to a menagerie before writing their treatises. But, more recently, the labourer has been seen and taken stock of, both in menageries or picked instances, and in his native haunts, with all the native *entourage* and *couleur locale*. And the very first thing clearly discerned about him has been, that he is Uncomfortable; uncomfortable in all degrees, from the zero of quasi-pauperism, to the moderate misery of not knowing how to make both ends meet, from short work or low wages.

The British Labourer, the type workman, being seen to be an uncomfortable person, a feeling immediately arises in the minds of the other classes of society like that which might oppress a happy family of boys and girls over birthday goodies, while one brother or sister was hungry and miserable in a corner. The hungry one must have goodies, must have bread like the rest, and that at your quickest. But by and by, or quite simultaneously, another discovery is made. Your worker is not only an uncomfortable, he is a Naughty person. Hungry, ragged, and cold is he; but besides that, he idles, drinks, fights, blasphemes, and beats his wife. This is a new feature. The family *now* feel as if they had neglected the hungry brother till he had turned bad, and as if something must be done to bring him back to the fold of peace as well as plenty. All this is natural, but crude. Meanwhile the uncomfortable and naughty person is asserting himself as opportunity offers. Trades-union movements, charter movements, co-operative movements, all shew that, at least, neither the life, nor the goodness in him is quite exhausted. At his feeblest, he moves with something better than galvanic energy; at his worst—

. . . . He has not wholly quench'd his power,  
A little grain of conscience makes him sour.

So much settled by mere outside criticism,—savings' banks and useful knowledge societies, and other machineries being

tried upon him on eighteenth-century principles, with nineteenth-century lights,—it happens before long, in the natural course of things, that here and there the very soul's life of the working and that of the middle-class man and woman lie side by side for a space, actually touch and become cognizant of each other. And now an almost new element comes into free play,—that of intelligent sympathy,—and the pulse of the common humanity is felt beating here and there by hands clasped in conscious brotherhood. It is soon discerned, or rather felt, that the discomfort and the naughtiness of the living are both alive, and that there must be breath, and blood, and the self-restoring force of conscience, in any mechanism which is put forward to alleviate them. Nor, this point gained, have we long to wait for the intervention of another idea. There is one ladder between heaven and earth, by which the angels of God ascend and descend upon all the sons of men; and till that communication is set up from the door, the best supplied and best ordered home only shuts in the comfortable foundlings of the social purveyor and social drill-sergeant, not the happy children of an immortal hope. The Church has her part to play; and the greater includes the less. Christianity never formally unriveted the chains of a single slave, but wherever the bondsman of the taskmaster is the Lord's freeman, there is liberty, existing as to the inner spirit, surely prophesied as to the outer fact. If the Church of Christ appears upon the scene for the good of the worker, she will absorb and render back in better forms, as it is her privilege to do, whatever elements of use we already have at work in his behalf,—the serviceable mechanism of the social philosopher, and the kindly helpfulness of the sympathizing Samaritan. Less than these she cannot bring; nor can she do otherwise than present them folded up in the blessed promise, which includes "the life that now is" with "that which is to come," as the horizon clips the globe.

Society, or any given class of society, having got beyond the process of constructing its idea of the worker out of its inner consciousness, there is still room for apprehension that on the other side that mistaken procedure may be going on with virulent activity. The Church, for instance, and its mission to the labourer,—what does the labourer think of them at present? What, if his idea of an interfering Church is an image of stolid benignity, with a soup-ticket in one hand, and a tract in the other? Well, if that were so, the Church must live it down, and love it down. But she will probably find that the best means she can adopt for furthering

her aim, will be similar to the natural expedients of minds which seek to acquire the confidence of other minds. For instance, to ask a person in trouble to *tell his own tale in his own way*, is excellent both for your information, if you wish to help him, and for his encouragement and enlightenment if you wish to establish frank and affectionate relations between yourself and him. So it occurred not long ago to some friends of "the working-classes," to get them to state their own case, by offering prizes for the three best essays upon "The British Workman, his Wife and Family; their Social, Intellectual, and Religious Elevation; the Obstacles thereto, and the Means of Removing them." Three prizes were awarded, and we propose to make some general comments upon the essays sent in for examination, which were not very far from a hundred in number.

It is, of course, nothing new that labouring men can write, like other people. Persons and classes with a grievance learn to use both tongue and pen for the exposure of their wrongs; and, a small degree of culture once gained, it is soon found out that putting ideas on paper is a simple, quite un-aristocratic process, which a quick-witted man, with anything to say, may manage tolerably well if he will give himself the trouble. There is, accordingly, nothing striking in the literary qualities of the papers which have come under our eye—making, however, one or two exceptions to that rule. You can see the sort of reading the writers have been accustomed to, and the style is mostly what we may call earnest commonplace. Of all literary qualities, *point* is the rarest in these interesting papers. A sentence epigrammatically turned is scarcely to be met once in a hundred pages. Antithesis is frequent, as it always is in compositions which are either juvenile, laboured, or done upon last-century models. There is usually much pomp and ceremony in dividing the subject; and, unless where the handling is almost personal, and special grievances are alleged, there is that unmistakable *outsideness* of comment which shows, not that the writers do not know their subject, but that they have approached it in a set, starched mood, thinking more of the how than of the what. On the whole, it is easy to see that we have here the productions of men who are only free of the outer court of the temple of modern literary culture; a fact which is disclosed, for instance, by an allusion of this kind:—"Problems with which such profound minds as those of Brougham, &c., &c., have in vain struggled to deal adequately." The author of a passage like that, gives us, of course, an easy measure of his present

mental stature. Lord Brougham is not only not profound, he is the very sublime of mediocrity; he never wrote five sentences that will live; his style is of the very worst, his thoughts are the merest platitudes. This is well understood in the inner circles of intellectual society, and it is what no one could miss seeing who had even *read* up to a certain point, let alone thinking. Trifles, like the reference to Lord Brougham, turn up in almost every page of these essays, to remind us of the scanty training of the minds which threw them off. But in one case, perhaps two cases (we are doubtful of the second, on the score of possible plagiarism), we have been taken off our feet by finding ourselves in contact with fresh, free, original minds, capable of a style of their own, and what is more, writing it well. The essays we have in our eye would not discredit the very best writers we have at this moment, allowance being made for an occasional slip in grammar, or for a slovenly sentence, the result of flagging attention. That these were not adjudged the best essays, does not imply that disconnection of contrast between thought and style which is vulgarly supposed to exist; it simply implies that the treatment was inexhaustive, or too brief, or too indirect, or from a wrong point of view, or in some other way not fitting. He who writes well thinks well, and the best written of these essays is, within its own limits, the best thought out. We are sorry, though not surprised, to have to add, that we have found wholesale plagiarism among the papers now strewn on our table, entire pages copied verbatim without acknowledgment, or, still worse, copied with the disguising of a sentence or paragraph here and there in the most clumsy fashion. We are not churlish critics in regard to originality; but ten or a dozen sentences stolen at a swoop is too much for our charity.

We have been much interested in noticing the different points of view from which our working friends have taken up their subject. One essayist gives you the natural history of the workman in a free, sketchy form; and that plan, of course, including the "obstacles" to his "elevation," leaves you to infer the means of "removal" upon the principle of contrast. Others give you the same natural history in a graver and more exhaustive shape, beginning with the garden of Eden, and coming down to Cubitt's, and Peto's, and Bagnall's. For our part, we are not sure that a philosophic natural history of the workman is not the first thing that is wanted. However, other writers work a more didactic vein,—men, we should imagine, of perfectly kind and correct, but rather dry and positive, natures,—and these take up an imaginary individual

household, and tell you, in so many words, how the children should be taught simple addition (with specimen sums actually worked out), how the hearth should be swept, and how the dumplings should not be put on the table half raw. One class of writers say the worker must have faith, kindness, prudence, industry, economy, and so forth, which is true, but utterly common-place in itself, and not indebted to these particular essayists for any new light, or force of motive thrown around it: while another class exclaims vaguely, "we must have" better lodgings, better wages, better teaching, and other better things; leaving the question, "How are you to get them, my friends?" to be put by the reader at the close of the last sentence. Another, and very numerous class falls short in the same way in another direction. These are what we may describe as the homilists; who describe, and, in earnest and excellent phraseology, recommend the spiritual qualities which must lie at the bottom of the British workman's happiness and true well-being. All which is true and good; but then, the very same qualities lie at the bottom of everybody's well-being, and the question is as to the proper spiritual leverage to be applied in the particular case of the workman; so that this indispensable influence may, through the Divine blessing, be really effectual. A few of the essayists launch into political economy, and very effectively too; and if the ghosts of the Castlereaghs of time past have any of the prophet's pride of "I-told-you-so," it would surely console them to inspect some of these productions of humble labouring men, so illustrative are they of those "terrible" effects of the spread of knowledge which were anticipated in the days when Penny Magazines were not! On the whole, however, we must say the essays are not quite vigorous enough in their grasp with these sociological aspects of the question which lie in contact with political conditions. If a man is a member of a body politic, it is sheer hypocrisy to pretend that his social can be disjoined from his political *status*.

Among the faults of manner in these essays which are not literary, we may notice especially that tone of (shall we call it apologetic?) bombast which, while it passes with the foolish for the natural language of independence, is one of the initial, and one of the most serious, obstacles in the social advancement of the worker. A true social amalgamation of *classes* is a chimera; men, however, may associate freely upon the terms of simple manhood. Why, then, when the labourer is asked to tell his own story, does he begin with a flourish about the dignity of hammers and hods, and take such pains

to let us know that he "wipes his sweaty brow, and stands erect in the face of the world?" It is very bad policy. Let him "wipe his sweaty brow" in silence, and, as far as he can, in secrecy (not as a matter of shame, but of delicacy), and "stand," and go, and sit, like other people, without adjective or adverb, "erect," or what not. Where is the use of asking one to admire "a chipped and battered hand?" It is not an object of admiration. In so far as the work of the workman deteriorates his *physique*, it is objectionable, and the tendency of true growth in social arts is to diminish the quantity of all such work. Let us have no pottering about these little accidents of the workman's condition, as if they were either essentials or matters of boasting. It is all in bad taste. It is the vulgarest pre-Raphaelitism, and only not quite so bad as that other extreme, of which one of our essays furnishes an example—the working man being painted with a pencil dipped in a Rosa-Matilda palette, as having a broad chest, brown hair, bright blue eyes, frank, manly port, engaging address, and so on, which happens to be curiously commented upon to our face, at the very moment of writing, by the appearance of a band of working men passing our window, in the train of one of their number, who is in the custody of the police for killing his fellow-labourer with a spade within this half-hour. However, we can tell the worker a better trick than "wiping his sweaty brow and standing erect." *Let him, we say, be a man, and, as far as possible, a gentleman—AND SAY NOTHING ABOUT IT.* No fear that he will not pass for what he is (we mean what he is, rather than what he is worth, though he will do that also); we all do so; there is not a circle of society in existence where a man may not, as Mr. Disraeli said once at the hustings, "stand upon his head," or, in other words, his own proper qualities. But all the self-assertion in the world will not get the worker a position on the strength of a sweaty brow, a horny hand, or mere work done and performed. It is of no use, as an appeal for human recognition, to say, "I build your houses: I raise your coals; I weave your dresses; I reap your corn; I tend your sheep." Society immediately replies, "Of course you do; you are paid for it; and what of it?" Just as little would the lawyer gain a status upon the plea that he makes our wills, or the surgeon because he sets our limbs; the answer would still be the same, "Of course you do; we pay you for it." A professional position is a passport into good society, and a demand upon our respect, only as it is a certificate of culture. It represents manhood cultivated up to a certain point, not certainly, but



very probably. Now, it is unjust and cruel that any class of men should be confined to employments of a different kind, under circumstances which make the due culture of the common manhood so difficult and so unlikely to be secured by ordinary minds, that the mere fact of belonging to the ranks of such employment is a presumption *against* a man's fair and reasonable culture; but what then? It is surely absurd to try and make that fact pass for what it is not; and it is very bad policy to come forward and say, "I am, you see, a worker, but, *though* I am a worker, I have culture as good as yours, which I am ready to prove upon your body and brains. Sound trumpets! Heaven defend the right!" This clarion business is, we are persuaded, doing the working-class cause great harm with fastidious people, who are not, be it remembered, always the worst, or the most inaccessible to reason. We pray you, sirs, no more of it. The Owens, the Faradays, the Stephensons, were simple, unconscious souls, and if you wish well to your own order, you will endeavour to be so too.

If it should be alleged that the self-assertion of which we complain is rendered necessary as a defensive measure, by the exclusive and supercilious front which society presents to toiling men and women of the humbler classes, we answer, if that were true, it would still be bad policy, but it is not true. In any case it is wiser to submit to a discount upon one's own self than to stoop to the meanness of self-puffery; and it is a duty, when, by exercising the talent of silence about what is accidental, one can gain an entry for that which lies near the heart. Not to be ready to do so shows a distrust of the higher laws of God's world, which speaks ill for one's clearness of sight and solidity of faculty. One of those higher laws is, Character is above Circumstance; the spiritual fact, pitted against the material fact, is bound to beat it hollow; the stakes being nothing more or less than the whole grounds of human trust in the divine. Once let that law be seized with a firm hold, and one is concerned simply to be or to do, in full reliance that *the thing which is* will take care of itself, and that the essential will mould the accidental at its own will and pleasure. For example, with respect to this matter of the supercilious front which society is supposed to present to the worker, our friend, the carpenter and joiner, wishes to know if a fustian jacket with corduroy "continuations" would be admitted to an evening party? And we say, *never mind the corduroy and fustian at all—do not think about them*. Cultivate yourself up to evening-party standard, and then one of two things will happen,—either the broadcloth will come as a matter

of course, or you will make your own society, irrespective both of fustian and broadcloth; and at the same time go to as many evening parties as is desirable. Trust yourself to facts, and do not begin your work of self-elevation by challenging conventional jealousies. What is the kernel of your own consciousness upon the subject of your social disadvantages? Is it not that the coarse work of life is unevenly distributed, that you first do an unfair share of it, which obstructs your culture, and then have to bear the penalties of semi-exclusion, which that want of culture brings with it? Be sure that the counterpart of that consciousness of yours exists in a thousand hearts on the other side of the line of social demarcation, and is ready to shape itself into conduct which will meet all your hopes if you give your own thought due swing, and trust instead of talking. All things are double one against another, and you can have whatever you want if you will pay the price. If you wish to be patted on the back and spoon-fed by your "betters," prate of the dignity of your position as a worker. If you wish to have and hold a place of your own in the great social edifice by the grace of God, and not by the connivance of a well-disposed patron, be the best thing you can, and leave facts to report of you, and other people to find you out. An ocular illusion lies at the bottom of the "respectable" jealousy (if any exist) of a worker who is rising, of the worker's nervous self-assertion, and also, at the bottom of what is a still greater obstruction to him, namely, the jealousy of his comrades who, hanging on to his skirts by links of bad habits and mean ridicule, try to keep him down to their own low level. It is a fancy, a mere fancy, to hold that a man who rises through culture must rise from class to class; or, at least, that that is the central fact of the case. Every man has his own place at every moment. He finds it as surely as water finds its level. To a true eye it is as sharply defined as if he were labelled and railed off from every other human creature. If we must speak of classes at all, the man who by industrious self-culture vindicates his simple manhood, belongs neither to the working, nor the middle, nor the upper, but to the independent class—into whose ranks all others are rapidly merging themselves.

Enough, however, upon what we think the indiscreet self-assertion which too often appears in working-class literature in general, as well as in the essays before us. We pass on to another of their frequent characteristics; and we deal with it as we have done with the other, by way of positive suggestion, not merely in the spirit of critical comment; using it, in fact, as a text, for saying on the road what we think important for

the interests of the worker. We think, then, that we observe in many of these papers a hard, utilitarian view of the culture to be provided for the labourer. This is, perhaps, the natural view of minds whose outlook is only too much limited by stern necessities; yet we scarcely know how to forgive men of practical faculty for looking so inattentively upon great facts, as do those of our essayists who pass over the popular fondness for the theatre with a mere lamentation, or a suggestion that Polytechnic institutions should be set up in opposition to them. One of our friends is almost fierce upon the "Entertainment" system at literary institutions; but, while we profoundly regret, with him, the introduction of anything offensive to "spotless religion" or "philanthropy" in the entertainments he had in his eye when he wrote, and while we share his disgust at the ineptitudes and follies of stage-struck apprentices, we have still something to ask. How came he to glance so lightly at so striking a great fact as the acceptance of dramatic entertainments constantly meet? Is he sure his pulse beat quite humanly when he treated all this as beneath "a really cultivated mind?"—certain that he missed nothing worthy of notice, when he forbore the least recognition of such a human tendency. We fancy he has overlooked one of the most important elements in human culture—the love of make-believe—which, though directed to other matters, is as strong in the healthy adult mind as in that of the child, and as valuable in its uses. Let the abominations of the theatre be treated as they richly deserve, and the follies of the "entertainment" be scouted, the dramatic element is everlasting in human nature; human life, in its incessant play of tragedy and comedy, will always, to clown and to peer, to fool and to sage, be a study of greater interest than physical science or abstract philosophy; and rightly so, for God has so willed it. Do not be too hard upon the poetry that lurks in the hearts of these poor folk, who only laugh and cry, and clap their hands over a more or less well-remembered story or poem in the lecture-room, while you, grave and wise, sit in the library over your book, and think their make-believe a waste of time. That very same thought, carried round fairly, would make an end of illustrative art—a stroke of iconoclasm for which we scarcely think you prepared, even though, with the Puritans, you have every disposition to walk into the next church, "break up the Babylonish box of whistles" in the organ-loft, and "smash the mighty big angels in glass" in the painted window. No; tell us, if you can, how to seize and utilize the make-believe or dramatic instinct for the true culture of the people, and you will have done

your country a service. It is old-womanish to fret and scold over a great fact, instead of laying hold of it, and squeezing the sense out of it. The sense of what you complain of is contained in the well-known line—

The proper study of mankind is man ;

which, read in a higher light than the poet's, is true for all time, and true in a sense in which the over-cultivated, or miscultivated, child of a materialistic civilization is slow to receive it. The writer from whose paper we have made the above extract would, doubtless, encourage to the utmost the study of human nature from any and every analytic stand-point; but he fails to recognize the part which the study, through Art, of concrete humanity is intended to play in the culture of the race. In dealing with such a subject as the elevation of the working-classes, this is an important failure indeed. One reason of the comparative ineffectiveness of "secular" instruction for the worker is that it begins with the "intellect." If we had a body of workmen with their wives and children under our immediate influence this winter, we should think we could do more for them by a course of dramatic readings from the poets than by a course of lectures on the sciences. We would rather child of ours should know the story of the Iliad, than that he should go through Euclid, if a choice must be made. We would rather his imagination should be warmed with heroic images than that he should be wrapt up in tubular bridges and patent cooking-stoves, or know how to calculate the path of a comet. The condition of the worker may be *changed*; he may be surrounded with material comfort; he may become a correct and wholesome liver, and perfect in the discoveries of Liebig; he may even become the favourite of visitors, make profession and promises, and yet be very far from *uplifted*. One *uplifting* power is the Imagination. Without religion, without a heart and conscience rectified, man has, strictly speaking, no standing-place at all. Given the standing-place, Christianity immediately appeals to the Imagination:—"Now *are* we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we *SHALL BE*." No "secular" culture that is hard and unimaginative will ever "elevate," and the Churches of God, whilst repudiating all Popish tendencies, ought not to be slow to recognize this truth, and apply it in their efforts to better the position of the worker.

But though all the "useful knowledge" that was ever "diffused," or might be "diffused," is intrinsically incapable of supplying the higher needs of life, Divine wisdom has so

woven the web of the common nature that threads of beauty are perpetually found crossing the plain ground of use, and glimpses of the Islands of the Blest may be obtained, and, by the struggling poor, often *are* obtained, through very matter-of-fact intellectual pursuits. It is, then, an immense gain when the labourer is got to study anything that is innocent. And when we ask how he is to be won to study, we are reminded of a mistake in working-class training which is second in importance only to the one we have just mentioned of neglecting the imaginative and dramatic instincts, with all their enormous moral leverage. This second mistake consists in assigning far too little value to Objectivity of Culture. The untrained mind loves, to see, to hear, to handle, to trace results in action. The same man who will read or hear coldly the simplest and most stimulating description will break into a flame of interest if you *show* him things. One of our essayists (and perhaps the most practical of them) has illustrated this very well, and made valuable positive suggestions, in a passage which we will quote:—

But the great reason why mechanics' institutes are not patronized by working-men is, that whilst they offer the means of intellectual culture, they do not present a sufficiently powerful motive for making use of these means. It is not sufficient to say,—Here are the most approved appliances for acquiring knowledge. Men must be stimulated and encouraged to commence the *task* of self-improvement,—for task it is. Let it not be forgotten that the habits and associations of the classes these institutions were designed for, are thoroughly antagonistic to mental culture. Under the combined influences of imperfect early education, excessive and protracted toil, physical prostration, the living and working in a vitiated atmosphere, cravings for artificial stimulants, &c., men either never have, or lose altogether all relish for study. We must not expect that all at once the working-classes will awaken up to the privileges and advantages of intellectual acquirements. It is a work of time to give animation to the dull and sluggish brain. To accomplish this, every possible influence that can be devised must be brought into operation. Instead of confining their exertions to dry, scholastic learning, let the managers of mechanics' institutions, promote and encourage a taste for natural history, and scientific philosophy. To us there appears to be an opinion that it is by teaching writing, arithmetic, grammar, drawing, &c., alone, that the intellectual elevation of the masses is to be accomplished. We assert that there are hundreds of men not accessible to such an influence. However conclusive the argument may be in showing the advantages of knowledge, such men will not make the slightest effort to shake off their deeply-seated apathy. What then can be done? That all men are accessible to some in-

fluence, inciting them to pursue the good, we firmly believe. We care little whether a man attends the classes of a mechanics' institute, if we see him pursuing and inquiring into any subject not degrading or immoral. Do we see a man collecting a few sea shells and endeavouring to arrange them in orders; do we see him collecting weeds, mosses, lichens, curious herbs, &c.; or pursuing the insect tribes, and forming humble entomological collections; or capturing some of the winged denizens of the air, and with a little wire, tow, and cotton, endeavour to renew the appearance of life; or spending his leisure in constructing an electrical machine, galvanic battery, or scientific apparatus; do we perceive any one thus employed, we have hopes of his upward progress. We have read of an individual who, in walking by the sea-side, perceived a curious weed; he carried it home, and wonderingly examined it by his fireside. Curiosity was excited, and other sea weeds were gathered, carefully dried, and neatly arranged. By-and-by new wonders burst upon his vision. The orders of zoophytes were discovered, and by the aid of a simple lens he studied their habits, and explained their marvels to the various members of his humble household. This was not all. To that workman's cottage the learned and the talented of our land found their way. Though he earned his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, men whose names are inscribed on the roll of England's worthies, eagerly sought his acquaintance, and costly volumes, birds of rare plumage, beautiful engravings, and other substantial gifts betokened the gratification and delight of his visitors. Why was this? Almost unconsciously, and without effort, he had become deeply versed in a most interesting subject, his solid acquirements became noised abroad, the fame of the peasant naturalist travelled to the seats of science, and his merit was gladly acknowledged. Again, we ourselves once knew a degraded, drunken workman, who spent the principal part of his time at the pot-shop. One day some beautiful plaster casts were shown to him. A strong desire to possess copies seized him. With a little instruction he succeeded in casting some himself, and gratified at this, he became eager to procure more. In this new pursuit he forgot his old habits, and being a man of some intelligence, determined not to renew them. He became regular in his work, and during his leisure hours perseveringly followed not only plaster casting, but other scientific pursuits. He constructed an electrical machine, and a galvanic apparatus, and with these, at the annual meetings of the mechanics' institute, attracted the most attention, and elicited the utmost applause. The once despised workman is now honoured and respected by all who know him; and it is a most delightful treat to visit his abode, and examine the various articles he has made and collected. We would also just mention a very stupid-looking labourer, who being sent by his employer to an ornithologist's with a bird to be stuffed, happened to see some part of the process, with which he was so delighted, that he asked permission to view the whole operation. This happened

to be readily granted, as the taxidermist was only an amateur. The labourer went again and again, but was not satisfied with this, he must try to do likewise; and though he had to struggle with mighty difficulties, he succeeded in acquiring some skill in the art. He gradually acquired a large collection of British birds, which were neatly arranged and properly labelled. Now, it is by inducing and encouraging all such efforts as these that we would lead men to elevate themselves. We, therefore, suggest that mechanics' institutes should have one or more annual exhibitions of specimens in natural history, science, and mechanics, contributed solely by working-men, and collected, arranged, or made in their leisure hours. Also let lectures be given, on some of these subjects, and the simplest and best means for carrying out such objects be explained. If possible, these lectures should be given by working-men, for this reason, their example would stimulate others; besides, they would address their fellow-men in language they plainly understood. Oral teaching is a valuable means for instruction, but, unfortunately, public lecturers too often address industrial audiences in phrases they do not understand. It would be worth a trial to select some intelligent mechanics, and, by placing them under talented instructors, qualify them to act as teachers of the people. By such means as these we would create an interest in intellectual pursuits; we would stimulate curiosity and imitation; we would arouse dormant faculties, by showing them what wonders and beauties, what pure delights, lie within the reach of the humblest toiler on the face of God's earth. The number of subjects that working-men could pursue and acquaint themselves with in the intervals of labour are surprising. Astronomy and the construction of reflecting telescopes, botany, conchology, entomology, electrical machines, electrotyping, ornithology, and taxidermy, wax and plaster casting, modelling, wood turning and carving, photography, lithography, microscopes, and microscopic objects. All these, and a variety of others, are pursued by a few among the working-classes. Why not increase their number? Let all earnest well-wishers of the poor strive to promote such pursuits amongst the great mass of the people, and we believe the result would be a vast improvement in their habits and manners.

This is surely much to the purpose, and shows a clear perception of the want of stimulation which is needed by the uncultivated brain, and a keen sense of the value of a *pursuit*, not as elevation *per se*, but as likely to promote conditions and habits favourable to elevation by other means. We like this coming close to a subject. It is the rarest thing in all these essays. Another instance of it occurs to us. In another paper, the writer is treating of the workman's chances of home happiness, and lays a firm finger upon the specific action of long hours of labour in slackening or blighting the growth of

domestic affection. It is to the latter part of the next quoted paragraph that we principally refer :—

The human frame is capable of sustaining a certain amount of tear and wear in following industrial pursuits, without incurring any derangement in its constitution. Nay, it will be found that labour is the bosom friend of man. But, prolong that labour beyond reasonable limits, and it becomes his curse. It saps the foundation of social enjoyment, retards intellectual culture, and prevents religious elevation. It deteriorates the body, enervates the mind, and clogs the soul. It robs industry of its dignified charms, gives a sombre appearance to the domestic circle, infuses a spirit of discontent into the over-wrought slave, and accelerates the infirmities of age. It blights affection, destroys hope, and crushes faith. These are no idle flights of fancy—they are stern facts. Long hours of labour have a direct tendency to obstruct the path of progression in every attainment. They not only wear out the human machinery much more rapidly, but impair considerably its usefulness, and mar its harmony. It is computed that in London alone one thousand die annually, and about eight thousand more suffer in health, by this one cause. And it may be presumed, very reasonably, that all other large towns throughout the realm, in the same ratio, are scourged by this curse. Yet all the evils of protracted labour are not embraced in this its *fatal* aspect. Man is more than a beast of burden; he has more than a corporeal frame to be thus lacerated and immolated; he is adapted for higher pursuits than mere physical toil. But how is he able to discharge the more ennobling duties of his being when the energies of his mind, by their alliance to the worn-out body, are prostrated? There is an intimate connexion between the two—a union of sympathy and mutual assistance: if the one *suffer*, the other *feels*. Thus, when his long day's labour is completed, the hour of release finds him an exhausted creature; emaciated and haggard in appearance, drooping and melancholy in spirits, fretful and gloomy in temper, and sluggish and lifeless in soul. Look at him as he drags his weary carcase home! A momentary smile lights up his countenance as he lifts his door-latch; he sinks into the first seat with which he comes in contact. Rest is precious, and he rejoices in its balmy influences! The home is quiet and tidy, and he enjoys its hallowed, refreshing, soothing pleasures! But is he suited to discharge the sacred duties of the household? How can he fulfil the obligations resting on him as a husband, father, citizen, Christian? His little ones, deprived of a father's caress and instruction, are put to bed, or should be, prior to his arrival. Their quaint remarks and humorous questions, their happy glee and innocent enjoyment, are over ere he reaches his domicile—their tender frames are exhausted, and their labours and amusements for the day are ended. He then tries to improve his *own* mind; but, alas! his eyes enter into a mutual combination on the short-time movement, and without giving "notice



to leave," they "*strike*"—labour is suspended, the head drops on the broad page, and the doors of the intellectual factory are closed for *that* night. While thus mocking study, and defying abstruse theories, through the intervention of kind Morpheus,

"A well-known voice salutes his ear,"

he tries to rally the languishing promptings of his heart; endeavours to enjoy the sweets of social kindness; strives to cheer his fireside; and, closing his book, attempts to make himself agreeable to her whose "smile makes him forget to pine," and actually *half* succeeds in his noble resolution! But at the best, is it not an utter failure? Severe and long-continued labour paralyzes the material frame and dries up the domestic affections. The faculties of the mind are lethargic and incapacitated to fulfil their functions. The natural rest, which the body demands, absorbs all the powers of heart and intellect.

We will take another specimen of clear insight and direct handling from an essay by a tailor, which, though it is not the best (i.e. not most nearly fulfilling the conditions on which the prizes were offered), and though it contains slips of style which are remarkable in connection with so much that is clever, displays, perhaps, more native ability than any of the others. The writer's immediate topic is lowness of wages:—

In the course of a century labour has undergone an entirely new arrangement, a transference from one locality to another. Weaving, &c., anciently scattered over rural as well as other districts, is compressed densely in certain spots, amid circumstances of physical restriction inharmonious with man's nature. In the progress of manufacture the workman has a deep interest. To this progress the use of machinery has contributed, and, notwithstanding the feeling against it, we may be allowed to express that under certain regulations it will be found a mighty ameliorator. With certain conditions attached, workmen may not require to dread the steam-power. Even from the past, machinery seems to stimulate more labour upon the whole than it displaces in particular departments. From the various satellite crafts expanded through the increased demand stimulated by machinery, it seems, as it were, to multiply labour as it goes along. The progress of manufactures in order to be beneficial to the workman connected therewith, and other workmen, too, must, however, be largely sifted of the selfish principle which rules so much. Political economists may parade their figures on the amount of the national wealth, and politicians may boast of the national resources, but the question is just this, are they the cause of a proportionate development in individual happiness? The two things, to a great extent, have not gone together. Social ambition has appropriated the discoveries of science too much to selfish ends.

In seeking to create the grand ideas of wealth and power, the persons of those engaged in doing so, have been left out of view. In the same connexion the system of modern competition has been developed. There is a legitimate competition which is the soul of industry and commerce; there is a spurious description which does not excite the faculties but engenders misery. It calls into operation the inglorious mid-object cheapness. What a discreditable feature of the age is the cheap advertisement. Beware of them, most generally they are advertisements of concealed misery. In trying to get an article got up cheaply, man is treated as a thing without a soul, a mere commodity, simply as part of the expenses of a speculation. But in carrying out that mid-object of cheapness, women and children can be more easily obtained than men, and more easily ruled. Not only are our mills, but our farms are half, if not more, wrought by women, lads, and children. Now, in this misappropriation of the sex, this premature employment of children, will be found a neutralization, to a great extent, of the moral privileges of the age, and a key to half the crimes that puzzle the philanthropist. Machinery may, in the first instance, in connexion with men, have encroached upon woman sitting by her lonely ingle, and swept the distaff out of her hand; but she has retorted with a terrible revenge. Having found out her old employment, under a new and more extended phase of the two sexes, she has proved by much the stronger, and has turned thousands of men adrift. Nay, under the urging money-making spirit of modern times, women are found where they never were dreamt of before. What in connexion with the farm are they not required to do, everything but plough and carry the grain to the corn-loft. These new positions in which woman is found are entirely foreign to the spirit of the sex. Has ever poet sung of women in relation to the dung-cart, harrows, factory, except in pity? This monster misappropriation has a twofold baleful result; on the one hand it reduces the wages of the men, and on the other impedes the physical, mental, and religious progress of families. And what right have capitalists to thus transgress on the true sphere of woman, and disturb every aspect of the poor man's social system?

It may be urged as a great benefit that men can get their families so well employed when they need it so much. What creates the necessity? It would be a much greater blessing had the workman such a remuneration as would enable him to keep his wife at home, to keep his children at home, until their bodily and mental systems were matured. As now things are managed it is the Apostolic mode reversed. The true description of matters is, the sexes and families jostle each other in the market, the parent is slain by his own children. Now, the principle which leads to this, of getting work done at the lowest figure, of bargaining for man as for a mere commodity, is unjust and inhumane. Demonstrably only a few of the many can attain the position of capitalists. According to the

nature of things the capitalist possesses a greater power over the men than they over him. The idea of power involves another, of protection; if power has its rights it has its duties. The very simplest demand is, that those live by whose energies power is supported; an opposite procedure were ultimately suicidal. The idea of adequate sustenance was the primitive one involved in connexion with the workman. The lowest possible rate method is inconsiderate, and leads to absurdities. A farm-servant will require to pay as high a wage to a single female as he can get for himself and family. Let the Christian element of regard to the worker as a man mingle largely with the usual selfish one. Masters are Christians, they are not impenetrable to the conviction that the comfort of servants should be looked at by those at whose disposal the means of that comfort primarily lie. Not otherwise can masters even enjoy world-wide fraternity of sentiment; not while grandeur and indigence are developed in such antipodal extremes. In reference to the employment of women, in what we hold to be out of her proper place, in proposing to reverse it these two questions will meet us: "What will be done with them, and will masters employ men at a high rate when women can be got at a low one?" The disposal of the first would decide the second. In the mean time, it will not be denied, whether the matter can be altered or not, that the wife in the field or factory cannot mind her family, &c.; we have not room for stating, much less unfolding, the proposition, and that if the system were reversed, new and enlarged importance would be imparted to the benevolent efforts otherwise of the age. In effecting the object, both master and workman would require to blend their efforts, and did these efforts result in only restoring the wife to her neglected home, boys and girls to their education, the effects would pervade the wages of the men and the morals of the country. "What is to be done with the women?" Well, judging from their value in many districts, they are getting scarce, and thus so far the evil may cure itself. In many agricultural and manufacturing places the wages of the woman approach those of the man. "What is to be done with them?" If the question means, what other work, to make money at, are we to put raw, unfledged lads and girls and married women? such a question is no honour to the questioner nor the country he lives in. And yet something may be done even with many of those who should legitimately earn their bread. In the department of household service, for instance, this opens up no inconsiderable field of oppression; from the young girl up to the full woman there are thousands of examples where neither soul nor body is or can be cared for. Many families, tolerably genteel, get a lassie for twenty-five shillings half-year, to do the work of a woman, or there may be cases in higher circles where women up at one o'clock in the morning at a washing, have to wait at a supper-party till next morning at two o'clock, and then may be told, "It is scarce worth while going to bed." If such persons were adopting the

humane principle of treating human beings as such, and not as an article made of iron, a wide field might thus be opened for the employment of women. But is it too much to ask that the families of many workmen themselves should have some assistant to help the oppressed worn-out mother? The instances of workmen's wives worn out with work in their own families, are many and mournful. "Service! was ever service like to this; never knows what it is to get a sound sleep, to get sat down, to get a book looked at, to mind anything." What, in addition to her toiling, can such a mother do for the soul of her children, she cannot get time to mind that; ah! there must be time. Nor can the man materially assist, otherwise his hours of repose are consumed only in another mode of toil, and indeed we can notice men who have little pleasure or repose from the same cause.

The last essayist, in pleading for the emancipation of women (and children) from other than household labours, takes up a topic which has been alluded to by one or two others of the writers before us, but which we should have thought would have filled a larger space in the minds of working-men than it seems to do, if we may judge from these specimens of their views. Indeed, the whole subject of the Working-Woman is not treated by our essayists with the generous elevation which it might well call forth. There are all the usual common-places of appreciation and the usual barren raptures: it is clearly discerned and warmly recognized, that the wife should be respectfully and affectionately treated; it is laid down, in the customary phraseology of such topics, that she should know how to clean the place, cook the food, and train the family. But a wife may lay the cloth, and slap the children by the rule of three; she may always have the conventional "smile for her husband's return" (which is beginning to grow rather tiresome); she may even be a serious, church-going creature, and seem as if she might win the highest honour in a Prize Wife show, if one were got up,—and yet be very far from fulfilling her natural function of elevating the man. So far, she is merely a correct, convenient, comfortable creature. A man who thinks of a woman as she ought to be thought of,—who sees, in fact, the place she is intended to fill in the providential plan,—wishes that she should be as cultivated a being as possible, and does not simply measure her by her relation to the obvious needs of himself and his children and three or four little rooms. No, not if his subject be, specifically, the industrial household. The greater includes the less, and to stoop is easier than to soar. The working-man's wife who is a conscious queen of God's making will be able to lay down the

sceptre of her beautiful dominion, and take up the distaff without putting off at the same time her royalty and putting on the drudge. We should have been delighted to find in the papers sent in by our friends, that their ideal working-man's wife was something more than a smart, decent, virtuous little body, with a "smile" on her lips, a broom in her hand, and a text on her tongue. Again, we say, the greater includes the less in all things. About that "smile," now, which the wife is to wear for the husband's return; what a poor, small, half-selfish idea it is! The smile we would wish to see on a woman's face is the eternal smile of a well-opened nature, which neither toil, nor grief, nor wrong even, can ever drive back from the countenance, if the well-spring of joy within have but once been uncovered by culture, and shone upon by love. Such a smile is inevitably brightened and adorned when the beloved one draws nigh; and he says, "it is for me," and is glad. But if he have been made free of the great City of God, he is not always harping upon suburban notions of use and comfort, and measures things by a better standard than their serviceableness to himself. Let no one say that we expect too much from the working-man. We expect all that is possible of good and beautiful, and that is not too much, but just enough. But we *exact* nothing. What we now observe is, that in these essays, we have only seldom found a tone of feeling towards women which amounts to HONOUR; though we have constantly found *respect*. We might add, that we have not met that handsome recognition which we think is due to the fact, that on the average the working-woman, even when she has not got the three R's, is very much the superior of the working-man. For this is a fact: in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we find the woman fixing the social *status* of the poor family. It is she who, catching some of the lights of a fairer training than her own, "bearing herself more seeming," and becoming, Heaven knows how! a really better specimen of the human creature than her lord, though with only half his opportunities,—stands out before the world, representing the whole household, and forming the social link with their "betters;" while the uncouth swain of a spouse retreats into the background, half-ashamed of being such an Orson, merely on the strength of being the bread-winner. It is the wife who is commonly the true "houseband," and does a hundred things which come within the other one's province, while he is at the beer-shop, or round the corner, or gone to see Jim, or at the temperance-meeting, or Odd Fellows' "house," or the mechanic's institute; at neither of which places, no, not the best, has he any right to be while

a plain duty is waiting his hand at home. Some perception and acknowledgment of all this we should like to see in working-class lucubrations, instead of common-places against wife-beating and drunkenness, which it is cheap work abusing. We should also like the plainly-stated opinions of working-men as to what can be done, if anything, by organized effort, for supplying to working-women some elements of a training which shall go beyond cooking, sewing, and arithmetic. There is no reason why the worker's wife should not be as much a Christian lady as the clergyman's wife,—as we said before, a queen of God's making. We commend the subject of the ELEVATION of the working-woman to her more favoured sisters. Let them look at a fair creature of their own rank, with a view to realize vividly what she *is* rather than what she can do, or how correctly she lives, or what plain uses she observes. Let them observe the subtle but mighty sway which a cultivated personality exercises. Then let them turn to another fair creature of humbler rank, and realize what *she* is, even though she may be a decent wife to a decent man. The problem is to do something towards spanning the gulf between these two creatures of God,—fearing to do too little and by no means too much. What do our sisters in the Church who love God and their neighbour think of this problem? They possess the requisite spiritual and intellectual leverage for doing a great thing for the British Workman's Household; and the machinery ought not be far to seek.

We have now mentioned the four characteristics which have most forcibly struck us in reading over these very interesting essays. First, a mistaken and unwise self-assertion on the part of the workman *as* a workman. Second, a hard and utilitarian estimate of the culture needed by him. Third, a failure (with a few exceptions) to perceive that objectivity in teaching is especially needed by the very ignorant. Fourth, a rather narrow and selfish view of the duties and rights of the working-woman. These are common, but by no means universal characteristics. Still more common in the papers now on our table (or rather tables, for they cover two, and more than two!) are other features. Our friends are almost, if not quite, unanimous in demanding that their sabbaths be left intact, and in insisting that vital godliness must reign in every home which is so happy as to undergo any real elevation. Temperance is universally inculcated, and very generally tee-totalism. More schools are, of course, called for, and better dwellings, shorter hours of labour, and freer intercourse between employer and servant. A few writers insist

upon a better literature for the labouring-classes, and one or two say, "More music!"—which is not so trivial as it may seem. Here and there an essayist suggests industrial schools to take the place of the system of long apprenticeships, or savings-banks on a grand scale, or model farms, or a political premium to be held out to the worker for improving himself. Of the last feature here is one illustration, taken from an essay by an engine-fitter at Lincoln, who knows how to hit hard, and writes with much force and clearness :—

The upper class are only too apt to treat full-grown working-men as if they were intellectual sucklings, and would lure them on to the purpose required, by the exhibition of a few sugar-coated pills, fabricated from the *débris* of the exploded dogmatism of barbaric ages. It will not succeed. The rude, but vigorous mind of labour will repudiate all such attempts to gain their allegiance. Through the transparent veil of sympathy the hoof of mammon is too often discernible. They must urge with less fervour the acquisition of merely accumulative knowledge; they must intermingle with their teachings a little of the knowledge of distribution; and that not exactly in accordance with the formula of Messrs. Smith and Malthus, but in accordance with the rights of labour as set forth in the best of all political economy, the Word of the true God. Here is a bribe that, if held out, will bring thousands of the working-men of Britain to your standard :—The elective franchise to every working man who can read and write *well*, and who displays a fair acquaintance with the general knowledge of the day; and who, in addition to this, cannot be charged truthfully with having been under the influence of strong drink for one year prior to the day of election. Form an association, having these for its fundamental principles, and you will give an impetus to the pursuit of knowledge, and the adoption of sober habits, which neither mechanics' institutions, nor temperance societies, will ever succeed in doing single-handed. We have been told, times beyond number, that the franchise is withheld from us in consequence of our ignorance and immoral habits. Tell us that we shall secure it when these cease from amongst us, and we will ignore the one and overcome the other; we would then have a real interest in the country, and a real interest in fitting ourselves to fulfil the duties of freemen. If the governing classes are sincere in their desire to upraise the British workman to the position of a freeman, a rational being, and a *Christian* (!) this opportunity always awaits them. They can do it if they will.

This critic, however, expects too much from the "governing class" in every way!

With so much (excellent but vague) generality of comment upon the workman's condition, and so little positive suggestion, we should have been glad of a few more *facts*. We have a

fancy that if a hundred working-men, and a hundred working-women, could only *tell the story of their lives*, we should get more guidance than any essay could supply. We would give many pages of declamation in praise of acknowledged virtues, or in "showing up" known abuses, for one anecdote like this:—

I am a lover of children, and will just give one illustration to show the genuine effect. Upwards of four years ago, I was afflicted with a most dreadful rheumatic fever for the space of three months; and when burning as a fire-coal with pain and heat, oh, how acceptable was an orange to my parched tongue and lips. Well, now for the effects of social feelings, especially from the children. All the time I was tied to my bed, they would be rapping at the door at intervals, "Please, ma'am, I am come to see how master is, and I've brought him an orange, or an apple, or sweetmeats," &c. I remember, one day, my dear partner came up stairs to the side of the bed, with the corners of her apron in her hands; she said, "See." I said, "Hast gotten eggs?" Well, I suppose they had luckily met for once, or all been of a mind, for there were oranges, apples, sweetmeats, and the like; not a handful, but enough for the apron. Well, the sight quite overpowered me; indeed I was nearly killed with kindness.

Facts in individual history, much better than mere statistics, might help the Church to grapple with her difficulties in the religious training of the people. On the subject of those difficulties we gather nothing new from these essays. And nothing, we think, helpful beyond the assurance they give of a vast amount of religious earnestness among our labouring population. The most practical thing they suggest to us we will now put in few words. Here, under our eyes, are (say) a hundred papers by working-men, most of them testifying to thoughtfulness, reading, sound-heartedness, sound-headedness, earnestness, and *power to appeal to other minds*, in the authors. These working-men live in all parts of the country, and have their own proper spheres of influence. The question occurs,—Has the Church, through her clergymen and her cultivated and wealthy lay members, ever made sufficient use of such men as these? Their productions are proof that they could be employed as conductors or links of communication for good. Every district must contain one or two possible "conductors." Might not the clergyman or the visitor, or both, find a more frank, direct, and purposed intercourse with them a valuable means of blessing? We suspect that if it would suit the plans of the Church of Rome to elevate the British Workman and his Wife and Family, she would not



be slow to seize upon such instruments, manipulate them well, and work them energetically. The Church of England, like the Gospel she seeks to represent, is above any paltry *tactique* of self-aggrandisement; but all the natural enginery of love and intelligence for her work of teaching and blessing the masses is open to her, and woe be to her if she passes it by! It has certainly always seemed to us that too little use has been made by the working-class reformers of the "better" order of society, of the energy and talent to be found among the working-class themselves. The social feelings are strong amongst the masses, and they like organization and associated effort of every kind. Let them see that "One of Us" (or more than one) is taken into the council of those who profess to have their good at heart, and their confidence will rise, and a truer *rapprochement* will speedily establish itself between the seekers and the sought, in the work of improvement.

ART. VII.—*The Tractarian Confession. The Ordinance of Confession.* By W. GRESLEY. London: 1852.

#### PART I.

HEAVEN be praised! After the tempest comes the calm, after rain serenity, after battle victory, after delirium the crisis. Since 1838, the Christianity of the English Church has been threatened by an invasion worse than Vandalic, by a caricature of Catholicism in papist garb. The proto-heretics of Oxford have so adorned it with flowers, evergreens, lace and embroidery, and placed in its hands such a meretricious cup, that, instead of repelling the pseudo-religious multitude, it has dazzled them by its attitudes and the charms of its winning smile. But God dementes those whom he chooses to ruin. Emboldened by success, the heresiarchs carried their audacity so far as to flatter themselves that England would receive from the stepmother of harlots, the very dregs of that cup, under the name of Confession. At this point, however, England suddenly bestirs herself, and begins to open her eyes to the aberrations of Oxford, just in time to prevent the complete Romanization of her Church. Nor will the movement stop at the present point, but will go back to the origin of these papistic intrusions; and, with retrospective justice, will, at a single stroke, entirely destroy the superstructure

reared by treacherous sectarianism, upon the Church of Cranmer and Latimer. Heaven be praised then for having launched confusion into the bulwarks of heresy, and confounding it to such a point, that if England will only be wise and true to herself, future generations will know nothing of Tractarians except from history, which will hand them down to posterity, in company with the Collyridians and Manicheans.

Under this aspect, the confessional of Belgravia and Boyne Hill, is truly providential. Except for the notoriety thus occasioned, it is doubtful if English Protestantism would ever have taken any active measures against the felonies of Oxford. The age in which we live interests itself so little in the cause of Christianity, that some extraordinary attack is necessary, some volcanic eruption, to shake the apathy of the masses.

So long as the Tractarian question remained in the sphere of abstraction, and confined itself to the reproduction of thunderless lightning of the Jupiter Vatican, from the clouds of theology and nebulae of scholasticism, either as baptismal regeneration, or the real presence, the people who fortunately know nothing of the cabalistic language of sophistic regions, would continue to repose upon the laurels of the Reformation, unconscious that the heavens were big with storms and tempests. Like the labouring man, who, wearied with his daily toil, throws himself upon his bed at night, and sleeps undisturbed amidst the war of elements without, so the Tractarian alighting upon the world, and clad in borrowed rusty patristic armour and a ragged mantle, which it was pleased to call tradition, armed with the lance of old monachism, and mounted upon a Rosinante caparisoned in mediæval fashion, entered the arena as the champion of crosses, candles, credence tables, flowers, and a thousand other pleasing follies constituting the pre-Raphaelism of an unapostolic catholicity. The people, unsuspecting of the deep cunning of these Gothic tournaments, and amused by observing them, gradually become accustomed to the process of Romanization, and the habit of diversion became to them a religious necessity. Here again the Oxford Tractarian showed more wisdom than the children of the youth and vigour of the Reformation. Should any one take up a beautiful fruit, and infer from the soundness of its external appearance, that within it must be equally perfect, he would be liable seriously to err. A peculiar instinct teaches the moth to deposit an egg upon every blossom of the tree, and when the flower opens to the warmth of spring, unknown to any, it contains within itself the worm which will inhabit the fruit until it ripens, and then cause

it to decay. Such was precisely the effect of these Tractarian jousts. They seemed mere childish recreation to indifferent Protestants, while, in fact, they concealed the fatal cancer of Romanism.

At length, the crisis of confession opportunely appears. The question is no longer either abstract but practical, domestic, and social. By the introduction of the confessional, the ministers of Belial seek to possess themselves of the secrets of individuals, families, and the nation, in order to rule over them at pleasure, and so creates, we say, the crisis; because, by such a daring step onward in the sacramental labyrinth, Protestants of every denomination may at length comprehend the true scope of Tractarianism, with its abominations and despotism. The crisis, because brothers, husbands, and fathers, seeing their female relatives exposed in the first ranks to the contamination of the confessional, will arise as one man to destroy a heresy which, under false appearances of zeal and piety, is playing into the hands of the Pope to destroy the liberty and morality of the English people. The notoriety of late given to the intrusive confessional, must therefore be considered providential, since the crisis could not otherwise have arisen so speedily, and easily to promise a return to the purity and simplicity of the ancient days of the Reformation.

It is not the purport of this article to enter theoretically into the subject of confession, or a volume would be the result; and though a volume upon the subject appears now more than ever necessary, it would be out of character and proportion here. It is well to keep in view the adage of the Roman controversialists, who, to avoid engaging themselves in unseasonable strife, which is always most perilous to them, are accustomed oracularly to repeat, *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*. Now, in the case of confession, the Reformation spoke, and excluded it from remodelled, as it had been excluded from primitive, Christianity. It is, therefore, useless to renew the contest. The reasons which induced the Reformers to banish this abuse in the sixteenth century, should serve to eliminate it upon its revival in the nineteenth.

Nor is it necessary here to enter upon the discussion,—now open to the platform, and, let us hope, before the tribunals of justice,—whether habitual confession, and the confessional as existing among the Tractarians, are essentially and practically the sacrament of the Roman Church, and, consequently, absolutely opposed to the spirit and letter of the Prayer Book. This point presents too vast a field for heretical cavilling on

the one side, and for the ingenuity of Evangelical Episcopacy on the other, to be comprehended within the brief limits of a Review. As it is an article, not a treatise, that we are writing, we must restrict ourselves chiefly to the practical view of the question, and lay aside abstract controversy in favour of facts, which, indeed, offer the most convincing proof possible of the danger which now threatens Protestantism. It is, moreover, agreeable to reflect, that Evangelical Episcopacy is preparing to descend into the arena; and pleasing to record that, as usual, in the front of the battle stands the good Bishop of Winchester, whose frank and unqualified condemnation of Tractarian confession, in his last charge to his clergy, offers a grand compensation for the slippery polemics with which the Bishop of Oxford tried a short time since to defend the confession of Boyne Hill.

The plan now proposed, then, is, to view the papistic ordinance, thus smuggled into the English Church, on its practical side, and examine and dispute some of the effects professed to be obtained by its means, and which, in reality, serve the heresiarchs as a pretence for its introduction. They consist, principally, of the three following: Catholicity of the Church, Morality of the People, and Influence of the Clergy.

*Catholicity.*—Under what mask can Tractarians hope to introduce its proscribed brother of Rome into England? That of spiritualism. An affected spirituality, then, is an essential part of the new scheme. This is made clearly evident in the present question of the confessional. Without taking any trouble to prove its biblical origin, they have recourse to the subterfuge of the genuineness of its catholicity. Having once succeeded in causing it to be believed that the confessional is one of the legitimate children of reverend catholicity, they have succeeded in the double attempt of deceiving their own consciences and beguiling the simplicity of others. By insisting upon the catholicity of the confessional, they will persuade themselves that they are engaged in the most meritorious work, and that their names deserve to be numbered with those of the most glorious reformers. Meanwhile, the ignorant, the simple, and the fanatic, who hear from their pastors that the confessional is such a catholic ordinance, not only receive it as an integral part of the orthodoxy of the English Church, but lend their voices to form the chorus of this new farce of the Oxonian theatre. The pretext, then, if not true, is at all events cleverly contrived.

The confessional, no doubt, is a medicine of the bitterest kind; but the heresiarchs, by concealing it under the gilding of

catholicism, have managed to render it pleasing to the sight, though they cannot do away with its inherent nauseousness. But will all this pleading for catholicity save the confessional from the charge of its being antagonistic to Evangelical Christianity? Certainly not. It appears from the recent writings of the Tractarians, that it is their object to revive in the English Church, by the confessional, one of the practices of Catholicism as it existed prior to Romanism. Who will deny the existence of a catholicism before the existence of Romanism? Surely, no one; and, up to this point, the Tractarians are not deceivers; but they deceive the credulous when they pretend ignorance that a Christianity existed before the existence of catholicism. This is precisely the hitch in the present question. The Tractarians profess, of course, in word only, to abominate the errors of Rome, and that because Rome has deviated from the catholicism of the Fathers, without giving heed to the fact that the catholicism of the Fathers is itself, in a great measure, a deviation from the Christianity of the Gospel. They insist, therefore, upon the revival of the confessional, not because it is in use in the Roman Church, but because it is a patristic ordinance. Here we have, as every one may see, a species of Catholic pre-Raphaelism, or the servile imitation of the customs of the Fathers pre-existent to the conventionalism and formalism of the Popes; but we see nothing as yet of the Christianity of the Bible. Now, why should the Tractarians prefer the revival of catholicism to that of Christianity? Because, in the catholicism of the Fathers, they can fish up some isolated authority to defend their confessional, while they very well know that the Christianity of the Bible is opposed *in toto* to their confessional. But is this pretended catholicism worth a single thought? Is any one ignorant that for one of the Fathers who admits of confession, a hundred repudiate it? The ordinance, therefore, cannot be called catholic. It needs but very little erudition to be aware of the fact that the Fathers themselves who admit the confessional—public, be it understood—in some of their works, repudiate it in others. The ordinance, therefore, is catholic and not catholic at the same time. But allowing, as a mere hypothesis, that it is catholic, to us the fact that it is not Christian is sufficient to exclude it. Now, for a Church, it is important not that a thing should be catholic, but that it should be Christian. Strictly speaking, catholicism does not always imply Christianity, but Christianity always necessarily implies catholicity. Christianity is from Christ and the New Testament; catholicism is from

patristic tradition. No one is obliged either to believe in tradition or be saved by it; while everybody is obliged to believe in Christ and the New Testament for salvation. It therefore follows that the natural course for a true Church to pursue is, to adhere to the principal rather than to the accessory, and to insist upon what is true and substantial, rather than upon what is accidental.

Whenever the Church of England, therefore, may desire a revival, it would be better to promote the revival of Christianity than to aim at a revival of catholicism. The Tractarians seek to pervert a simple logical induction by means of a culpable reticence. They exclude Romanism because it has usurped the place of catholicism, and declare for the latter as the only legitimate occupant; while we displace patristic catholicism because it has usurped the post of Christianity. Why stop short midway when you are in search of perfection? Ascend to the very origin, and you will find, not the Fathers, but the Gospel. If the Fathers are in conformity with the Gospel, we will receive their tradition, not as a dogma, but as an illustration; not as a text, but as erudition and commentary. If tradition is contrary to the Gospel, we will repudiate it with the same alacrity as Tractarianism feigns to repudiate the apostasy of Rome.

The pretext of introducing the confessional into the English Church to revive a catholic ordinance, can have no weight except with the ignorant, the simple, and the fanatic, who do not, or will not, know that it is not a Christian ordinance, because not a Bible ordinance. A million Fathers, backed by a hundred million Tractarians, can never persuade us of the necessity of a practice not commanded by the Gospel. Great caution is necessary, therefore, in guarding against the insidious snares of Oxford, lest the simple and ignorant should fall victims. Under the pretext of catholicism, the Tractarians have sought to introduce an anti-Christian practice. Heaping vituperative epithets upon opponents whom they cannot put down, and calling them heterodox, they have dared to introduce heterodoxy into the English Church under the guise of catholicity. But the moon does not take offence, or lose its splendour, at the baying of dogs against her. It is much better to be Christian in the eyes of the Gospel, although branded by the heretics of Oxford as uncatholic, than catholic in name with doctrines and practices contrary to the Christianity of the Gospel.

*Morality.*—And here morality comes into the field. The watchword given by Oxford, and echoed from the fraternal

caves of Frome, Belgravia, Boyne Hill, Stonehouse, &c., is the deplorable state of the masses of the English people for want of the confessional. The neo-papists know of no other remedy for this great evil in the present, and its prevention in future, than to revive confession in the Church of England. We will cite one of their oracles:—"It may be that many souls are lost for want of this ordinance. I should not have written this book if I did not most fervently hope and believe that if it tended to the revival of confession, it might, under God's blessing, be conducive to the salvation of souls."\* Now, as revival implies something already existing, and as habitual confession never existed in the English Church, it is clear that under the specious pretext of morality, nothing else is wished than to renew the confession of the Roman Church so fatal to morality.

At this point, however, knowing both their false position and the vulnerable side of their Christian opponents, the heresiarchs tried to strengthen their position, and brave public opinion, by declaring their adversaries responsible for the loss of souls occasioned by their opposition to the benefits of confession. This Oxonian quixotism, however, can only frighten a windmill. Every sincere Christian desires the salvation of souls, all equally redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, but tries to obtain it by means taught by the Gospel, and not by the sectarianism of any Church whatever. The salvation of souls should be as dear to the clergy as it was to Christ himself, but on the condition prescribed by Paul, that no evil be done for the sake of any good which may result from it. If, then, no way of saving souls existed except one in its nature non-scriptural, abusive, and pernicious, in that case it would be better to abandon salvation to the hands of God, who knows his creatures, than to offend him by the use of illicit means upon pretence of glorifying his name. The end cannot sanctify the means. This, however, is not the question, for Christ has abundantly provided the means of salvation for all, without confession or confessors. The loss of souls is not the consequence of the neglect of this practice—which the foxes of Oxford are pleased to call an ordinance—but of not having followed the modes clearly indicated and inculcated in the New Testament. Having cleared the way of this fictitious phantom evoked by the incantations of Oxford from the caldron of asceticism, let us enter upon the subject of the morality of the people by means of the confessional.

---

\* W. Greasley. *The Ordinance of Confession*: London, 1853, p. 101.

It may be laid down as a general theory, that it is the same, in many respects, with internal as with external life. The counsel, advice, and encouragement of a second person are frequently of great service in domestic and social affairs, and, under analogous circumstances, are equally so with reference to spiritual and eternal things. But this does not imply either confession or confessors. In this theory we may advance a step, and maintain that the intervention of a second person, "in season or out of season," may rescue a man from embarrassment and prevent his ruin both physical and spiritual. But neither does this imply confession or confessors. Limiting our hypothesis purely to cases of conscience, it is clear that a father, a mother, or a friend, who sees a dear one treading in forbidden paths, may interfere in the spirit of love, and by the suggestions of tenderness and affection seek to prevent his ruin and rescue him from dissipation. But even supposing the friend to be a minister of the Gospel, the pastor of the strayed sheep, his interference does not imply confession, nor is his office that of a confessor. If the mode of proceeding alluded to, the domestic especially, were more commonly practised, it is quite certain that many of those "social evils" would be prevented or corrected for the cessation of which it is now sought to introduce the unnatural aid of the confessor. In cases of temptation, of anxiety, or of danger, what counsel can be more natural and sincere than that of a father, a mother, or a husband? Even if it be thought by some that the minister of God is best adapted to heal the wounds of the soul, and give directions for its future guidance, this implies no confession of sins, but only the simple statement of a fact or special position, not with a view to judicial absolution but advice and direction, and this totally changes the aspect of the question. Persons may, therefore, seek in the temple of God what would be better found in the domestic sanctuary. But as in unburdening the conscience upon a mother's bosom, the mother does not become a confessor, but yet saves or potentially aids him who has recourse to her, so when a minister of the Gospel is chosen as a confidant he can give the required help, and offer the anticipated counsel without pretending to the title of confessor.

But where the minister announces himself as a confessor, and the laity have recourse to him for confession, does that morality really exist, the want of which is deplored in those districts where this "ordinance" is not practised? Suppose, for a moment, that the Rev. Mr. Gresley speaks the truth when he writes (p. 94),—"By these means, i. e. partly by the



shame of the confession, partly by the ghostly counsel of God's minister, the repentance of the sinner will be rendered complete;" what conclusion will the wise man draw from these premises? Having seen that "the ghostly counsel of God's minister" does not imply confession, nothing remains but "the shame of the confession," to complete the repentance of the sinner. The Tractarian doctrine perfectly coincides with the Romish; that shame and fear of the confessor and confession prevent the commission of many sins, and render repentance perfect. Although this is not the practical result in the majority of cases, for the sake of argument we will admit it is true. What have we then? Certainly not moral justice, but a justice merely human. Now, he who abstains from sin not from fear of God, and in consideration of its intrinsic evil and hatefulness in the eyes of his heavenly Father, is in the same state as if he did not abstain at all. Let this be seriously considered. A merely human act is never a moral act, and that which is not a moral act is not adapted to the kingdom of heaven. The man who abstains from sin from shame and fear of another man is nothing more than a gross hypocrite. Even if he is sincere in his fear, his virtue is altogether carnal, and can receive none but a carnal reward; it may receive human guerdon in this world, but will never be remembered in the next. Is this morality?—the morality which the ministers of the Gospel ought to desire, inculcate, and promote among the people? And yet this "shame of the confession" is the favourite theme of those who insist upon the introduction of the confessional to moralize the people. This is horrible perversion of the things of God! It is the substitution of the formalism of confession for the gradual operation of the conscience, and, worse still, it is the substitution of man for God, the confessor for Jesus Christ. In the face, therefore, of such immorality the true Christian must raise a cry of indignation. In presence of the thousands of souls thus lost under the specious pretext of more effectually saving them, the heart which loves Christ must hurl the anathema of his Divine Master against these wolves in sheep's clothing; "if the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch."

It is now time to see whether the practice corresponds with the theory, and whether the revival of confession would, in reality, be the means of reviving lost morality in England. The defenders of this obtrusive "ordinance" found their observations upon the advantages already accruing from its use to some of their parishioners. This *datum* is, however, false, and can tend to no satisfactory conclusion. Nine out of

ten who have availed themselves of this unscriptural "ordnance," belong to the number of those who led a moral and religious life without the confessional. They constitute precisely that class of persons of morbid conscience whom the Tractarians feign to discourage, but who, in reality, form the nucleus of their confessional. From this fact we deduce two corollaries. First, that the morality pre-existing in the moral man does not authorize the induction of the morality to be obtained in the immoral man. Secondly, that the morality of the moral man is liable to become immorality, when it ceases to lean upon Christ, to depend upon a confessor. This fatal anomaly could not escape the observation even of the partisans of confession, though they have belied by their own facts what they have denounced by their own press. The Rev. Mr. Liddell writes,\*—"But though he (the individual) be free to make application to the priest as occasion prompts him, the moral influence of the priest will have its due weight in the matter; and if he have reason to think that the penitent is morbidly exercising the right of coming to confession, so that it is in danger of becoming a snare and a hindrance, rather than a help to spiritual progress, then I conceive it would be the priest's duty to point out the mischief of such a course, and by affectionate remonstrance, to bring the applicant's mind to a more healthy tone, and a stronger sense of personal responsibility." From this admission of one of the standard bearers of the confessional we have positive evidence of the evil and of the uncertainty of the remedy. Mr. Gresley continues (p. 136),—"In the case of those who come frequently to confession, even with a contrite spirit, there is danger of their learning to lean too much on the confessor, instead of acting by God's grace for themselves. . . . There are persons, females especially, who have brought themselves so entirely to yield their conscience to the guidance of others, that they have no will nor choice of their own; and it is clear, that if such persons fell into the hands of designing priests, they might be made the tools of much iniquity." If frequency of confession deprives a person of his will, where is the morality of his actions for which the liberty of the individual is required? And if the revival of confession, even at its commencement, has already produced such fruit as the morbid desire of frequenting it, and the disposition "to lean too much on the confessor," who can desire its universal introduction and establishment, which implies the destruction

---

\* A Letter to the Lord Bishop of London: London, 1858, p. 24.

of freedom of will, and consequently of the morality of actions? Finally, if by the loss of their freedom of will, penitents "might be made the tools of much iniquity," who can defend this subversive "ordinance," without renouncing all hope of public morality? If "priests are frail and erring like other men, liable to human passions, to private prejudice, to political rancour," as we are assured by the same authority (p. 136), it must be an advantage to public morality to destroy their confessional, in order that Christians may be moral, "acting by God's grace for themselves." As true as thistles can never produce figs, nor the stag a dove, nor a wasp honey, so true is it that the confessional will never produce morality.

If, in order to measure the immorality of the English nation without the confessional, we turn our eyes to the morality of papistic Europe, shall we be obliged to join in the chorus of deceivers and deceived, and pretend that to oppose confession, is to promote and insure the immorality of the masses? Let us see.

Without venturing to expose the reader to the tainted atmosphere of Spain, Brazil, and Mexico, where the confessors themselves, and especially those of the cloister, afford the most striking instances of public immorality, we will confine ourselves to a brief visit to the three capitals most prominent in papacy at the present time: Paris, Vienna, and Rome. In these localities is the morality of the people in advance of that of London? Is it not true that by means of the gendarmerie alone, even the laws of the Church can be enforced? What then is to be said of those of God? How enormous is the disproportion between the habitual perjury, and the continual blasphemy, of these populations with the confessional, and the reverence for God's name professed by the majority in England without the confessional. Take the observation of the Lord's-day, not as invented by Pharisees, but as dictated by Christian sense, for it is the most exact measure of the absolute morality of a people. What is the Sunday at Paris, at Vienna, and Rome? The day, *par excellence*, of dissipation, theatres, balls, military parade, illuminations, fireworks, horseracing, bull-baiting, and popular feasting and gluttony. The desecration is absolute and complete. Will the patrons of the confessional call it morality, because England has up to this time been wanting in this diabolical train? The Christian economist who would arrive at an exact knowledge of the social morality of a people, almost always takes as his basis the condition of the people as marked by the illegitimacy

that prevails among them. In London without the confessional, illegitimate births are 6 per cent., at Paris with the confessional, 13 per cent., at Vienna with the confessional, 18 per cent., at Rome with the confessional, from 20 to 23 per cent. Measured by this standard, must we not thank God for the supposed immorality of the English people? Who, but the Tractarians, will not prefer to be thus immoral in England without the confessional, rather than share the morality of Paris, Vienna, and Rome with their confessional?

It is useless to seek to negative this objection by having recourse to the subterfuge of the Rev. Mr. Gresley (pp. 135, 136),—"In foreign churches where confession is compulsory and periodical, there is danger of formality, and so there must be in cases where any person voluntarily uses periodical confession. . . . The avowals of foreign writers on this subject, afford convincing evidence that where confession is periodical and compulsory, persons will too frequently come as a matter of course, and without due contrition, and confess their sins, without forming any decided resolution of forsaking them." Now, even if we admit this excuse, it does not exclude the evil resulting from confession that it becomes a formality, and is the origin of hypocrisy and immorality, even where it is voluntary. Such, however, is not the case, and if the Tractarians feign to ignore it, it is our duty to exhibit their deception in this studied reservation. That this periodical compulsion existed in times gone by in obedience to the Lateran Council, is an indubitable fact, and at the same time an additional reason for opposition to the revival of this inquisitorial "ordinance;" since from the revival to the habit it is only a step, and from the habit to compulsion, only half a step. But at the moment we are writing this, compulsion is less than nominal. The Romish Church even in Rome, makes no inquiry of those who approach the Eucharistic table during Easter for their tickets of confession. Many who approach the table of the Lord from mere formality, have never confessed in their lives. Direct and normal expulsion then exists only on paper, all but forgotten in the archives of the Vatican. Confession is open for those who voluntarily frequent it, but notwithstanding that its use is voluntary, we have seen above the results it produces. It can, therefore, be nothing but Tractarian malice to insinuate that the morality of the people depends entirely upon confession.

Nor will the objection stand that the immorality of popish

countries proves nothing but that confession is not frequented. When the majority are immoral, the immorality becomes national: for, it cannot logically be concluded that a nation dies of thirst from the abundance of water. Although it is true, that educated and right thinking men avoid the confessional altogether, yet they are the minority in popish countries, while the majority frequent it only too much, and are immoral notwithstanding. Speaking in general terms, the characteristic of the English nation is morality, but the English nation has not the confessional, therefore the English nation is moral, because it has not adopted this fatal "ordinance." On the opposite side the papistic Continent is, generally speaking, immoral; but it has the confessional, therefore it may, at least, be said, that the confessional does not prevent immorality. Even without here forming one of the cases *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, the wise man must legitimately infer that the confessional is the true cause of this general immorality, since that the ease of obtaining absolution facilitates the commission of sin, is practically proved by the state of the Continent, where those cities whose confessional is most frequented are the most immoral. Such is the true nature of this sacrilegious "ordinance." It is, moreover, a Christian axiom, that to substitute the easy formalism of the confession for evangelical holiness of life and real heartfelt contrition, is to open the door to every disorder, and, therefore, confession constitutes *per se* the complex immorality of a nation. English Protestantism, then, has reason to thank and praise God for the resistance it has hitherto been enabled to offer to this species of mechanical hypocrisy, and ought now to strain every nerve to prevent the introduction of an "ordinance" which, on pretence of moralizing the nation, has in view its conversion into a Pandemonium of vice for the increase of—

*The Influence of the Clergy*, which is the true object of this charlatan asceticism. It may be regarded as certain that the abstract pretext of a revival of catholicism, and the concrete pretext of a revival of morality, are merely the vestment and cloak which hide a species of spiritual and moral deformity. All the noise of pulpits, journals, and tracts,—all the paraphernalia of protestations, threats, and controversy,—all this storm of morbid consciences, and penitential *œsophagi*, resolve themselves into establishing the influence of the clergy upon a larger scale and more homogeneous basis. It is useless to attempt to defend the Tractarians from this charge, when they themselves openly confess it. Thus, Mr. Liddell (p. 28),—"And if the ties of confidence between a priest and his people

be here and there more than usually strengthened . . . is the system of these acts to be deemed a danger and a cause of scandal?" Again (p. 25),—"They who are most experienced in the guidance of souls, can tell us best how great help this kind of intercourse with their pastor is to those who are earnestly seeking repentance, and proportionable to that benefit is the sin of those who, from ignorance, party spirit, or prejudice, or love of notoriety, would debar penitent sinners from seeking a help which may be the turning point of their salvation, as I verily believe it is in multitudes of cases." Here, as every one sees, the reverend crusader not only defends the influence of his caste, but attacks all who dare to oppose it, and appropriates to them the names, and sin, of which the heretics of the confessional only are guilty. Mr. Gresley, as he is wont, declares himself still more explicitly. He states the objection and answers it like a wily papist controversialist; that is, by a *reductio ad absurdum*:—"Others have objected that by means of confession, priests have obtained great influence. This is at the bottom of the jealousy which exists in the country. Englishmen do not like to submit their judgment to that of another, at least in religious matters . . . Men cry out that confession gives an undue influence to the priest . . . why does not a man like to be on terms of confidence with his priest? because spiritual matters have not the same reality in his eyes as things temporal" (p. 41—42). After this stupid assertion, he proceeds absolutely to establish his point,—“It were much to be desired that parishioners resorted more to their pastor to open their griefs and avail themselves of his counsel” (p. 137). Finally, he again renews his attack,—“To me it appears the most unchristian and unholy thing imaginable to discourage the access of penitents to their parochial pastors, or others in whom they may have confidence. I venture to say, that there is nothing a good pastor so intensely longs for as those opportunities of confidential communication with the penitent souls which seek for pardon and peace.”

Then the question is reduced to the most simple terms. Is this sort of influence of the clergy over the laity,—this extra, this ultra, accumulation of influence desirable? The answer, both of families and society, is absolute and peremptory,—No. Let the clergy retain and enjoy the legitimate influence they possess in connexion with their different offices, without seeking to increase it beyond due proportions and temperate bounds by means of the confessional. Let them not forget the old axiom, that he who wishes for everything gets

nothing, and be persuaded, that by seeking the unhallowed influence of the confessional, they will lose that of the pulpit and the presbytery, since such is the very nature of things. Our examination now proves, that while the influence of the confessional is unnecessary on the one hand, it is directly prejudicial to the laity on the other, and, lastly, pernicious to the Church itself, and its ministry.

The influence of the clergy is beneficial to the family and to society when it is natural, and not usurped. It is natural only when limited to the exercise of the ministry as traced in the Gospel; it is usurped, when it assumes, as part of its ministry, that which is only the impositions of Councils, the obtrusive measures of fanatics, or the encroachments of canonical law. On this ground, we would refuse to the clergy the influence of the confessional. It is a clerical invention for multiplying their influence a hundredfold, and cannot fail to be pernicious. In fact, it assumes the nature of imposition, obtrusion, and encroachment all in one; how, then, can it be called a beneficial, and, consequently, a desirable influence, except, indeed, by an apostate clergy who have renounced the things of Christ for those of Belial, or, at least, for those of their own caste? If it is objected that, without the confessional, the pastor has no opportunity of exercising his ministry over his flock, it may be fairly concluded that he either does not know his duty, or does not know how to perform it. There are a thousand modes in which a zealous minister can reach the hearts of his parishioners without the aid of the confessional. But when these means have been neglected, or the ministry has been entered upon without the fitness necessary to render them profitable, the clergy seek to supply the deficiency in their influence by the anti-Scriptural system of the confessional. To the acute observer it must appear that the cry raised in favour of the influence to be obtained by means of the confessional is, in reality, only one of the numerous paradoxes of the non-evangelical Churches.

The minister who preaches to the multitude, quietly introduces himself to prisons, workhouses, and manufactories, frequents the sick bed and the house of affliction, whose heart expands towards schools of every description, is one who may be useful to all, even to the unwilling, placed in his way by the natural order of things, or by accident. But to whom can the confessor be useful—we speak not of absolute, but only of reputed, utility—except to those who choose to confess? But these, as we have seen above, are precisely those who have the least need to avail themselves of this branch of his mi-

nistry, and with whom his influence is least desirable. The pretext, therefore, of his influence in converting sinners, is a true paradox, since open sinners hold the confessor at less than zero, and his confessional as more than an impertinence. It may be well here to repeat, that the less intercourse temperate and pious persons have with their pastors the better; their moral condition is such as to render them blind instruments in the hands of the clergy, and they may become most pernicious to the family and to society. The clergyman who appreciates his mission ought not to wait for sinners at the confessional, for he will never see them there, nor ought he to exert himself to make them frequent it; this is, in truth, egotism rather than zeal; but he should affectionately seek sinners wherever they are, and, making use of the words of Christ, admonish them to amend their lives without the shame of the confessional. The desire that sinners should go to the confessional arises, not from zeal for their salvation on the part of the confessor, but from the proud wish to exercise over them unlimited authority. Teetotallers present a parallel case. He who really has at heart the sobriety of the intemperate, does not wait for drunkards to frequent temperance meetings or read the journals of the League or the Association; that would be expecting too much; drunkards fly from such things as the Devil does from the Cross, or the Pope from the Bible. On the contrary, he seeks them in their public-houses and cellars, and talks to them of sobriety and abstinence, or, at least, he chooses the moment when their intoxication has passed off, to arouse them to the horrible reality of their misery, and persuade them to flee from it. When the intemperate have become catechumens of the League, then is the time for temperance books and meetings. Not that from this parallel any should arrive at the conclusion of the desirableness of the confessional after ministers have persuaded sinners to abandon their errors, for the confessional is far from offering the means of preventing relapse into sin; nor is it the place where one can learn not to fall again. The conclusion to which the parallel should lead is, that it is a duty of the clergy to persuade sinners to frequent the church, to listen to God's Word, and read the Bible, which is fitted to correct, instruct, and perfect "the man" who has begun to be "of God." In all this, where is the necessity for the confessional?

Regarding the question in its domestic, religious, and social aspect, it will appear most pernicious in practice to all who are not blinded by egotism, fanaticism, and false piety. The Tractarians demand greater influence than that naturally exer-



cised by a clergyman in the evangelical fulfilment of his ministry. It should be refused, because such increased influence must be dangerous to families. Where confession exists the confessors reign, and reign alone. The basis of society is woman, in consequence of the various and lofty ministrations she is called upon to exercise in it; when once she is habituated to confession, she becomes the slave of the confessor, who exercises absolute influence over her. The result is, the total loss to brothers, husbands, and fathers of that sweet sympathy and obedience which, with her maidenly beauty, form the ornament, the peace, and the glory of families. Out of a thousand cases, nine hundred and ninety-nine attest this terrible truth. Sisters, wives, and daughters become accustomed to receive the confessor as their oracle, and maintain his authority even at the sacrifice of domestic duty. It is useless to say that things will never reach such an extreme in England. If it has happened on the continent of Europe, and in the New World, in time the effect will be same in this island. Was it not the case when England was papist? Is it not the case at the present day in Ireland? With the introduction of the confessional, then, who can save English families from falling into the wretched abyss of clerical influence? The confessor, of necessity, exercises this influence over his penitents, nor can it be otherwise. But this is not the legitimate influence which the laity like to see exercised by the clergy; it is the perversion of authority, the usurpation of the rights of others, the perfect negation of domestic order as constituted by God and confirmed by the Gospel; consequently, a pernicious influence. Let it be understood that the domestic life of that family is vitiated, where the priest reigns instead of the husband or father. When this is the case society can no longer retain its normal state; the fountain being troubled, the springs must necessarily be turbid, and thus we have the clerical influence doubly pernicious. The influence claimed, then, by the Tractarians, is a sacrilegious attack upon the domestic sanctuary, and should, therefore, be repulsed without the smallest compromise. It is the duty of husbands and fathers, more especially, to watch against this fatal intrusion of Romanism, and combat it with all their might, if they would maintain their standing in their families. The domestic relations in England have obtained a state of consistency and perfection during the past three centuries of Protestantism, which is the wonder and envy of all Europe, and commands the respect even of writers the most hostile to English politics and religion. Let Englishmen judge, then, if it is to their

interest to renounce these benefits, and lose, at a blow, both their happiness and the admiration of others, and that to gratify a pharisaical horde, who seek to augment their influence at the expense of families, and by the sacrifice of the dearest and most sacred ties of society.

Nor does the pretext carry much more weight, that from such influence will result great advantage to the cause of the Church and of religion. The cause of a Church is not advocated at the confessional, but from the pulpit, in the catechistic classes, in the Sunday schools, and in similar other ways. As to religion, it has no need of the whispers of the confessional, but simply of the study of the Gospel. The confessional, in general, does not make Christians, but hypocrites or bigots. It is a fact, attested by popular proverbs, that where there are the most confessors the people have the least faith. Nor is it to be wondered at. When form is substituted for spirit, external ceremony for the inclination of the will, the artificial must take the place of the real, and the mechanism of the lips must prevail instead of the expansion of the heart. The confessional is the very antipodes of all pure, spiritual, and evangelical religion. The examples adduced of sinners turned to exemplary penitence by means of the confessional are chiefly fabulous. The conversions effected by Christ and the Apostles were never by means of the confessional. Those, over whom the reading and preaching of the Gospel have no power when accompanied by the special influence of grace and fitting illustrations, will never be converted by the formalism of the confessional, so as to render a good testimony of their conversion, free from the suspected tinge of deception, fanaticism, and hypocrisy. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead" (Luke xvi. 31).

Let not any be alarmed at the rodomontade of the Tractarians, who, in order to avert the catastrophe which threatens them, hold those responsible for immorality and irreligion—inevitable where there is no confessional—who oppose the introduction of this practice so destructive to the purity of Christian churches. Simpletons! Your anathemas are like the feeble lightning of the fleeting cloud, which just emits a spark of pallid light, but can produce no thunder. We ask you, who reproach us with hindering the growth of religion among the people by our anti-confessionalism, what is the religion which ye yourselves desire by such means to promote? Is it that of Christ? Nay; that religion absolutely refuses the aid of your confessional, because it is unscriptural. Your own, then? your

religion is not that of the Gospel, it is that of the Council of Trent, and your creed is not that of the Apostles, but the creed of Pius IV. Traitors, then, are ye; iniquitous your confessional; and pernicious your influence.

The confessional is the most infallible means in the hands of Rome, of propagating and maintaining her errors; in the hands of the Tractarians it will be found the instrument best adapted for Romanizing England. The Tractarians are Papists in disguise, and ask to exercise their influence in the confessional only to have at their disposal a secure method of perverting the incautious who frequent it. The confessional is inconsistent with the Reformation, and is in itself a papistic attempt, consequently those who avail themselves of it perform, by implication, an act of adhesion to Rome. But this is the least part of the business. The Tractarians have no hesitation in publishing their doctrines from their pulpits, in their journals, and tracts; who, then, could expect them to show more moderation in the confessional? The serpent lies hidden beneath the foliage of elaborate pretexts, patiently awaiting the moment to bite and envenom its victims. Pulpits, journals, and tracts are exposed to opposition, controversy, and refutation. It is necessary, then, to find a way equally or more efficacious for the propagation of heresy, and at the same time safe from discussion and contradiction. The confessional is the very thing. In the abyss of its mysteries the confessor can gradually prepare the apostasy of his penitents without opposition. The apostasy of Churchmen is the only object of the Tractarian leaders, and, therefore, in their plan the confessional is the best rhetoric and the surest road for securing their object. Concede to them the influence they seek, and in a few years their confessional will have brought more apostates to Rome than the missions of the Propaganda during three centuries. Woe to those who suffer themselves to be deceived! Woe to those who refuse to believe the Tractarians capable of making use of their confessional for the purpose of Romanizing England! Woe to those who will not believe Churchmen, who frequent one of the most fatal institutions of the Roman apostasy, to be susceptible of receiving all the doctrines of that apostasy! Woe to those who do not believe the confessional to be adapted to inculcate and insure the largest amount of apostasy! The realization of this prophecy will arrive too late to undeceive them. The persistence of the Tractarians in seeking to obtain this influence is the best proof of its importance. What may be its result? Are Newman, Wilberforce, Manning, &c., who were once Tractarians,

Churchmen at the present day? No, they are Papists. Their companions in heresy can have no other object for themselves, and their efforts can only be directed to the Romanizing of England. They ask, *per fas et nefas*, to be left to their own discretion in the exercise of the confessional, while it is the great means adopted by them to Romanize England. Romanizing is the most terrible calamity which can happen to England; this calamity would be the necessary result of the influence exercised by the Tractarians in their confessional; the influence, then, that they ask is most pernicious to religion, and hence most prejudicial to England.

Nor would the influence thus exercised by the clergy be less baneful to society. Some pseudo-economists, astonished at the influence exercised by the clerical body over the vulgar and illiterate in papist countries, regard their interference as a social providence, and earnestly wish that this *desideratum* may be attained in Protestant England; thus do they speak without thought, and write without reason. It is certainly a fact—taking for instance only the Irish papists,—that if ever a mob is raised, and proceeds to riotous acts, when the intervention of the police and the magistracy is of no effect, the mere appearance of the priest is sufficient, not only to quell the disturbance, but to disperse the people and send them back cowed to their abodes. Is this a providence? a blessing? a happiness? Is it not rather a social perversion and a calamity? In such cases we see the priest usurp the place of government, and this must always be fatal; fatal, because it shows that in past times the government has neglected its duties, and failed to make the people feel its direct influence; fatal, because it proves that at present the government forgets itself, and confides both its moral and physical force to the hands of a priest. Two consequences inevitably result from such cowardice:—1st. The increase of the influence of the priest individually, and of the authority of his Church collectively. 2nd. The diminution of its own influence and authority in the estimation of the mob. When a government has need of the priest to make its laws respected, it is but a weak government in the minds of its own people, and but half a government in the opinion of all. If there is cause for wonder, therefore, in connexion with this priestly influence, it is at the supineness and cowardice of the government which has created it, and the audacity of the ecclesiastics who make such good use of it. A government which respects itself, has no need of priests for “the things which belong unto Cæsar.”

It may be here observed, that the priest who to-day uses

his influence to suppress a mob, may exercise it to-morrow in exciting one. Do not domestic examples prove that such cases are of no rare occurrence? Now, if the government was unable to suppress the mob raised independently of the priest, and required the interference of the priest to do so, will it be able, without the priest, to suppress the mob raised by the influence of the priest? An influence, which, even well employed, is a governmental calamity, and which may so easily be turned to abuse against the government,—must it not be called pernicious to society? But whence does the papist clergy derive this inferred influence? From the pulpit, or the altar? The influence of the pulpit in papist countries is not greater, and, in many cases certainly less, than that exercised by the Protestant clergy where it is faithful to its preaching. With regard to the influence which the priest derives from the altar, it is never superior to that exercised over the people by a singer or ballet-dancer of genius, who practises his profession on the stage *con amore*. In what, then, consists the secret of his influence? In the confessional. Pulpit and altar, without confessional, would be at zero. Here the priest is absolute master of his people, and by means of this mysterious tribunal, he acquires over them unlimited control. Give the Tractarians the confessional, and the government will have armed them with its own sword,—the sword which it has received from God for the maintenance of order and legality,—and armed them for its own destruction. Let close attention be paid to this simple reasoning. The object of the Tractarians is the Romanization of England; Romanism is the antagonism, the negation, of all religious and civil liberty; the object, then, of the Tractarians, is, virtually, to transplant the despotism of the Continent to this island. The best method of Romanizing a country is the confessional. The confessional, then, is a weapon brandished against free governments, either to assassinate them at a blow, or to exhaust their blood by slight and repeated punctures, and kill them by slow degrees. Of this we have a practical example in the Austrian Concordat. The influence of a jesuitical confessional has at once exterminated the liberties granted by Joseph and Leopold, which were thought to be consolidated by more than sixty years' happy results. Nothing is impossible to Rome, if she may but exercise her influence by means of the confessional. Therefore it is pernicious. We beseech of every man to deny the Tractarians the extra influence they demand through the confessional, not only because it is unscriptural, but because it is un-English; and un-English, be-

cause pernicious. Believe not that they ask it for the real advantage of souls, but alone for the benefit of their authority and caste. To convince even the most inculpous, we will cite a passage by the Rev. Mr. Gresley (p. 138), in every respect worthy of a place in Cicero's oration *pro domo sua* :— "The very idea of confession is irritating to worldly men. Conceive the man of the world, the statesman, the man of business, the man of fashion and pleasure, the man of society—such as are nine-tenths of the world; conceive such men on their knees, in the presence of a priest, recounting the sins of a whole lifetime, the years spent in frivolity, or covetousness, or ambition,—how incongruous is the notion!" Yes, my dear sir, the notion is very incongruous, and worthy of your brain, which is incongruous in all except the ambition of sect and egotism of caste. In the first place, dear sir, you err, not to say fib, when you group with "the man of the world and pleasure, the statesman, the man of business, the man of society." When their avocations are honestly carried on, they are as holy as those of a clergyman, and certainly more holy than yours, which are those of heresy. Secondly, learn, my dear sir, that it is reasonable they should all feel disgust, or rather horror, at kneeling before a priest to recount to him their sins, if sins they have. Sins are to be discovered to God only, who alone can absolve them. To kneel in the presence of a priest is nothing more than an act of vile servility and abominable idolatry, condemned by human nature, and anathematized throughout the New Testament. We do not find the publican who confessed his sins to God in the temple on his knees; and if God granted him absolution notwithstanding, it can be, in your case, nothing but the frenzy of immoderate pride to pretend that men shall kneel in your presence. Pray what are ye, self-styled confessors, but men like others, and frequently worse than the penitents you force to confess to you? And do you presume to command others to kneel before you? Sons of Belial, you would force Christians to what your father attempted with Christ himself! But men who have not yet ceased to reason, men who have not yet lost all sense of personal dignity, men who have not yet learned to become beasts of burden to the priests, men who feel themselves to be creatures of God, will not kneel before you, creatures like themselves, to gratify your vanity. The time of the Henrys at the feet of the Gregorys, or of the Johns at those of the Pandolfes, is, fortunately, too long past for you to renew it in the midst of the more robust part of English society. This portion must, however,

see and defend the weak and incautious against the depredations planned by the heresiarchs as appertaining to their right. We thank them for having placed the question in its true aspect in the few lines we have quoted. They look to the confessional as the most efficacious machine for dishumanizing man, that they may thus exercise their influence upon the corse of society.

This rapid review of the subject will enable English Protestants to decide if it be desirable for their moral and civil prosperity to admit the confessional, with all the extra influence to be derived from it, into their families and society. Let them reflect that the cause of peace and honour is here at stake, their female relations being interested in it. It should be clearly understood, that it is women in particular who are destined to be the victims of the confessional. Rome and Oxford know that upon the perversion of women depends the perversion of Protestantism, and hence their efforts are chiefly directed to feminine apostasy. At the same time, the women, as less distracted by business, with greater calmness and quietude of mind than men, with habits wholly domestic, and inclinations naturally pious and religious, are much more exposed to become the prey of the confessors. Under the pretext of guiding their spirits, and directing them to piety, they will be attracted by their confessors, who, having once attained this point, will speedily convert them into vessels of apostasy to employ them as instruments in the progressive apostasy of their families. Those, therefore, who demand the confessional, or support those who do, are the enemies of English women; on the contrary, those who oppose an undaunted front to this fatal intrusion are the advocates of English women and the defenders of their honour, peace, and religion against the snares prepared for them by traitors in the confessional. Thoughtless Protestants, who see nothing beyond their atheism, may rest indifferent to the idea that their women frequent Tractarian confessionals; but sincere Protestants, who love the Gospel and their country, will seek to prevent this deviation of their relatives from the straight path traced by the glorious Reformation, and will with one accord form a compact phalanx to repulse the papistic invasion which threatens equally their domestic quiet, and their national prosperity. Whilst rejoicing in the almost universal revolt, which the attempted restoration of the confessional has stirred up, we cannot refrain from particularly noticing the St. James's Hall demonstration. It mainly originated, we observe, in the thoroughly Protestant spirit of one who had previously signalized himself in oppo-

sition to the Puseyite practices of Mr. Liddell at St. Barnabas. We fear that hitherto Mr. Westerton has gained little but renown and the approval of his conscience, by the determined and active resistance which he has given to these popish aggressions. Nevertheless, we doubt not, that actuated by the same spirit he will persevere in his efforts; and we can assure him that such services as he has rendered will not fail, in the right time and way, to be appreciated by his countrymen.

Ancient Rome sewed parricides up in a leathern sack in company with a dog, a cock, and a serpent, and threw them into the sea, that the earth might not be contaminated by giving them sepulture. We will be more merciful with the matricides of the English Church, and merely tell them, if the opposition with which their most pernicious confessional is met disgusts them with their native land, they may go to Rome, the Rome of Pius IX., where they can confess and be confessed, as they please, without let or hinderance. We shall thank God for their departure, for the fewer traitors and false brethren we have among us the better for all parties. We wish them a safe journey to the Vatican, and only pray that they may never find their way back to defile English Protestantism with their vile scheme of the confessional.

ART. VIII.—*The Tractarian Confessional.*—*Lecture on Confession.*\*—By the REV. CANON STOWELL. Manchester: Bremmer.

## PART II.

At ordination, authority is given to minister in the congregation; and prayer is offered, that God will shed His blessing upon the person ordained, that the Holy Ghost may endue him with such grace and power, as may be requisite to enable him to perform the duties of the office to the glory of God, to

\* In the preceding Article we stated our indisposition to advert therein to the view of the question presented in the Book of Common Prayer, according to the interpretation of the Evangelical party in the Church. But it is important, for various reasons, that such view and interpretation should be made public, and this we choose to do in the words of a lay member of that Church, the author of the following Article, than whom no one is more devoted to her welfare, as testified to in the most disinterested and unceasing efforts of a long life. His Scriptural statements are admirable, but we cannot avoid reiterating our opinion, that to the language of the Prayer Book is to be ascribed not a little of the evils with which in the Confessional, and other matters, the Church is threatened.



the edification of the people, and the salvation of souls through and by the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ.

In the beginning of the Christian dispensation, God promised that He would be with His servants, confirming their words by signs following:—those signs were the act of God, issuing immediately from Him, not passing through the Apostles, but confirming the word which they had spoken.—The Apostles did not trust to any innate power, to any power as vested in themselves; they prayed to God that He would, by the promised exhibition of His power, confirm their word, and, so doing, prove to the people that they were acting in obedience to His command.

The authority to appoint men to minister in the congregation exists in every branch of the Christian community, the ceremony may differ, but the object is the same; the ceremony in the Reformed Church of this realm has been arranged after the Apostolic model,—prayer, and laying on of hands.—Let us be content to act as the Apostles acted, and to be satisfied with what they taught and did. If we are prayerful and faithful, God will convey such tokens of His approbation as to Him shall seem good. All grace is from Him; it does not even flow through a human agent, but it frequently sanctions and blesses what they do, if done in the true spirit of the Gospel.

The overseers of the Church in whom is vested the authority to ordain ministers, have also authority to interfere and to suspend his ministration in the congregation, if the person ordained be unfaithful in the performance of the trust reposed in him, either in respect of the doctrine he may teach, the ceremonies and practices which he may observe in celebrating public divine worship, or in respect of the example he may set by his personal character and conduct; it is a duty incumbent on them to be overseers, to watch over, to rule, the household, that the flock be not worried and vexed, nor yet led into unwholesome pasture.

Mr. Liddell, and others of the party to which he belongs, are labouring in error; they think power is vested in them, and, therefore, assume authority to act judicially instead of ministerially; to act as the priest of the altar, instead of ministering at the table of the Lord; to pretend to dispense blessings instead of praying that blessing may attend their honest labours.

Whereas, all power is in God, all blessings flow from Him. He has said He will be with His servants, confirming their words by signs following: therefore we may not doubt bless-

ings will be shed upon those who faithfully and zealously perform their duties in their Lord's vineyard. If the evidence of His approval be no longer made manifest by the display of visible signs, an approving confirmation of their labours will be apparent in the beneficial working of the Word of God spoken by them.

It were, perhaps, difficult to give a better exposition of the duties of a minister, than that which is set forth in the ordinal, or offices for the ordering and consecration of the deacons, priests and bishops of the Church, as set forth with authority in the Book of Common Prayer.

In the office for ordering of deacons, we may read the following questions, which are addressed by the bishop to the candidates:—

“Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon you this office and ministration, to serve God for his glory, and the edifying of his people?”

“Do you think you are truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the due order of this realm, to the ministry of the Church?”

“Do you unfeignedly believe all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament?”

“Will you diligently read the same unto the people assembled in the church where you shall be appointed to serve?”

These questions having been severally answered in the affirmative by each candidate, the bishop sets forth the duties of the deacon, namely: to assist the priest in divine service; to instruct the youth in the catechism; in the absence of the priest, to baptize infants; and to preach, if he be admitted by the bishop to do so; he is further to search for the sick, poor, and impotent, of the parish, to intimate their estates, names, and places where they dwell, unto the curate, that by his exhortation they may be relieved with the alms of the parishoners or others.

The candidates are then strictly questioned whether they will so frame and fashion their own lives, &c., according to the doctrine of Christ, as to be wholesome examples to the flock of Christ; and whether they will reverently obey their ordinary and other chief ministers of the Church.

These questions having been satisfactorily answered, authority is given to the candidates to execute the office of deacon in the Church in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; to read the Gospel in the Church of Christ, and to preach the same if licensed thereunto by the bishop.

After the communion, before the benediction is pronounced,

prayer is offered to Almighty God, that He will make them (the newly-appointed deacons) modest, humble, and constant in their ministration; to have a ready will to observe all spiritual discipline, that having always the testimony of a good conscience, and continuing stable and strong in Jesus Christ, they may so well behave themselves in this inferior office, that they may be found worthy to be called into the higher ministries in Christ's Church.

The service concludes with the blessing.

We will now turn to the office for ordering priests.

After the introductory matter, the following collect is read:—

"Almighty God, giver of all good things, who, by thy Holy Spirit, hast appointed divers orders of ministers in the Church, mercifully behold these thy servants now called to the office of priesthood, and replenish them so with the truth of thy doctrine, and adorn them with innocency of life, that both by word and good example they may faithfully serve thee in this office to the glory of thy name, and the edification of thy Church," &c.

Then are read the portions of Scripture appointed for this Epistle and Gospel: for the former, Eph. iv. 7; for the latter, Matt. ix. 36, or John x. 1.

The bishop, addressing the candidates, then directs their attention to the dignity and great importance of the office unto which they are called, and exhorts them to have in remembrance, that "they are messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord; to teach and premonish, to feed and provide for the Lord's family; to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ for ever."

The candidates are then exhorted to a faithful discharge of the duties of the office, and warned of the danger should any hurt or hinderance arise from their negligence: the bishop adds:—"Howbeit, ye cannot have a mind and will thereto of yourselves; for that will and ability is given of God alone; therefore ye ought, and have need, to pray earnestly for His Holy Spirit. And seeing that you cannot by any other means compass the doing of so mighty a work, pertaining to the salvation of man, but with doctrine and exhortation taken out of the Holy Scriptures, and with a life agreeable to the same," &c., the bishop earnestly exhorts them to an attentive and earnest perusal and study of the Scriptures; a hope is then expressed that they will do so, and that they will continually

pray to God the Father, by the mediation of our only Saviour Jesus Christ, for the heavenly assistance of the Holy Ghost, &c.

The bishop then puts to each candidate the following questions :—

“Do you think, in your heart, that you be truly called according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the order of this united Church of England and Ireland, to the order and ministry of priesthood?”

“Are you persuaded that the Holy Scriptures contain sufficiently all doctrine required of necessity for eternal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ; and are you determined, out of the said Scriptures, to instruct the people committed to your charge, and to teach nothing, as required of necessity to eternal salvation, but that which you shall be persuaded may be concluded and proved by the Scriptures?”

“Will you give your faithful diligence always so to minister the doctrines and sacraments, and the discipline of Christ, as the Lord hath commanded, and as this Church and realm hath received the same according to the commandments of God, so that you may teach the people committed to your care and charge with all diligence to observe the same?”

“Will you be ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God’s Word, and to use both public and private monitions and exhortations, as well to the sick as to the whole, within your cures as need shall require, and occasion shall be given?”

“Will you be diligent in prayers, in reading the Scriptures, in framing your personal conduct and example, in the endeavour to observe peace and quietness, and in obedience to superiors?”

All which questions having been answered in the affirmative, the bishop offers a prayer that Almighty God, who hath given them the will to do these things, will grant them strength and power to perform the same.

Such prayer is then made, and public hymns are repeated; and the bishop offers up a prayer for all, that they may be able so to work, that God’s name may be glorified, and His kingdom enlarged.

The bishop and priests present, then placing their hands upon the head of each about to be ordained, say,—“Receive ye the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands; whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God, and of His holy

sacraments, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

Authority is then given to minister the sacraments in the congregation.

After the communion, the bishop says,—“Most merciful Father, we beseech thee to send upon these thy servants thy heavenly blessings, that they may be clothed with righteousness, and that thy word spoken by their mouths, may have such success that they may never be spoken in vain,” &c.

The office concludes with the blessing.

The office for the consecration of bishops begins with the collect :—“Almighty God, who, by thy Son Jesus Christ, didst give to thy holy Apostles many excellent gifts, and didst charge them to feed thy flock, give grace, we beseech thee, to all bishops, the pastors of thy Church, that they may diligently preach thy word, and duly administer the godly discipline thereof: and grant to the people that they may obediently follow the same, that all may receive the crown of everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.”

In the Epistle (Acts xx. 20), will be found the expression of St. Paul :—“And how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews and to the Greeks, repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. . . . For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch.” The Gospel is from St. John xxi. 15: the well-known directions of our Saviour, to feed his sheep; or from St. John xx. 19: “The same day at evening,” &c., in which are the words, “and when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them;

and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Another Gospel is taken from Matt. xxviii. 18:—"Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The oath of obedience is then administered, an address is delivered to the people, and in the litany the following suffrage is introduced:—"That it may please thee to bless this our brother elected, and to send thy grace upon him, that he may duly execute the office whereunto he is called, to the edifying of the Church, to the honour, praise, and glory of thy name."

In the prayer which follows are these words:—"Mercifully behold this thy servant now called to the work and ministry of a bishop, and replenish him with the truth of thy doctrine, and adorn him with innocency of life, that both by word and deed he may faithfully serve thee in this office, to the glory of thy name, and the edifying and well-governing of thy Church. . . ."

The bishop elect is afterwards asked, if he is persuaded that the Holy Scriptures contain sufficiently all doctrine required of necessity for eternal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ? and if he is determined, out of the same Holy Scriptures, to instruct the people committed to his charge, and to teach or maintain nothing as required of necessity to eternal salvation, but that which he shall be persuaded may be concluded and proved by the same. . . . Whether he will call upon God, by prayer, for the true understanding of the same, so that he may be able to teach, &c. . . . whether he is ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's Word, and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to do the same . . . . . whether he will deny all worldly lusts, &c., and show himself an example of good works . . . . . whether he will maintain and set forward quietness, &c., and correct and punish the disobedient and criminous?" Having replied in the affirmative to all these questions, the archbishop offers up a prayer that God will grant him strength and power to perform the same. Then follow the hymn, and the prayer,—“Almighty God, and most merciful Father, who of thine infinite goodness, hast given thine own and dearly beloved Son, Jesus Christ, to be our Redeemer, and the author of everlasting life; who, after He had made perfect our redemption by his death, and was

ascended into heaven, poured down his gifts abundantly upon men, making some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors and doctors, to the edifying and making perfect thy Church, grant, we beseech thee, to this thy servant, such grace that he may evermore be ready to spread abroad thy Gospel, the glad tidings of reconciliation with thee, and use the authority given him, not to destruction, but to salvation; not to hurt, but to help; so that, as a wise and faithful servant giving to thy family their portion in due season, he may at last be received into everlasting joy, through Jesus Christ our Lord," &c.

Then the archbishop and bishops shall lay their hands upon the head of the elected bishop, and the archbishop shall say:—"Receive ye the Holy Ghost, for the office and work of a Bishop in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. And remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is given unto thee by this imposition of our hands, for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and love, and soberness."

The archbishop then delivers an exhortation to diligence, and careful conduct in his office, and then a prayer "that God will send down upon this thy servant, his heavenly blessing, and so endue him with his holy Spirit that he may be able in all respects duly to perform the duties of the office," &c. The office concludes with the usual benediction.

In the preceding sketch will be found a brief statement of the authority, duties, and privileges of a minister of the Church of Christ, at least of that branch of it which is established in this realm; and, as we find in Scripture authority for what he may do, and that nothing which he is required to do is inconsistent with the Word of God; so we may, in full confidence, trust that the Church so established in this realm is a true branch of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ. With other branches of that Church we do not interfere, for, however the love of Christian unity might invite, and the blessing of such unity might be desirable, or even desired, much of the difference which does prevail is not in itself of importance. The Church of Rome is, however, an exception. Assuming for herself the character of the most perfect, indeed the only true, Church, she is, nevertheless, the most faulty branch of the Christian Church; she has deviated further from the truth, and involved her people in the sin of heathen idolatry, to an extent which is fearfully alarming. We were forewarned by the Apostle that such error would prevail. Addressing the Galatians, he said,—“I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called

you into the grace of Christ unto another Gospel : which is not another ; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the Gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, if any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed" (Gal. i. 6—9).

Now, the sin of these Galatians, whatever it may have been, was trifling in comparison with the departure from the Gospel of which the Church of Rome has been and is guilty ; the fatal character of her teaching and practice was so glaring about the fifteenth century, that a large portion of Christendom withdrew from communion with her, and about the middle of the next following century the Church of Christ in this realm was reformed, and re-established upon the basis of the Gospel, upon those principles upon which it still exists.

As was to be expected, the Church of Rome was sorely vexed at our proceeding, and from that period to the present time she has never ceased in her endeavours to draw the country again into communion with, and under subjection to, the spiritual domination of the Papal See. With honeyed words of seeming sympathy, with delusive teaching that the true faith is in her keeping, that in her communion the aching heart, the wearied spirit, will find peace and rest, she would invite, with the assurance that the anxious mind will find unity and an infallible guide under her direction, she would coax us again to be at one with her. When these fail, then civil discord, rebellion, and treason are found valuable instruments, of which she does not hesitate to make use. This country is, apparently, about to pass through another ordeal ; the machinations of the adversary are discernible in every direction, and she is, at this time, powerfully assisted by a band of discontented men, who are living within the precincts of our Church, and professing to be members of our communion.

The letter of Mr. Liddell, which has called forth this essay, is one of those sophistic productions put forth to mislead the people, perverting the truth, and preaching a doctrine which is not the doctrine of the Gospel of Christ.

The questions more immediately under consideration are, the authority of the priest to require secret confession, to examine the individual making confession, and *judicially* to remit, or retain, sin in reference to a future state.

In his Letter to the Bishop of London (p. 17), Mr. Liddell says :—"I am not ambitious to argue with such persons as are willing to ascribe to God *alone* the power to remit sins."



Yet it may without offence be permitted to one so circumstanced to offer a few words in justification of the opinion which he does hold, although that opinion may not agree with that cumulative testimony of *the* Church, that is, the Church of Rome, to which Mr. Liddell gives such decided preference, as to the true meaning of Holy Scripture.

In doing so, the writer does not invite argument with one who has accepted what he calls the cumulative testimony of a Church whose decrees are so inconsistent with the true interpretation of the Word of God; he has not the vanity to suppose any observations which he may be able to make can avail to influence the man who, having studied the inspired writings, and been educated in those doctrines which the Reformed Church of this realm has adopted as the true interpretation of the Word of God, can have been tempted to forego the truth as therein set forth, and to accept and place confidence in the traditionary tales and cumulative opinions, the developed and still developing errors, of the Church of Rome. It were, probably, a useless labour for mortal man to attempt to reopen the eyes of such a one to the true precepts of the Gospel; the Spirit of God only can accomplish such a work; and sincerely does the writer of these remarks pray that that Spirit may be directed to enlighten the mind, not only of the honourable and reverend gentleman in question, but also of all others, who, under the delusive teaching of him who has ever shown himself to be the adversary of Christ, are not merely disturbing the communion to which they ostensibly and professedly belong, but are spreading a snare, which may eventually endanger the present, and even the future, welfare of themselves, and of others; namely, teaching men to repose upon an illusory pardon, and absolution, which of itself will certainly not avail them on the day of judgment.

That Mr. Liddell, and others who hold similar opinions, may be impressed with their truthfulness, is not the question; that individuals under a similar delusion may seek comfort in such proffered absolution is not unnatural. The question for consideration is, whether such pardon be not illusory, the mere fiction of a Church whose object and ambition has been, and is, to acquire temporal power by the subjection of the spirit of man? That such absolution is illusory, those who with prayer and with an unprejudiced mind shall study the written Word of God, will, nay, must, be convinced. The Church of Christ is founded upon that Word, or it has no foundation. The cumulative opinions of any assembly will

not satisfy the mind anxiously inquiring after truth. They must drink at the fountain head who would assuage their thirst; and the more especially, since it is known the stream which flows from it has been corrupted ere it had well quitted the source.

“For the most part, the growth of error is so slow and gradual, it comes forth from the truth with such minute degrees of exaggeration, with such severally small measures of deviation, that it is most difficult to fasten upon any one teacher, or even any one school, or age, the crime of its evil parentage; but God has suffered us to see the work done openly before our eyes, that we may fly, as from his judgments, from the evil worker. . . . Let us take caution, we have faults, evils, deficiencies, God knows, amongst ourselves; we feel them, perhaps groan under them, and would fain cast them out, or impatiently fly far from them; and she (the Church of Rome), veiling from us the grossness of her own evils, invites us with honeyed words of seeming sympathy to fly from them to her. But see in this one instance what is indeed the truth in all. See from the first where you must end, and remember that no preference for certain things in her communion can ever justify your accepting in any one the least particular what you know to be falsehood, as the truth of God. And yet this they must do who take her as their guide. They must come to bear with her triflings with truth, with her undervaluing of God’s Word, with her portentous system of priestcraft, whereby, first, the sacred and inalienable responsibility of conscience is invaded, and then its purity corrupted, and in many instances its very life extinguished; they must endure her substitution of another Mediator for the co-eternal Son, the virgin-born; they must receive her new-coined dogmas and her spurious articles of faith.”—Bishop Wilberforce on the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, p. 31, 32. 1856.

It has, therefore, been decided that the teaching of our Church shall, and the teaching of every Church should, be examined and proved by the Word of God in respect of doctrine, faith, and of such things as are essential to the salvation of the soul. In mere ceremonial each Church may arrange for itself; the nearer such ceremonial approaches the Apostolic practice, the less likely it is to lead the worshipper astray. But whatever may be the ceremonial, whatever may be the language in which her services are dressed, if they be not in conformity with the Divine Word, or cannot be explained

and approved by that Word, they are faulty, and should be corrected.

Among the duties pointed out for the observance of the minister, and the authorities conferred upon him at ordination, we look in vain for any admission of a requirement, that the sinner should confess his sins privately and in detail to the priest, or for any authority given to the latter, upon such confession being made, *judicially* to absolve the sinner from the penalties incurred by such sins, so as to place him in a state of reconciliation with God. Such authority is, however, assumed by the Church of Rome; and certain members of the Reformed Church of this country are inclined to think authority so to absolve the sinner is conferred upon the priest at ordination under the words,—“whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and, whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained;” that the corollary of such power is, that the priest must have authority, minutely and searchingly, to examine the penitent; and, that the penitent is under the necessity of making a full and unreserved confession of all and every sin, not only of commission and omission, but also of all and every vagrant thought,—the floating fancies of inexperienced youth, and the fleeting delusions which may have forced themselves upon the mind of the more experienced, when exposed amid the temptations which so abound in this naughty and sinful world.

The subject is deserving of serious consideration: I will endeavour to examine it, and, with the blessing of God, will hope so to explain the words referred to, those repeated in the Ordinal, as that the *exclusive* attribute of God shall not be called in question, and yet, that the minister of his Church may joyfully pursue his way, and exercise every authority which is essential and desirable for the full and due performance of the duties of the important and high office with which he is invested.

After the laying on of hands, by which act the office and work of a priest in the Church of God is committed to the applicant; and the *prayer* (for every concurrent testimony shows that it is a prayer), and the prayer, that he may receive the Holy Ghost has been said, the bishop gives authority to preach the Word of God, and to minister the holy sacrament in the congregation. The service concludes with a prayer that he (the newly appointed) may be clothed with righteousness, and that the Word of God, spoken by his mouth, may have such effect that it may never be spoken in vain.

The charges and exhortations in the office point out the

duties of the Christian ministerial office; namely, that those appointed to it are messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord, to teach and premonish, to feed and provide for the Lord's family; to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for his children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ for ever: they are to admit, by baptism, the young, and the adult, into the Church of Christ; they are to minister the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; they are to celebrate the other rites and ceremonies of the Church, and they may, upon his repentance, readmit to the blessing of communion with the faithful, him who had fallen from grace, and been an apostate from the Christian faith.

It will not escape the notice of the attentive reader of the Word of God, that neither St. Matthew, St. Mark, nor St. Luke, makes mention of the expression,—“whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained,” when recounting the last interview between the Saviour and his Apostles. St. Luke says,—“Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned” (vi. 37). And our Saviour said,—“He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved” (Mark xvi. 15, 16).

The words, “whose sins, &c.,” do not appear to have been repeated by the Apostles or disciples, when sending forth labourers into their Lord's vineyard.

They were not introduced into the Ordinal till about the eleventh century.

The descent of the Holy Ghost did not immediately follow the use of them, even when repeated by the Saviour upon the occasion alluded to.

From St. John's Gospel we learn, that, notwithstanding the words spoken by the Saviour,—“Receive ye the Holy Ghost,” &c., the Holy Spirit was not at that time conferred upon the Apostles; for our Saviour said afterwards,—“These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you; but the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you” (John xiv. 25, 26).—“But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me, and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning” (John xv. 26, 27). And we learn (Acts x. 1), that our Saviour commanded his disciples “that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the

promise of the Father, which ye have heard of me. . . . But ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. . . . But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and *ye shall be witnesses unto me*, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the utmost parts of the earth."

It is hence apparent, that the influence of the Blessed Spirit was to enable the Apostles, and their followers, to testify of Jesus, to bear witness of Him, by preaching salvation in his name, and spreading his Gospel in all parts of the world.

On the day of Pentecost the promise of the Saviour was fulfilled:—"the Apostles were all with one accord in one place, and suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting; and there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." And when it was noised abroad, the multitude were amazed, and some said the Apostles were filled with new wine—such was the astonishment created: but Peter, standing up with the eleven, addressed the multitude, and said, "these men are not drunken . . . but this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel," &c. (Acts ii.) Then when the people, pricked to the heart, inquired what they should do, "Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and *ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.*" Here is authority for saying that the gift of the Holy Ghost is not restricted to those who are ordained to the ministry; but that it is the gift of God to all who repent and are baptized. The prayer at ordination may be for a greater abundance of that Spirit, to enable those who are appointed to the arduous and important situation of ministers effectually to discharge the duties of the office. We learn from the same authority, that the Apostles forthwith commenced their ministrations, teaching the people, and preaching the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ, and exercising the powers conferred upon them by healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, casting out devils, &c., in the language of our Saviour, forgiving sins. Again, we read (Acts xix.), that when Paul was at Ephesus, and learned that certain disciples who had been baptized unto John's baptism, had not even heard of the Holy Ghost, Paul baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, "and when Paul laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost *came* on them, and they spake with tongues, and prophesied." In Acts iv. 24—31, may be read

that when the Apostle, threatened and persecuted, had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the Word with boldness.

This visible outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and display of the power conveyed by, it was essential to the spread of the Gospel during the earlier period of the Christian dispensation : how long it continued it were difficult to say, nor is it of importance to know : but although the miraculous powers which then evidenced its possession, be not at this time enjoyed, we may not doubt but the faithful servant of his heavenly Master is powerfully assisted by it in acquiring such knowledge as may be necessary to the performance of his duties, especially of such as pertain to the ministerial office. Nay, we have good reason to believe that upon all occasions, in answer to fervent prayer, such a portion of it is annexed to each and every one as is necessary to the due discharge of the duties which belong to their respective portions in this life.

It shall be my endeavour to show, that the claim to absolve the sinner, and so doing to anticipate the judgment of God, is an assumption, which, at whatever period it may have been set up by the Church, has no foundation in apostolic practice, nor yet in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

In the first place, it will be noted that the words, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins ye remit," &c., of which our Saviour, according to St. John's Gospel, made use when He sent forth his disciples, do not appear to have been repeated by them when they appointed others to labour in their Lord's vineyard. Upon the appointment of Matthias (Acts i.), the Apostles prayed that God would direct them in their choice of a successor to Judas, and the lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven.

Again, in Acts iv.,—when the Apostles were about to appoint deacons, it is said,—“And the saying pleased the whole multitude, and they chose Stephen, *a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost*, and Philip, and Prochorus, and Nicanor, and Timon, and Parmenas, and Nicholas, a proselyte of Antioch, whom they set before the Apostles, and when they had prayed they laid their hands on them.” The laying on of hands was the appointment of them to the office: the men presented to the Apostles are represented to have been men of good report and full of the Holy Ghost.

It is positively stated that the words, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whosoever sins ye remit," &c., were not introduced into the Ordinal of the Church before the eleventh century;

therefore, whatever authority the minister may have assumed during the first thousand years of the Christian dispensation, it was not assumed under the power of those words.

It is very questionable if any one but Christ would have presumed to repeat them, except as a prayer: and as a prayer they cannot be said to *confer* that virtue which is ascribed to them. It remained for the erring Church of Rome to place them in the Ordinal, and to pronounce them *ex cathedrâ*, instead of prayerfully.

In the eleventh century Rome was setting up a claim to spiritual and temporal authority, to privileges, and to powers, to which she had no right, but which the ignorance and superstition of the people, which she herself had encouraged, enabled her to assume and exercise. To assist her in her devices the power of priestcraft was enlisted in her service. The promise of eternal reward, the threats of eternal punishment, were powerful instruments in upholding her ambition, and in crushing any opposition which might arise against her overbearing rule.

But, to return,—If the priest has power to remit, he has also power to retain, sin; and, if he refuses to remit, he does, if his authority is judicial, virtually retain the sin: if the one be available in the great day of judgment, so must the other be. Look, then, at the consequences. On that great and solemn day, when every soul shall be judged according to that he has done in the flesh, God Himself will preside upon the seat of judgment, and our Blessed Saviour, as the Mediator, will be there interceding for the guilty soul, for every soul of man is steeped in guilt, pleading in its favour the sacrifice which He offered upon Calvary in atonement of the sin of man. Is that approaching soul guiltless, having been provided with the "*Ego te absolvo*" of the priest? If so, of what use the intercession of the Redeemer? If that soul be already condemned by the positive or implied act of the priest, the mediation of the Saviour will be of no avail. In either case, if the priest does possess the power to bind or loosen, as respects a future state, God, the supreme Judge of all, is deprived of that which we are taught is the especial prerogative of the Most High, and the Saviour is robbed of that saving grace which he purchased upon the cross—all power has been taken out of his hands—sentence has been already pronounced by a mere mortal, incapable of even discerning by the spirit the state of those on whose eternal destiny he has presumed to decide.

Has this view of the subject ever presented itself to those

most interested? it may possess features which have not been examined. It will, however, if we read Scripture aright, be found to be a true representation of a scene which will take place, and in which every soul will be required to appear. How will the case stand with the priest himself? not in reference to that which pertains to his own individual conduct, but to the account which he must render of his stewardship? Will he be prepared still to deny the power of absolution to belong to God *alone*? Will he be able to satisfy himself that the guilty soul has not been misled by the doctrine which he has taught, and by the precept which he has inculcated? That he has not delusively spoken peace when there was no peace, and so strengthened the sinner in his evil ways? Is he sure that, misled by circumstances, incapacitated by his limited intelligence, he may not have mistaken the case and pronounced an erroneous sentence? And will he, before that Great Judge, venture to plead ignorance as an excuse for the mal-ministration of a work in which he had no authority to interfere, which he was incompetent to discharge.

We are aware that the Church of Rome recognizes the authority of the priest *judicially* to absolve the penitent upon the performance of penance. Her dogma is, that penance will lead the sinner to glory; that at his particular judgment, he will stand before him who has already pardoned him in the confessional, and that at the great account every dark page of his former guilt will have been blotted out by his pardoning hand. But we are not reasoning with the Church of Rome. We know the dogmas of that Church and the doctrines of the Gospel of Jesus Christ are not at—one. We appeal to the member of our Church, the Bible Christian: we will appeal to the member of our Church whose mind has been disturbed by Puseyite teaching: nay, we will appeal to the enlightened member of the Church of Rome, even to the priest himself, if such doctrine can be reconciled with the inalienable supremacy of the Lord of Hosts, with the inextinguishable attributes of Him who offered the tremendous oblation of the cross for the sake of fallen man.

We are assured in Holy Writ, that, upon the great day of judgment, God will be the judge and the dispenser of judgments, that our blessed Saviour will be there to intercede, pleading in extenuation of the sin of man the atonement which He accomplished on the cross; we are directed, in the Word of God, to repent, to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that we shall be saved. Can we reconcile the teaching of the Gospel and the dogma of the Church of Rome? If not—if



they are antagonistic one to the other, which shall we believe? Shall we repose upon the cumulative testimony of *the Church*, and make God a liar, or shall we believe the Lord Jesus Christ, and eschew the false teaching of man?

There is, however, an interpretation of the words used in the Ordinal; an interpretation which the Apostles themselves ascribed to them—an interpretation which our Saviour himself gave to them, which is perfectly reconcilable with the prerogative of God, with the intercession of the Redeemer, and with the practice of the Apostles; and which, so far as it has pleased God to permit, may still be entertained.

When our Saviour removed temporal afflictions, He frequently made use of the expressions,—“Thy sins are forgiven,” “Thou art made whole,” “Go and sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto thee;” but it does not appear that He ever made use of the expression,—“I forgive thee,” or, “I absolve thee;” with one exception, that recorded in chap. vii. of St. Luke’s Gospel. I believe the gracious words,—“Thy sins are forgiven,” were always followed by the removal of some temporal calamity: upon that occasion there is no evidence that such was the case, but if the penitent were labouring under any acute mental suffering, any deep remorse for sin, no one will doubt the power of our Lord to speak peace to the wounded spirit, as fully as He could minister relief to the afflicted body.

To the woman taken in adultery our Saviour did not say,—“Thy sins are forgiven;” but having, by an appeal to the conscience of her accusers, relieved her from the penalty of the Mosaic law, He said,—“Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.” When suspended upon the cross, our blessed Saviour, addressing the penitent thief, said,—“This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.” He was well aware of the sincere repentance and faith of the offender, and foresaw the consequent pardon that would be granted; and, in answer to his appeal, He comforted him with the assurance,—“This day shalt thou be with me in paradise;” but He did not say,—“Thy sins are forgiven,” when, in the same situation, He looked upon them who had crucified Him; He raised his eyes to heaven, and said,—“Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.” He interceded with his heavenly Father for them: “Forgive them,” pity their ignorance, let thy blessed spirit open the eyes of their understanding, “they know not what they do.” He did not say,—“Thy sins are forgiven,” or, “I forgive thee;” but he prayed to his heavenly Father, that He would forgive them. When dispensing mercy, it is evident

that our Saviour prayed to his Father in heaven,—“Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me, and I know that thou hearest me always, but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me” (John xi. 41, 42).

That the interpretation which our Saviour placed upon the words,—“Thy sins are forgiven,” when used by Him, was,—Thou art made whole, will, I think, be admitted: when (Mark ii. 9, Luke v. 23) the Scribes and Pharisees exclaimed,—“Why does this man thus speak blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God only?” Our Saviour immediately replied,—“Whether is it easier to say, Thy sins are forgiven thee, or to say, Arise, take up thy bed and walk?” and, again,—“Behold thou art made whole, sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee” (John v. 14).

We have in Holy Writ many instances of the way in which our Saviour, whilst upon earth, was occupied in executing the merciful work which He had undertaken for the redemption of man. In John vi. 28—40, Mark i. 14, 15, 34—38, are recited a few of the many acts illustrative of that fact. Indeed, after our blessed Saviour commenced his ministry, He was ever engaged in instructing his disciples, in expounding the Scriptures, in teaching the people, often by parables, and in acts of benevolence and mercy, comforting the afflicted and healing the sick. In his sermon on the Mount He placed before his disciples the most sublime precepts of religion and of morality.

When our Saviour sent forth his disciples, having breathed upon them, and, according to St. John, repeated the words under consideration, He said,—“As my Father hath sent me, so send I you: Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel . . . say, the kingdom of heaven is at hand; heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; preach repentance and remission of sins in my name; testify of me, bear witness of me; go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world” (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20). And we learn, that those disciples did go forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the Word with signs following.

The Apostles were certainly endowed with very great power, with power which their successors in the ministry do not possess; they could cure diseases and inflict bodily

penalties, and they did exercise that power, so far as respects temporal mercy and temporal punishment, but they did not interfere with the future judgments of God. The acts of mercy and benevolence which they performed are too numerous to be repeated, but the incidents which attended one act are deserving particular notice; when Peter had healed the cripple at the beautiful gate of the Temple, and the astonished people were wondering at the miracle, Peter said,—“Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk? . . . and his name (the name of Jesus Christ) through *faith* in his name hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know: yea, *the faith which* is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all . . . Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the time of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord: and he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you: whom the heavens must receive until the times of restitution of all things” (Acts iii.). Again,—“And Peter said unto Æneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole, arise, and make thy bed” (Acts ix.). Observe with what care the Apostles spoke: Jesus Christ does this; faith in Jesus Christ made this man whole. There is no allusion to the power or authority being vested in the Apostles; no prominent—“I do this;” these incidents, however, testify that Christ was with them, confirming their labours by signs following.

In the case of Elymas the sorcerer (Acts xiii.), Paul said,—“And now, behold, *the hand of the Lord* is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season.” Again, in Acts v., in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, Peter did but hold up to the guilty parties the enormity of the crime they had committed, namely, that they had not lied unto men but unto God, and the judgment of God immediately fell upon them. In the case of Simon the Sorcerer, Peter did not offer pardon, but he recommended him *to pray to God*,—“If perhaps, the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee, for I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity” (Acts viii.).

In reference to the expression,—“Whatsoever thou shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven,” we have an important and appropriate illustration:—“And, if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church; but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publi-

can" (Matt. xviii),—that is, a stranger to your communion. Again,—“In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, to deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus” (1 Cor. v.). Our Saviour has himself explained the meaning of this expression,—delivering any one to Satan, in Luke xiii.,—“Ought not this woman, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond?”

All these instances bear evidence of the meaning which the Apostles ascribed to the words of our Saviour. The miraculous powers conferred upon the Apostles were soon withdrawn from the ministers of Christ's Church, but his faithful servants continued zealously to perform the duties of their office, and to exercise such authority as it pleased God to preserve to them: they were instant in season and out of season, preaching his Gospel—teaching salvation in the name of Jesus Christ, seeking the stray and lost sheep, and bringing them by baptism into the Christian fold; restoring such as had lapsed from the truth to the communion of the faithful; and ministering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and the other rites and ceremonies of the Christian Church.

The words in the Ordinal have especial reference to the office of the priesthood,—“Receive ye the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands.” In the charge of the bishop we have this description of it,—“And now again we exhort you, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you have in remembrance into how high a dignity, and to how weighty an office and charge, ye are called; that is to say—to be messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord; to teach and premonish, to feed and provide for the Lord's family; to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for his children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ.”

The duties of the Christian minister have ever been the same even when the words in question—“whose sins,” &c.—were not said over him at his appointment; they were placed in the Ordinal in the eleventh century by the Church of Rome, for the purpose of increasing her temporal power, through the influence of the priest.

In the preceding pages we have endeavoured to set forth the character of the office of minister in the Church of Christ, imperfectly, we are well aware; but we hope we have not misrepresented his duties, nor said anything which can meditate

against the dignity, authority, and powers which legally belong to it.

We will now turn to the Letter which the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell has addressed to the Bishop of London, in reference to the proceedings in the church of St. Barnabas, Knightsbridge.

The question under immediate consideration is the authority of the priest to receive secret confession, to subject the individual to a searching inquisitorial examination, and then *judicially* to pronounce absolution, the virtue of which absolution is understood to extend to a future state.

Mr. Liddell admits (p. 32), that a diversity of opinion in respect of the power conferred at ordination, does prevail among men who have been ordained to the ministry. If, however, the Holy Spirit, in the fulness of the Divine power, has been conferred at ordination, how can diversity of opinion as to the nature and extent of the authority given exist; surely that heavenly light, in its perfectness, would dispel doubt, remove error, and unite all under its influence in one opinion as to the duties, powers, and the authority, of the office to which they have been appointed. The acknowledgment of such variance is little short of an admission, that power by the Holy Spirit to the extent claimed has not been received. However prayer may have been made, whatever may be the assumption of the priest, yet the authority and power granted cannot be incompatible with the exclusive prerogative of God, although they may be fully sufficient for the performance of those duties which really do belong to the priesthood in the Church of Christ.

In p. 13 it is said,—“All blessing in the Church is but the virtue going out from him (Christ), whether it emanate, as now, through a living ministry, or as of old, through the hem of his garment.” Surely, Mr. Liddell would not imply that the benefits of Christ's passion *must* now flow through that living ministry, that such is the only channel of grace, or that the minister of Christ's Church is so replenished with grace that faith in the suppliant can call it forth. In the instance alluded to, the afflicted sufferer said,—“If I may but touch the hem of his garment I shall be whole.” Here was faith, a holy, living faith; she accomplished her aim, she touched that hem, and she was immediately made whole; her faith received the recompense which will ever attend such faith in the power and goodness of God. The omniscience of the Saviour immediately perceived that virtue had gone out of Him. He turned; He regarded her who had been made whole; He smiled, and said,—“Thy faith hath made thee whole.” Even

in this instance it was relief from a temporal affliction. Is the priest of the present day so replenished with grace and power that faith in the suppliant can call it forth? Is that which is necessary—faith in Christ, or faith in the power of the priest? Will virtue flow from him, or does he send it forth? Can he tell when it does so go forth? Can he discern the faith of the suppliant? Does he even know when he proffers absolution, when he proclaims peace with an offended God, that he to whom he proffers that boon is able, or even willing to accept it? Virtue flows from Christ direct to the penitent in answer to prayer. We read that the prayer of faith shall save the sick, but we do not find that either the prayer, or yet the answer to prayer, must of necessity pass through the visible Church, nor yet through a visible ministry. Relief is sought in faith, and it is granted in answer to faith.

How forcibly do these doctrines recall the story (Acts viii. 18) of him, who desirous of obtaining power would have purchased it with money. "Thy money perish with thee!" was the reply of the Apostle. Is it possible that any minister of our Church can at this time indulge the fancy that such power is conferred by the laying on of hands at ordination?

Mr. Liddell may talk of the *blasphemy* of repeating the words, "whose sins," &c., unless they are meant to convey, and do convey, authority to remit sin, that is, to absolve the sinner from punishment in a future state; but it is to be hoped there are very few members of our Church who will concur in such opinion, or commit themselves to the guidance of one who has the boldness to put it forth.

In p. 25, Mr. Liddell says,—“I think great danger exists in allowing confessions to be heard by young men recently ordained, and not sufficiently learned, nor discreet for the work,” &c. What! not sufficiently learned, not sufficiently discreet! Can that man be qualified to decide upon the eternal welfare of his fellow mortal; to stand as judge, and, in his own name, to pronounce or to withhold absolution, and yet not be sufficiently learned and discreet to hear the confession of a sinner, and to offer counsel and advice for his future conduct? If the Holy Spirit has been absolutely conferred by the bishop at ordination, it must be fully sufficient for the due performance of the duties of the ministry. The effect of the descent of that Spirit is instantaneous, as we may learn in the Word of God. If, however, instead of *conferring* that Spirit, the Church, when making use of the words, offers up a prayer that that Spirit may be so poured out that the person ordained may be enabled to perform the duties of the Christian priesthood, then the diffi-

culty alluded to by Mr. Liddell may be entertained; the effect of prayer may be progressive even as the spirit of man may be able to receive and entertain the heavenly Paraclete; but it may be affirmed that the duties and authority of the Christian ministry do not sanction the priest to examine into the secrets of the bosom; nor yet into the mysteries of sin, still less judicially to pronounce pardon as between the sinner and his God.

In p. 13, Mr. Liddell says,—“And as sin is ever continuing, so must sacrifice be continually applied to it for remission, and to each sin, in order to its remission.” Is not this the doctrine of the Church of Rome?—private masses!—Does the writer of that sentence accept the illustration which Pope Innocent III. gave of that office. “Hence the sacrifice is called ‘Missa,’ which is as much as to say, ‘the Host transmitted by us to the Father, that it (the consecrated wafer) may intercede for us to Him. For this alone is of itself a sufficient and adequate mission or embassy for putting an end to all enmities and offences between God and man.”\*

Yet Mr. Liddell argues, that, as sin is ever continuing so must the sacrifice of the Cross, and the remission *continue to be applied by the earthly ministry*, unless their effect was stunted to the contemporaries of the holy Apostles—a stinting of its effect, which in Mr. Liddell’s opinion would be unworthy of the coming of CHRIST.

Well may it be asked, Dost thou understand what thou readest? or are traditionary dogmas more highly esteemed than the inspired Word of God?

The benefit of that sacrifice is not applied by the earthly ministry. It is the duty of the minister to celebrate the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper, and to give the communicant the consecrated bread and wine. Such is the ordinance which our Lord appointed to be observed in remembrance of Him; but the benefit of the sacrifice which was offered upon Calvary is conveyed by God to those who in faith receive the *token*. The benefit is a spiritual partaking of Christ received through faith, and emanating from Him who alone can judge of the faith of the individual who receives the appointed token.

The words repeated in the Ordinal, are, however, susceptible of another interpretation, which will not interfere with the undoubted prerogative of God,—“the *sole* dispenser of pardon in its higher sense.”

In the discipline of the Church the Christian minister can exercise certain authority. He can, upon just cause, withhold

---

\* Innocent III.—De Sanctis Altaris Mysteriis, lib. iv. cap. 12.

the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and, if satisfied of the subsequent contrition of the offender, he can restore him to the communion of the faithful; this is a binding and loosing, a remitting and retaining of sin, compatible with the teaching of the Word of God, and recognized by the canons and rubrics of our Church; the authority which is so given to the priest to repel from the communion is, however, limited—he can exercise it only against such as “be an open and notorious evil liver, or who have done any wrong to his neighbour by word or deed, so that the congregation be thereby offended; or towards those betwixt whom malice or hatred reigns. In such cases, the curate is to caution them not to come to the Lord's Table until they are reconciled, or have made recompense for the wrong done, or amended their former naughty life.” Yet in the exercise of this authority, the minister is responsible to an earthly superior:—“In case the minister should, in the exercise of his discretion, deem it necessary to refuse the Holy Sacrament to any one, he is required to give an account of his having done so to the ordinary within fourteen days at the furthest.” It will be seen, that the power so conferred upon the priest does not extend to cases of conscience, to secret sins which are more immediately between the sinner and his God. There are, also, other authority, other privileges, other duties, which belong to the minister of the Church of Christ. By baptism he can admit the penitent and the child into the Church of Christ, and upon his repentance he can restore to the communion of the faithful him who had lapsed from the Christian faith. He may teach the ignorant—he may enlighten those that are in doubt—he may strengthen the feeble—he may encourage the weak by preaching the Gospel, and setting forth the means of grace, and so doing, may be the means of their obtaining pardon—he can celebrate the sacraments and rites of the Church, and so minister comfort to the afflicted, and speak peace to the distressed.

Are not such privileges sufficient to satisfy the ambition and the desires of the faithful and sincere servant of Christ? This authority and these duties still belong to the Christian minister, but the miraculous gift of languages, the power to discern by the Spirit, to heal sicknesses, to remove temporal and bodily afflictions, and the power to bind sinners, as set forth in Acts v. and xiii., have been withdrawn. Yet few will have the hardihood to think that blessed act, the advent of the Redeemer, and the atonement which he effected for man by the sacrifice of the cross, are in any way depreciated by such withdrawal.



The Christian minister is empowered, nay, enjoined, to declare and to pronounce, that God will pardon the penitent sinner, who in faith turns to Him, and pleads the merits of the intercession of Jesus Christ; but he is not authorized nor empowered to *convey* such absolution as proceeding *judicially* from himself—will not such authority satisfy Mr. Liddell?

Mr. Liddell says,—“The remission of sin implies the confession of it, the remission being, not vague and general, but judicial and particular.”

The claim of the priest *judicially* to remit sin as between the sinner and his God, has been already disposed of; and the power of remitting offences against the discipline of the Church has also been explained. The nature of the particular crime is not material to that *promise* of pardon which the minister is authorized to pronounce, because the condition upon which such pardon is promised is repentance; but such knowledge may sometimes be desirable for the purpose of offering counsel and advice to the future avoiding of the sin, or for the removing of doubt, should the applicant have any, as to the enormity of the offence, or, if the cause of anxiety be really in itself an offence. Such is the case contemplated in the exhortation which the minister is directed to read after the sermon upon the day upon which notice of a communion has been given. That exhortation advises the penitent to search and examine his life and conversation by the rule of God's commandments, but if there be any who cannot, by these means, quiet his own conscience, but requires further comfort or counsel, such person is recommended to seek some discreet minister, and open his grief, that by the ministry of God's Holy Word, that is, by the exposition of the teaching and promises contained in the Gospel, he may receive the benefit of absolution, those comforting assurances which that Gospel holds out, together with ghostly advice. Pardon is promised by God upon repentance, it is the reward of departing sin, it is the absolution purchased by our Saviour, and offered freely to all who turn from their evil ways, and, in faith, seek the remission of the penalties due to their offences against God, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. It is not the reward of works *per se*, but those works are acceptable as evidence of our belief.

Mr. Liddell says,—“Pardon of sin is the remission of the penalty attached to the crime.” Some of those penalties were, and still are, of a temporal nature, those afflictions which beset our earthly pilgrimage. Can the priest remove those as did the Apostles? Other penalties are those to be awarded in

a future state. With such the Apostles did not interfere. Will the priest of the present day pretend to do so? Why mislead the weak by delusive promises?

When God conferred upon the immediate followers of the Saviour the power to remit or inflict temporal punishment (or rather promised to confirm their words with signs following), He also endowed them with the faculty to discern by the Spirit, not merely to note crime, but to discover the motive of crime, and that without an inquisitorial examination of the individual. By that faculty they were enabled to appreciate the *animus*, and to remit or inflict the penalty with a due regard to justice. But that intelligence, and that power, have been long since withdrawn. They are not possessed either by the ministry, or by the laity, of the present age. Had God seen fit to continue such miraculous manifestation of his approval, He would, no doubt, have continued the ability to discover the nature, the cause, and the motive for crime. To rely upon confession is to rely upon a very fragile reed: upon a staff which will surely fail. Even the inquisitorial examination, for which there is no authority, will fail to afford a safe ground to judge of crime or to measure the sentence.

We have said there is not any authority in Scripture for that secret confession and examination, therefore our Church does not sanction the use of either the one or the other; but the cumulative testimony, not to the meaning of Scripture, but to the development of human ambition, and of sacerdotal consequence in another Church, has led to the introduction of secret confession; to an inquisitorial examination, and to the imposition of sacerdotal judicial absolution. About the fifth century secret confession to the priest was partially introduced; it was done to spare the feelings of those who hesitated to make the more open confession in the Church, of those errors by which the congregation had been scandalized; in the first Lateran Council it was decreed to be a requirement of the Church; the Church of Rome has since devised means for carrying out her intentions, by furnishing the confessor, and the person making confession, with a long list of catechetical questions to assist the inquisitorial examination which she deems desirable—they are published for the information of those concerned; and they are of such a nature that common decency forbids their repetition.

Will Mr. Liddell deny the last remark?

Has it never occurred to Mr. Liddell, that the mind may become so accustomed to contemplate sin, that sin comes to be regarded more as a failing of our fallen nature than in the

hideous light in which it should appear; that offence is shorn of the more revolting character with which it had been previously invested? Has he never observed the deep blush which has suffused the brow of offended delicacy, when some searching, but injudicious question of the more zealous confessor has raised thoughts in the mind of the penitent to which she was before a stranger; or implied a forgetfulness, a dereliction of duty, from which her heart, her every thought, rebelled? Has he no fear that the whispering in her ear such suggestions may give rise to conduct, which, aided by the devil's device, "thou shalt not surely die,"—the proffered absolution of the priest,—may lead to a fatal departure from truth, and virtue? Does he not know that to keep company with loose society is considered dangerous because of the conversation which is carried on; and is he sure the suggestive questions which are put in confession may not pollute the mind in a similar way? He may talk of *the great social evil*, but who are the chief panders to that evil? Are they not those who have frequented, if they do not at this time frequent, the confessional; and have been taught that upon confession they will be entitled to absolution? If it be pleaded that vice is not so openly offensive abroad, is it not because it is *placed under the protection and regulation of the police*?—by that arrangement the public parade of vice may possibly be less glaring, but he who has been abroad must have been very unobservant if he does not know, that the temptation to sin is more obtrusively, and more offensively, intruded upon the private, upon the family circle, than it is, as yet, in this country; open the confessional, and we shall not be very long behind our neighbours in that respect. Confidence between man and wife; between parent and child will be destroyed; but secret intelligence, a pestiferous collusion between the priest and the individual inmates of the family will be established; and such secret communications will open the door to others of a very different character.

We read in the usual sources of information, that "the Court of Assizes of the Haut Rhin, sitting at Colmar, has just tried, by default, the Abbé Blanch, superior of the Convent of St. Mark, near Guebarnschwihir, for having, between the years 1853 and 1856, in several cases treated in a most disgraceful manner young girls under fifteen years of age, of whom he was the confessor and spiritual director. The Abbé, who is in flight, was condemned to hard labour for life." The Abbé is probably secluded in some monastery, in order to screen him from the penalty of the law, and the obnoxious notice of the people.

Let it not be supposed that the conduct of the Abbé is a solitary, or even an unfrequent, occurrence; the records of monastic institutions, could they be examined, would everywhere furnish evidence of similar behaviour; the opportunity afforded, the secrecy enjoined, the absolution promised, are strong temptations to crime; they are cause and effect in the fallen state of man. Formerly in France the conduct of a clergyman could not be inquired into in the courts of law; and the Ecclesiastical Courts, however they might investigate and punish crime, observed great secrecy, as regards the public, of their doings. The present law of France recognizes the right of the civil and criminal courts to investigate such cases; such rights are far from palatable to the Ecclesiastical authorities, and it is probable attempts will be made to have the law altered. It is essential to the full development of Church supremacy, that all discipline should centre in the Church courts; and it is not less essential to their authority that the delinquency of the ministers of religion should be kept from the knowledge of the people.

Such are the holy sisterhoods, and the pious and devout brotherhoods; such they ever were, such they ever will be. If the exclusive privileges and powers of the clergy increase, crime may be less exposed, though probably it will be much extended; if it be necessary to guard against the indiscretion of young men, it is not less necessary to guard against the depravity of the more advanced in age; the unfortunate female under the bond of secrecy, is exposed to the unprincipled conduct of the one and of the other, of each in turn.

That the priest cannot err, is a precept impressed upon the mind of many enthusiastic females; such impression is calculated to remove the barrier to crime; nay, to make crime itself appear an act of duty. Should evidence of such spiritual indulgence make its appearance, it has been said *it will be a saint*, but it seldom arrives at maturity.

If the power to grant absolution implies the necessity of secret examination and secret confession,—then it is not of God, for God would never place such temptation in the path of the innocent and inexperienced. It has too much of satanic policy about it to be the offspring of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Reference has been made to the exhortations in the office of the Holy Communion. A very little attention will show that the object sought to be removed, is *doubt*, not sin; possibly, questions as to the belief of the applicant, as to the true doctrine of salvation, by the merit and mediation of Jesus Christ; and

other questions, which may arise in the mind of a timid and conscientious Christian, without reference to crime. Under such circumstances it is the duty of the minister to explain and remove doubt, by expounding the scriptures which have reference to the case; by explaining the nature of the sacrament, and speaking comfort; or if the case has reference to crime, or sin, and the penitent requires more, to use the words of Archbishop Secker,—“If the minister, in the discharge of his spiritual duties, shall think the penitent in a state to be forgiven, he may declare he will be forgiven, or he may possibly pronounce him forgiven, if he think him so; only he must beg him to remember, that none but God can pardon sins as to their consequences in another world—men may take off from sinners the censures of the Church, if they have incurred them, but as to anything further, all the minister can do is either to pray God that he would forgive them (which was the only form of absolution till the eleventh century at least), or to declare that He hath done so; and let such declaration declare ever so positively that either God or the priest absolves, it is a fatal error to build hopes on this with respect to another life, any further than conditionally, that, if their repentance be sufficient their forgiveness is certain.”

In support of the dogma of confession, reference is sometimes made to the Epistle of St. James (v. 16).—“Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another that ye may be healed,” but the words made use of show the recommendation has not reference to confession to the priest. At the time in question many of the converts to Christianity might have misgivings, doubts, might even be wandering from the true path, therefore the Apostle recommends them to confer together; to open their minds one to another; to communicate whatever disturbed or harassed them, that they might advise, counsel, correct, and strengthen each other in the truth; the expressions used are very similar to those which may be found in the works of a heathen philosopher of the same period, namely, the first century of the Christian era; and are beautifully illustrated in that work. “Hear what are my opinions, show me yours, let us mutually correct each other; if I have any depraved opinion, correct it; should there be any in you, do not conceal it, but bring it to light; this is what is proper for philosophers to do.”\* Such were the confessions practised among the earlier Christians. It was their *Confitemini, ergo, alter utrumque; confess yourselves one to another.*

---

\* Arist. Epist. Dissert. lib. iii. c. 9.

Again, the words,—“Is any such among you? let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him” (James v. 14, 15). Upon this verse the Church of Rome has erected her Sacrament of “extreme unction,” and her delusive teaching of “the Viaticum,” by which *she* professes to open the gates of heaven to the departing spirit. But the words of St. James, if duly considered, will not authorize nor justify any such doctrine.

The anointing with oil was one of the medicinal remedies used in that country; it is exemplified in the parable of the good Samaritan (Luke x. 34), and again (Mark vi. 13):—“And they cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them.” The remark,—“and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him,” has reference to his being restored to health, his sickness being removed.

The calling for the prayers of the Church in behalf of the sick is counselled by St. James, is authorized by the Scriptures, is recognized by our own Church as a duty. It is a duty, and a consolation, to seek from the hand of God, through the intervention of the Church, the alleviation, or removal, of afflictions. St. James says,—“the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;” and we may confidently trust, that in answer to such prayer, either our affections will be relieved, or spiritual strength to bear them will be accorded. However the miraculous aid of the Spirit may no longer be apparent, it were impiety to doubt its silent healing influence.

The rubric before the collect, in the order for the visitation of the sick, shows, that our Church does not attribute any virtue to the absolution which it authorizes to be pronounced. It is a shred of the popish doctrine, which was permitted to remain, out of tender regard for the weakness of those who had been educated in the Church of Rome; and who, under such circumstances, might believe the priest had the power to absolve them, and might, therefore, wish that he should do so. The words of the rubric show such to have been the opinion of the Reformers:—“After which confession, the priest *SHALL* pronounce the absolution (if he heartily desire it) after this sort.” It is evident, it is not upon the judgment of the priest, nor yet upon conviction of repentance, but *at the desire* of the sick person that the priest is to pronounce it.

Dr. Short, the present Bishop of St. Asaph, in his History of the Church of England, has the following remark upon this sub-

ject:—"And the rubric and absolution in the service for the visitation of the sick may be adduced as instances of the general wish to conciliate, exhibited by our Church. . . . The custom in the Church of Rome had, in the minds of the people, rendered absolution by the priest as it were necessary to salvation; and if any brother humbly and heartily desired this office, if his scruples made him wish for such a declaratory consolation as a fellow-prisoner could authoritatively give him, a form of absolution was adjoined for that purpose" (p. 333, s. 407, note 6.)

"Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Upon these words Archbishop Secker and Bishop Porteus have thus written:—"Now certainly these words did not put it in the power of the Apostles themselves to pardon or to refuse pardon to whom they pleased, right or wrong; they could use the keys of the kingdom of heaven no further than He saw fit, 'who openeth and no man shutteth, who shutteth and no man openeth'" (Rev. iii. 7). "Yet the Apostles had great powers by virtue of these words, which we have not; the power of discerning by the Spirit, in many cases, at least, and, therefore, of declaring who were penitent and pardoned, and who were otherwise; the power of inflicting and continuing miraculous punishments on wicked persons, which is *binding* and *retaining* their sins; and of removing such punishments, which is *loosing* and *remitting* them. . . . Be assured, were all the priests on earth to refuse absolving a true penitent, it would never hurt him; and were they all to join in absolving a man that hath not repented as the Gospel requires, it would do him no good. Be assured that no equivalent in the world will be accepted in lieu of true inward piety; nor all the good works of all the saints in heaven compensate in the least degree for the want of good works in any man on earth."

In his charge, delivered in 1853, Dr. Sumner, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, made the following observations upon the subjects of confession and absolution:—

"Should there exist, as there may exist, an honest doubt in the mind of any clergyman as to the power which the Church in which he ministers intends him to exercise, the answer is,—

"First—He is entitled to declare that God pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent, and unfeignedly believe his Holy Gospel.

"Secondly—If one of his parishioners, before approaching the Lord's table, 'cannot quiet his conscience by the general promises of Scripture, and requires further counsel,' he is entitled to give him 'the benefit of absolution,' by declaring him absolved

of those sins which he repents of and forsakes, and for which he seeks pardon through the blood of the Redeemer.

"Thirdly—In his visitation to a sick parishioner, if he find the sick man's conscience troubled with any weighty matter, he should move him to confess it; and 'if the sick man humbly and heartily desire it,' he is authorized to pronounce the absolution provided for such cases in our liturgy.

"In all these cases he acts ministerially as a faithful dispenser of God's Word and sacraments. But no ordinance of our Church would entitle him to receive a person neither troubled with sickness, nor having any weighty matter to disclose, and move him to confession. Still less ought he to assume the appearance of acting *judicially*, so as in his official dress, or as it were *ex cathedra*, to pronounce absolution. Nor would he be justified in using the words prescribed by our Church for the special service of the sick or dying, on any other ordinary occasion."

We search in vain for any guide to confession, for any directions for the examination, for any instructions by which either the minister or the penitent is to conduct the office. The Church of England evidently does not countenance an examination of the thoughts, nor yet of those sins which the penitent is sensible are sins; and which God *only* can, and which He will, forgive upon confession to Him, and upon sincere repentance.

Mr. Liddell says,—“Forgiveness of sin is the removal of the penalty.” Such was the doctrine which our Saviour taught, when he illustrated the meaning of the words,—“Thy sins are forgiven,” by removing some temporal affliction; and such was the doctrine which the Apostles taught and practised. “And he ordained twelve that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach, and to have power to heal sickness, and to cast out devils” (Mark iii. 14, 15). Will Mr. Liddell accept such an interpretation of the words in the Ordinal? or does he prefer that which the Church of Rome applies to them? Here it is, “*Ego te absolvo*. Remember, that in the moment when the priest says over you the great words of pardon and absolution, your sins are forgiven, the pains of hell are taken away, your soul is made bright and beautiful like an angel of God, and the kingdom of heaven is yours.” (What every Christian must know and do. Approved by Dr. Cullen in 1857.)

Is not this blasphemy?

Which interpretation will Mr. Liddell accept? The one is that given by our Saviour, and recognized and followed by the Apostles; the other is that put forth by the apostate Church of Rome. Let him make his choice, but let him openly avow which



he does accept, and let him follow out his choice boldly. If he prefer the latter, the Romish blasphemy, let him cast off the vestments of our Church and go forth; let him not disturb our communion by intruding the false teaching of the Roman school. He may find enthusiastic minds, and maudlin sentimentalists to follow his teaching; but let him beware.

When John the Baptist went forth to preach the advent of the Redeemer, he quitted the Jewish altar at which he had served; he cast off the priestly vestments in which he was arrayed, and, clothed in the simple garb of the wandering Ishmaelite, he went forth to announce to a benighted world the advent of the Redeemer, the commencement of a new dispensation, the covenant of grace. He urged the people to turn from their evil courses, to be baptized, to prepare themselves for the approaching change; he foresaw the termination of the sacrifice of the altar, and that the priest of that altar had, as such, no part in the promulgation or service of the new dispensation of grace and mercy. The altar and the sacrificing priest have no place in the Church of Christ.

Let us be consistent; let us follow the teaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, or let us follow the dogmas of the Church of Rome. We cannot serve God and mammon.

It has been said,—“The confessional is the trap of Satan, and the well of all spiritual pollutions.” Corruptions are inseparable from fallen humanity; but woe to that man who, under the cloak of religion, proffers temptation to sin, by whispering impure suggestions in the ear of the weak and simple minded. “Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea” (Matt. xviii. 6).

“And if the ties of confidence between a priest and his people be here and there more than usually strengthened by the Divine blessing on his earnest ministrations, so that out of the multitude of souls which surround him, not one, or two, but many, yearn for relief to their burthened consciences, and come to him of their own accord to open their grief, and that, not on one occasion only, but whenever their grief presses upon them,—is the act by which they experience comfort and help, or the system resulting out of a repetition of those acts, to be deemed a danger and a cause of scandal? I know not, as things stand at present, what the answer may be; but this I know, that as often as any of my people choose to come to me, so often will I be ready to hear their communications, and to give them counsel, and, if need be, absolution” (Letter p. 21).

In singleness of heart, and pureness of intention, Mr. Liddell

may act upon the principle he has avowed ; but, however such purpose may be foreign from his mind, he will be binding himself to a combination, to a conspiracy, against the healthfulness of that conscience which God, in mercy, planted in the bosom of man, to be his guide amid the temptations and delusions of this life ; he will be warring against that liberty with which Christ made his followers free ; and he will be acting against the spirit of the Gospel. By so doing, he may be conforming to the teaching of a Church, but not of that Church to which he professedly and ostensibly belongs.

It was the reaction from such a conspiracy to rule the soul, and subdue the spirit of man to a temporal supremacy, which gave rise to the first French revolution, and which produced that antipathy to everything connected with the religion of Christ which was so rampant on the occasion referred to ; it is resistance to a like conspiracy which is at this time fomenting discord, and disturbing the repose of so many nations of the European community. The Vatican is striving to rivet the chains of despotism, and more than one sovereign is blindly assisting the suicidal attempt.

The movement which is at present disturbing our Church, has for its object the elevation of the sacerdotal office ; the substitution of the priest of the altar in lieu of the minister of the Gospel. Mr. Liddell says,—“ Surely if the Church of England does not mean this (that is, by the expression ‘ whose sins,’ &c. repeated at ordination) to assert the fulness of her supernatural authority, she would be uttering words of fearful blasphemy.” In another place, in reference to the remark that “ God *alone* can forgive sins,” he says,—“ I am not ambitious to argue with such persons, preferring as I do, the cumulative testimony of the Church as to the meaning of Holy Scripture to any private interpretation.” Yet Mr. Liddell will find, if he will inquire, that that cumulative testimony was not enunciated before the eleventh century of the Church, and was repudiated by a large part of Christendom within the short period of four centuries.

Mr. Liddell must be aware that the Church of England withdrew from communion with the Church of Rome, because she could not accept that cumulative testimony of which he speaks, because that cumulative testimony developed such an accumulation of error, crime, and even blasphemous conduct, that our Church refused to be any longer one with her ; and separating from Rome she reformed herself upon the model, in teaching and practice, of the Apostolic and primitive Church. Is not Mr. Liddell a member, at least a professing member, of that Reformed

Church? and has he not further promised to uphold her, to teach the doctrine which she holds, and to observe the ceremonies which she has appointed?

With the peculiar opinions of private individuals it may not be permitted to interfere; but to the opinions of men occupying places of trust and confidence the public cannot be indifferent. It is yet possible, when in the quiet retreat of his own study, and engaged in fervent prayer, Mr. Liddell may some day ask himself, if he acted honestly in accepting an office without duly considering the cost, or in retaining it after he found he could not faithfully perform the duties which belong to it. The cumulative testimony of the Church, upon which Mr. Liddell builds his faith, is indeed the cumulative testimony of the pride and vain ambition of man.

In every instance where the Tractarian is so desirous to tread in the footsteps of the Church of Rome, that Church has departed from the true interpretation of the Word of God, and from the teaching and practice of the Church of Christ whilst she was under the immediate supervision of the Apostles, and during the earlier ages of the Christian dispensation. That progressive march in error has been steadily feeding, and as steadily pushed forward by the pride of man. That temporal institution, called the Church of Rome, has now reached an elevation in crime, which, but for her antecedents, we might expect would be the last exhibition of vagrant folly. Enthroned in mundane splendour, she impiously assumes to decide the eternal destiny of the immortal soul. At the discretion of her priests, she asserts the consecrated elements of bread and wine to be converted into the body and blood of Christ, that very body and very blood in which his Godhead was clothed when He walked upon this earth. She claims power to canonize the departed, and to place them in heaven as mediators between God and man; and, as such, she asserts they are entitled to the homage and adoration of mortals. She authorizes the setting up of images in direct opposition to the commandment of God. As respects the last act, the cumulative sophistry of her sages has not been able to pervert the meaning of the second commandment of the decalogue! therefore she has removed it from the table of the law, and, to conceal the sacrilegious act, she has divided the tenth commandment into two. Her last act has been the deification of the Virgin Mary; her doctors have, at length, decided, either that the Scriptures contain authority, or that, in the supreme intelligence of the Church, it is the mind and will of God that the Virgin Mary should be regarded as heaven-born, conceived of the Holy Ghost, consequently that she

is immaculate, and is now seated in heaven as God, where she is entitled to Divine honour. How such decision will accord with the doctrine of the Trinity is not explained.

Is it to the testimony of such a Church that Mr. Liddell gives the preference? Every movement of the Tractarian is a move in the path of that unscriptural and erring establishment.

"So far as Mr. Poole was concerned," Mr. Liddell says, "I knew that he was not responsible for the cross in the vestry of St. Barnabas, nor would I agree with your lordship in considering it inexpedient that a penitent should make confession kneeling before that sacred symbol." Here it is admitted that the cross, which, it was argued, might be put in the church as an *architectural* ornament, is already placed before the kneeling penitent for the purpose of making an impression upon the senses. Such is the teaching of Rome. If Mr. Liddell is diffident of trusting to the ability of man to apprehend the true mind of God in His written Word, does he feel the same difficulty to exist in understanding the ten commandments of the law? When examining his people upon the commandments does he explain the second, and the several statements relative to it which may be found in Deuteronomy and elsewhere; or does he pass by that commandment, without comment, in the spirit of the Roman Church, considering it as not applicable to the religion of Jesus Christ? Mr. Liddell does not disapprove of the ornaments and practices in the vestry of St. Barnabas. Yet in that vestry stands the idol; before that idol the penitent, kneeling down, offers a prayer, and makes confession; before that idol the penitent is subjected to an inquisitorial examination; before that idol the minister, clothed in his priestly vestments, kneels and stands, offers up prayer, lays on hands, and, in his own name, pronounces a *judicial* sentence. The motive for all this ceremony is to make a solemn impression upon the mind of the penitent, to give to the proceeding a solemn, religious character. The Word of God denounces severe judgments against the maker and setter-up of images, and against all who kneel or bow down before them. Can Mr. Liddell reconcile the law of God with the teaching and practice of which he so approves? or does he set aside the former, the law of God, in order that the latter, his fancy, may be admitted? Well, indeed, may Mr. Liddell hold himself apart from those who study the Word of God, and are inclined to accept and follow the natural interpretation of the words there written; well may he shelter himself under the cloak of the cumulative testimony of a Church which has studiously laboured, and *still labours*, to put forth that which is inconsistent with the teaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Mr. Liddell adds,—“I hold that

the most proper place for this ministration (i. e. secret confession and priestly judicial absolution) is the Church, or some spot within the precincts of the Church, as, for example, the vestry . . . and that it is highly desirable that the priest should put on his ecclesiastical garment, and that the penitent should make confession kneeling, as is our custom with other acts of devotion." Confession and absolution are then taught as Sacraments of our Church! as acts of devotion!

It is difficult to suppose the man who can put forth such opinions is still of us, however he may still be *with* us, teaching another Gospel, treading in the track of Romish error, and sedulously drawing thither those who have the folly to listen to him upon the same dangerous road. Were the subject of minor importance, we might quietly look on, watch the doings of the deluder, and the weakness of the ensnared; we might mark the movements of the giddy butterfly, flitting around the destroying, but attracting flame, until no longer able to resist the fascinating glare, it sinks into it, and is lost. The subject is, however, too important to be contemplated with the stoical indifference of the naturalist; the peace and happiness of those we love are disturbed; the eternal welfare of immortal souls is the stake; the question is an all-absorbing subject to the parent, to the child, to the members of our community; the mischief must be removed, or the country will be convulsed. Some enthusiastic simpletons may be deluded, but the people at large are too enlightened to submit to such priestcraft.

Has it never occurred to Mr. Liddell, that the confidence which should subsist between the minister and his flock may be shaken, if not severed, by that intrusion into the secrets of a family which will follow the examination of a penitent, or of a sick person: that the bonds which unite man and wife, parent and child may be loosened: and that human nature, revolting against such conduct, may interrupt personal intercourse between the people and the minister, even should the former not withdraw from the Church.

In the Letter (p. 12), we have what Mr. Liddell calls "his theological rationale of doctrine," and we may be very thankful that he has put forth his opinion upon the subject. It is a choice *exposé*, a valuable exhibition of the full-blown blossom of Tractarianism; redolent with the perfume of the Popish school; a blossom, which, if permitted to bear fruit, will produce a crop to satisfy the most rampant aspirer after the dogmatic teaching of the Church of Rome. Let the Tractarian add to his other adornments the mock humility of the Romanist, and introduce the dogma of the intercession of saints, and he will be very

nearly a fair exemplar of the member of the Roman communion.

A bishop of the Church of Rome once told the writer of these remarks, when speaking of the intercession of saints, that he knew the English Church did not hold that doctrine, but they of the Roman Church had not the presumption to address their petitions directly to God, or to the Saviour; they preferred to offer their suit through the medium of a saint; when asked for Scriptural authority for doing so, he shrugged his shoulders, and said, *the Church taught it.*

Mr. Liddell has thrown his theological rationale of doctrine into the form of the following propositions:—

1. Our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, in his humanity, is the one true priest of the new dispensation.

2. The essential functions of the Christian priesthood are, first, to offer sacrifice; secondly, to remit and retain sin; thirdly, to bless the people.

3. As Christ's priesthood is an unchangeable priesthood, He being a priest for ever, the exercise of his office is continually going on *now*; all worship of the Church in heaven and earth is acceptable worship, only as it is united to the worship He is ever offering—presenting *Himself*, in his glorified body, as “the Lamb slain,” before the throne of grace, and, by that act, “ever making intercession for us.” All absolution is remission only inasmuch as it is “the power of the Son of MAN on earth to forgive sins.” All blessing in the Church is but the virtue going out from Him, whether it emanate, as now, through a living ministry, or, as of old, through the hem of his garment.

4. The first priestly function, viz., Sacrifice, is the appointed remedy for all sin; and as sin is ever continuing, so sacrifice must be continually applied to it for remission—and to each sin, in order to its remission, such sacrifice—the one of CHRIST—is, as a matter of fact, so applied.

5. This sacrifice, once made for all, must ordinarily be applied to each, through an earthly visible ministration, which is none other than the Priesthood of the Church of God—that Church, in conformity with her incarnate Lord, consisting, if I may so say, of a divine and human nature, united in one mystical body.

6. This earthly visible ministration receives its powers from the Lord, according to the words addressed to his Apostles,—“As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you—receive ye the HOLY GHOST;” to which must be added the special commission, “whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained.”

7. This commission, by the very nature of the case, could never have been intended to end with those Apostles to whom it was first given. For if Christ came as the sacrifice for sin, and this was the

appointed way of applying that sacrifice, it was unworthy the coming of Christ to stint its effect (in the great office of putting away sin by the offering of Himself) to the sins then present of the contemporaries of the Holy Apostles ; and, if the commission did not cease with the Apostles, it must be continued through their successors to this day.

8. It does, in fact, so continue in the exercise of the Christian priesthood, which is commanded and empowered by Almighty God, not only to declare and pronounce, but also to be the authorized channel for *conveying*, absolution.

9. This remission of sin implies the confession of it—the remission being not vague and general, but judicial and particular.

Such, in the opinion of Mr. Liddell, is the theological rationale of the Christian Church : not formed by himself upon the study of the Word of God, but adopted as the cumulative testimony of *the* Church as to the meaning of Holy Scripture. And Mr. Liddell would imply that the Church (the Reformed Church) of this realm, should, as an integral branch of the one holy and Apostolic Church, lay claim to this essential portion of the ministry of reconciliation ; and, if she does not accept the cumulative interpretation of the Church in reference to the words repeated at the Ordinal, “she would be uttering (when using them) words of fearful blasphemy, which God forbid !”

If Mr. Liddell had studied the records of the Church, he would have found that the words to which he refers were not introduced into the Ordinal before the eleventh century, and that the interpretation of them, which he is willing to accept, is but the testimony of the Church of Rome put forth at the same time for the purpose of enlarging her temporal dominion : that such interpretation was repudiated by a large portion of Christendom within four centuries of its being put forth ; and entirely rejected by the Church of this country at the Reformation : had Mr. Liddell done so, he might be disposed to place less confidence in the cumulative testimony of the Church of Rome ; and have spared himself the anguish of even supposing the Church of this country could impose upon her ministers the duty of uttering words of fearful blasphemy. He would have avoided the, though only hypothetically spoken, expression of sentiments which emanate with a bad grace from the pen of one who is a minister in the Church of this country.

We may be thankful that the Tractarian has spoken out ; we now know what the cumulative testimony of the Church means : a testimony which is exemplified in the present condition of the Church of Rome. To that Church we are taught to look as **THE** Church, the beau exemplar of what a Church should be, the

model, upon which the Church of this country should, in the opinion of the Puseyite, be regulated. The present development of the Church of Rome can be but the result of her improved and improving testimony of the mind of God, as *intended* to be set forth in the Scriptures.

The question for consideration, and which must be considered and decided, is most important: it is no less than the preservation of the Reformed Church of this country. The judgment of the judicial committee of the Privy Council has given a sort of sanction to that which is inconsistent with the principles upon which our Church is established; so incompatible with them, that the one or the other must be removed. At present the Church is divided: two doctrines, two ceremonies, irreconcilable with each other, are held up to the acceptance, and for the guidance, of the people: they cannot both be right—they cannot both be retained as the Established Church of the country; the people will either become members of the Roman Church; or they will become dissentient, and form a Free Church; or, worse still, religion will lose her influence over the people; and the nation will be involved in litigation about Church property and Church interests.

In his *exposé*, Mr. Liddell reopens the wide field of controversy which has for several years agitated the Church: the doctrine of a present sacrifice, of transubstantiation, consubstantiation, or the real presence in the consecrated bread and wine, are all shadowed forth.

It has been said the reformers of the sixteenth century were undecided in respect of the doctrine of the real presence in the Holy Sacrament. The following injunctions, which were issued either in 1547, or 1548, before the Reformation was effected, before any alteration was made in the offices of the Church as it then existed, namely, according to the ritual of the Church of Rome, is perhaps the best answer to the imputation above referred to:—

“And, in like manner, before the sealing of the holy bread, (ye shall say distinctly) these words,—*Of Christ's body this is a token, which on the cross for our sins was broken; wherefore of his death if you would be partakers, of vice and sin you must be forsakers.*”

In the same injunctions will be found the following words in reference to the Romish custom of exhibiting the host for the adoration of the people:—“And the clerk, in like manner, shall bring down the pix (i. e., the vessel containing the host), and standing without the church door, shall say boldly to the people these words: *This is a token of joyful peace which is between*



*God and man's conscience, Christ alone is the peacemaker, and straitly commands peace between brother and brother. And so long as ye use these ceremonies, so long shall ye use these significations."* Is not this a repudiation of the doctrine of the real presence in the consecrated bread? The latter part of the quotation has reference to the projected change in the office, by which it was forbidden to elevate, or hold up before the people, the consecrated elements.

In page 17, Mr. Liddell says,—“Every one is ready to grant that it is God's inalienable property to forgive sins; but the real question is, whether he has or has not delegated authority to the priesthood of his Church to *convey* his blessed gift to his people in his name, and under the stipulated conditions ascertained, so far as may be, by their repentance and faith; there is, of course, a difference between inherent and delegated authority,” &c. The reference to a temporal sovereign, put forth by Mr. Liddell in illustration of his theory, is not satisfactory; a delegated authority has, of course, reference to implied conditions, and, unless the persons to whom the authority is delegated be able to ascertain whether the required conditions do *absolutely* exist, the exercise of the authority can only be hypothetical or conditional. Under such circumstances, the minister may assure the penitent that God will forgive if he truly repent. He cannot judge of that repentance, he cannot positively *convey* the pardon, however he may hold out the assurance of it, if the required conditions were realized.

The authority exercised by the Apostles had reference to temporal afflictions, and they were gifted with power to discern, by the Spirit, whether the parties on whom they conferred relief had faith to profit by it.

In the exercise of mercy by a temporal judge, if the question be the remitting a capital punishment, the decision of the sovereign is sought; yet the absolution proffered by the priest is of more importance, it has reference to the eternal welfare of the soul. Does he, can he, submit each case to the decision of the Most High, before he pronounces his absolution?

The doctrine of the Church of Rome, as at this time set forth by the Redemptorist Fathers, who are inundating this country with their poisonous opinions, is, “that if the people were led to be greater frequenters of the sacraments, and to worthier dispositions, *PENANCE would lead them to glory*; at their particular judgment they would stand before him who had already *pardoned them in the confessional*; and at the great day of account, every dark page of their former guilt *would have been blotted out* by his pardoning hand.”

What says the Word of God?—"At whose coming all men shall rise again with their bodies, *and shall give an account of their own works.*"

The practice of the Church of Rome is, that *penance* may be commuted for pecuniary or other considerations. Can the blessing of God be obtained upon such conditions? Our Saviour promises pardon upon repentance, and amendment, and faith; but the cumulative wisdom of the Church of Rome cannot so interpret the Word of God.

It is possible to sympathize with the Bishop of Oxford, when, looking along the ranks, he sees places empty which were once "how nobly" filled; it is possible to join in his lordship's warning to come out of Rome, and even to add, have nothing to do with her, or with her enchantments, "lest, tempted by its sweetness, or allured by its sparkling promises, we taste one drop of the cup of her enchantments, for undoubtedly there are minds amongst us to which her promises are alluring;" but it is difficult to reconcile the regrets in which his lordship indulges with the conduct at this time pursued. It were difficult to reconcile such regrets with the still placing before the so mentally disposed the tempting cup of Rome's abominations—the approaching the brim of that cup, so as to induce the weak brother to taste the seducing but poisonous contents. A wise father removes from before his children allurements to sin; instead of exciting the appetite for forbidden fruit, he carefully removes the temptation from the sight. Would that we could discover similar wisdom on the part of those appointed to superintend ecclesiastical affairs in this land; that, instead of obtruding the unlawful temptation to gratify the whim of the deluded enthusiast, instead of placing the poisoned cup before him, with the caution—Touch not, taste not, handle not, they would firmly perform their duty, and forbid its introduction. They know the caution is neglected; they see the weak, the feeble, the overwrought mind, daily indulging in the fragrant, but deleterious contents, quaffing the inebriating draught, and yet they say, Let it be so, only let them not go to Rome. Where is the mind so nurtured, so poisoned, that is not spiritually in that Church, though it may not openly declare itself?

We may join in the lament over the apostasy and crimes of fallen Rome, but we are astounded at the fatuous conduct of those who, doing so, can yet educate our own youth so as to give them a taste for those things by which Rome was led astray.

The popish altar, and the ministrations of that altar, are obtruded upon our Church, and the sacramental doctrines of Rome are set forth with unblushing effrontery. The idol and

idolatrous objects are placed before our worshippers with the same view as is professed in the Church of Rome, namely, as aids to devotion. The authority which the priest of Rome arrogates, is assumed by some of the ministers of our Church. The ceremonial, the decorations, the allurements, which the Church of Rome employs to please the sensuous organs of her people, are reintroduced in many of our places of worship; such things not only distract the attention of the worshippers, but they are destructive of pure religion. Monastic and conventual institutions, under various names, and avowedly for various purposes, with the discipline and regulations of similar institutions under the Church of Rome, are being set up in this country by a party professing themselves to be members of our communion. Are not such proceedings patronized, or, if not absolutely patronized, are they not covertly encouraged, by men holding the position of guardians and watchmen in our Church? If not, have they been met and condemned as they should have been by faithful members of our communion, and trustworthy servants of the Lord Jesus Christ?

To tread in the steps of Rome is to become a partaker of her errors: if we do so, we shall become united with her, and must accept her as she is, with all her abominations.

To imitate her, to lust after her practices, to covet her dogmas, to dwell upon her fallacies, is to identify ourselves with her.

To pretend that we can do the one without committing ourselves to the other is mere sophistry, a reasoning more becoming the priest of Satan than the follower of Jesus Christ.

Who can contemplate the shattered mind of the enthusiast without regret? Who can regard those who have sown the seed, and cherished the growing plant, without——Rome would indulge in an anathema,—the Christian will offer prayer, that God in mercy will pour out his Spirit, reillumine the obscured intellect, and comfort the sufferer.

If man were a mere animal, whose existence terminated with the perishing of his mortal frame, then might the mortal set himself up as the sole guide of his fellow-man—then might the Church of Rome have credit for the political acumen with which she has arranged her establishment with a view to temporal rule; but such is not the state of man, he possesses an immortal soul, a soul capable of enjoying rewards in a future state, and sensible to the punishment which, in that state, will be inflicted upon the disobedient.

God in mercy, aware of the inability of man to guide himself so as to become the possessor of the former, has graciously set

before him a rule of conduct—that rule will be found in his holy Word. Upon that subject the Bishop of Oxford has said:—"For the sake of truth, and for the love of souls, we, whose rule of faith is God's Word, and whose interpreter of Scripture is true catholic consent, are bound to hold faster than ever to these our real principles; taught by the examples of others, we should guard especially against *our own* dangers. No dread of evil imputations, no infection of the spirit of the day, no undue fears even of the errors against which we protest, should lead us to shrink in anything from adhering to our own principles, and endangering on our side, too, the precious deposit of God's ancient truth" (Sermon, 1856).

The Bishop of Oxford is a member of the Reformed Church of this realm, of that Church which has protested, and still protests, against those practices, and those doctrines, which are being intruded upon our Church under the powerful protection—I hesitate to name of whom.

The Bishop of Oxford is a member of that Church which declares that Holy Scripture contains all things necessary to salvation, and in her articles, &c., has set forth what she considers to be the true interpretation of that Word.

Should the preceding observations be viewed by some with the cold contempt with which it is probable Mr. Liddell would regard them, it is possible they may be read by others less deeply inebriated with what are called CHURCH PRINCIPLES by some, who, being in search of truth, may think true wisdom can be found in the Word of God, and that that Word, which the Divine Teacher himself placed as a guide for man, may be apprehended at this time as it was in his day, by those who are willing, as teachable children, to receive instruction, although it may now, even as it was in the time of our Saviour, be looked upon as foolishness by the philosophers, and by those learned in the traditions of that day.

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

We observe that this confessional controversy has led to numerous lectures by individual clergymen as well as to public meetings. We conclude with a few extracts from the lecture of Canon Howell, mentioned at the head of this article:—

Look at the Church of England's general intention with regard to confession. All her public services contain confessions, but they are to God alone—the whole congregation with the minister, and the minister with the people. Then, look at the spirit of the general confession—that confession which I hold to be the key to the whole.

It is ushered in, not by any declarations of the necessity of confession to man, but simply by such passages as, "I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me;" "The sacrifice of God is a broken spirit, and a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Throughout the whole of the confession which follows there is not one word about confession to man. It is a united confession to God alone. And when the minister stands up to absolve, you are startled at the word, because it has been perverted by Rome. But consult an old Johnson's Dictionary, and you will find to absolve, in an ecclesiastical sense, is to pronounce forgiveness. The minister assures a man of forgiveness because he believes and repents; and every one that is forgiven may be assured that he is forgiven; the Gospel assures him, and Christ assures him, and the ambassadors of Christ assure him. Therefore, what says the minister?—"Almighty God, the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live, and hath given power and commandment to his ministers to declare and pronounce to his people being penitent the absolution and remission of their sins. He pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent and unfeignedly believe his Holy Gospel. Wherefore, let us beseech him to grant us true repentance and his Holy Spirit." Mark! the power and commandment given by Christ to his ministers to declare the remission of sins to them that unfeignedly repent and believe. That power and commandment were given when Christ said, "Receive the Holy Ghost; whose soever sins ye remit they are remitted, and whose soever sins ye retain they are retained." Such is our Church's understanding of the authority given to the Apostles. There is the key to the meaning of the words addressed to the minister in his mission to go forth and preach the Gospel, and to teach the people in private as well as in public. It is to assure them, on the authority of Christ, that He pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent and unfeignedly believe his Holy Gospel. It is ministerial, not sacerdotal. Now let us glance for a moment at the beautiful absolution in the communion service, where it is almost entirely supplicatory. But, before doing so, let me remind you that a minister's work is not merely to preach in the pulpit, and to go through the ordinary services of the sanctuary, but to enter the abodes of sorrow and the closets of sickness. To do this, he must not be tied down; he must not be shut out from speaking to his people on things belonging to their peace, privately and individually. If I know that one of my flock is living in avowed sin, and I have not merely suspicion but positive and incontestable evidence of it, I am bound to go to him in private, and tell him of his sin, and arouse him to confess it, and seek to bring him to repentance. If any one of my flock is distressed in mind, if he has any burden, if he is in any spiritual difficulty, who is so fit to consult as his clergyman? Let the exhortation read on the Sunday

before the administration of the communion, be read in this light; and I, for my part, see nothing to object to in it. There may be one word in it that might better not be used. Not that that word is wrong in itself; but it has been perverted, and rather savours of Rome. It is the word *absolution*, and I would rather see it exchanged for some kindred expression. The exhortation calls upon people, before they come to the Holy Communion, to see that they are at peace and charity with all men. If their conscience is disturbed, they are to come to their own minister, or to some other learned and discreet minister, and do what? Not open his sins. We have no right to put that interpretation upon it. But he is to open his grief. A man's grief may be his sin, but it is not necessarily so; he may have a thousand little difficulties and delicacies that stand in his way. Therefore, when he comes to open his grief, it is not necessarily his sin; but, even if it were, it would be some one special sin, some special cause of grief, something that he conceives to be so grievous that he does not know whether it may not be a sin against the Holy Ghost. Then he comes to the minister, and the minister shows him, from the Word of God, that no penitent man can be guilty of that great sin, because a man who has committed that sin can never repent. Surely this is saying fair and right. Then it is meet and proper that, before people come to the Lord's Supper, they should send notice to the minister, so that he may satisfy himself about their character, and, if needs be, instruct them, and talk with them in private. This, I do not hesitate to say, is a privilege which the clergy of the Church of England ought not to give up. I have seen hundreds of my fellow-sinners before they came to the Lord's table. I have conversed with them, but I never invited them to make a confession of their sins to me, and I never pronounced any absolution upon them. I have never been unwilling that other persons should be present, but have rather courted it—if a child, her mother; if a son, his father; if a friend, his friend. There was nothing to conceal, I put on no surplice. I assumed no priestly pomp or power, I arrogated not to myself anything like a demi-godhood over a fellow-worm. But as a poor sinner, that had found mercy myself, and tasted how gracious is the Lord, I listened to their tales of sorrow and distress; I counselled with them, and prayed with them. This was my ministry of absolution by God's Word.

\* \* \* \* \*

I come now to what I confess to my mind is the more delicate and difficult point. I admit fully that the Church of England does use language exceedingly strong in her ordination of a deacon as a Presbyter, not as a priest, for she never speaks of priests in the sacerdotal sense. The deacon in former days seldom or never preached, he was not yet deemed ripe enough to expound God's Word to the people; and I believe that it would still be well if deacons did not

preach until they have served their apprenticeship in the pastoral work. It was when Christ commissioned his Apostles to preach his glorious Gospel, and established his Church upon earth, that He used the solemn words, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose soever sins ye retain they are retained: and whose soever sins ye remit they are remitted." Now, mark! "Receive ye the Holy Ghost" does not here mean "Receive the Holy Ghost after your conversion," for the Apostles were already converted, and had the Holy Spirit. Nor could it mean "Receive the Holy Ghost in his miraculous and preternatural gifts," for that was reserved for the day of Pentecost. What, then, is the legitimate meaning of the expression "Receive the Holy Ghost"? It is to receive the special aid and guidance of the Holy Ghost for the work to which I send you; that is, to preach my Gospel faithfully and as I shall guide you; and whose soever sins ye remit they are remitted; and whose soever sins ye retain they are retained. My Gospel shall be salvation or damnation from your lips. And so it is; can any man deny it? Our Church still holds, that those who preach the Gospel faithfully and are duly qualified and called to do it, are moved by the Holy Ghost; and our Church is not in fault if men play the hypocrite in the most solemn and awful of promises. And in the ordination of a Presbyter, remember that not only are the hands of the bishop laid on, but those, also, of other Presbyters; and what does that imply, but that Christ has given authority to his Church to appoint ministers, and that the ministers so appointed have authority? And where does it come from but from the Spirit of God? Bishops cannot give it, and ministers cannot give it. All authority and all wisdom come from God; and, therefore, it is that the Church, in the name and authority of Christ, I will not say imparts, but rather invokes it. At the same time, I am free to admit, that since these words are liable to misconstruction, and have been perverted by some traitors in the camp, I would rather have them softened, thus—"We implore Almighty God to impart his Holy Ghost to thee for the office of Presbyter of the Church of Christ; and then whose soever sins ye forgive, in the way of preaching the Gospel, and proclaiming the terms of forgiveness, are forgiven; and whose sins ye retain, as the Gospel through your lips inculcates, are retained." That, I conceive, is the sense in which the Church of England uses the words. Therefore, I say this passage does not authorize auricular confession or priestly absolution. Indeed, there is not one word about confession in it. You do not find that the bishop tells the Presbyters to receive confession. On the contrary, there is throughout the whole of the ordination service nothing that savours of auricular confession.

ART. IX.—*The Close of the Tenth Century of the Christian Era (the Arnold Prize Essay for 1858).* By RICHARD WATSON DIXON, B.A., Pembroke College. Oxford: T. and G. Shrimpton.

AN Oxford Prize Essay which has reached us, is worthy of more than ordinary notice. In regard to Oxford itself, it encourages the most favourable hopes, as being one of the first-fruits of the revival of historical study, and in regard to its author, it shows an ability which is far from common, even among professed historians. For besides the careful examination of original authorities which distinguishes all true history from mere second-hand compilation, there is a successful attempt to find the spirit of the times beneath the accidental phenomena which manifested it, and to determine the relative place thereof in the history of the world. It is history read by the light of philosophy and human nature, in contrast to ordinary narrative. It exhibits a rare faculty of grasping the whole bearings of a subject, and presenting it before the mind in a dramatic form; hence we can excuse its defects of style and execution, which are mere excrescences incidental to immaturity.

Perhaps no part of modern history is so obscure as the period of which Mr. Dixon has treated, and certainly no part has less charm for the general reader. It is like a narrow pass between two plains, dark and uninteresting to the ordinary traveller, but of the highest strategical value. Mr. Dixon has therefore done well to treat it chiefly in a relative point of view; his question is,—“This point of time, through which so much of the past flowed into the future, what was it in itself, as distinct from any other epoch? Can any mark be perceived in it that rendered it critical in the faiths, and hopes, and destinies of men?”

The first great point of interest is the intense religious spirit which finds its culmination in the universal expectation of the coming doomsday. Mr. Dixon has drawn a vivid picture of the terrors and calamities which it excited, following very closely in the track of contemporary chroniclers:—“Signs in the sun and moon, monstrous births, prodigies by sea and land, declared the disturbance of nature, the dissolution of society, and the mad excitation of terror.”

But when the actual crisis was past, the brighter side of things predominated:—

The skies were serener, the signs of the times more favourable. Hope renewed itself upon earth once more, and under the con-



solations of the Church, humanity began to look up, to labour, and to build. The earth was entering upon a new, a more joyful age : let her put on, as it were, the white robes of rejoicing, to meet her gleaming destiny. So they said, and as in token of the new hope set before them, in the midst of withering sufferings, they began to build the churches. Within three years after the thousandth year, all the principal churches and religious edifices were renovated, throughout the universe, especially in Italy and France, even where there was little need ; that the new white stone of them might fall against the blue of the now serene sky.

And then follows a masterly summary, which, so far as we know, is new to history, of the good which all this wrought in the political and social world :—

From the intense religious excitation of this era the world received an impulse which bore it onwards for three centuries. It was true that the new age had inaugurated a new law. From pestilence and famine, from servitude and tyranny, from the last agony of a moribund world, arose that which is the choicest result of all time, the Christian art of Europe. This was, so to speak, the new creature within the new world. New churches were erected ; old churches restored in the newness of splendour. Kings, nobles, communities, had vied with one another to produce them : and the generation which had built them, lived, in a manner, within them. Through their vomitories poured continually a vast multitude throbbing with the savageness, the disturbed imagination, the self-abandonment of religious excitation ; striving to express by uncouth mimicry, frantic dances, and rude songs, their intense sympathy and personal identification with the faith which they professed. This is the generation whose faces stare upon us from mouldings, the archivolts of arches, the corbels of capitals, of the eleventh century, grotesquely or monstrously carved. They placed themselves thereon, with the same boldness with which they traversed the floors of their churches masked and miming ; they feared not to plant their own figures in the dress in which they daily toiled or fought, beside the long flowing robes in which their reverence wrapped the forms of Christ, the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, and the Angels.

In the constancy which could thus build, and the art which could thus decorate, is to be recognized a progress and civilization of the truest and highest nature, a coherence of spirit and a social vitality which strive to attain lofty results. This civilization, this union of individual efforts with the national will in great undertakings, of which we see the dawn in the last years of the tenth century, is the grandest and most hopeful fact of that era : it carries with it the signs of a magnificent futurity. Cathedrals and monasteries, and the greater number of the public edifices of modern Europe remain as the glory of the middle ages. It is a monumental glory, perhaps, marking a civilization gained at the expense of the lives and trea-

tures of the people. But all glory is monumental ; and the same price must be paid for every effort of civilization ; while the glory is not therefore the less enduring, nor the civilization less real. The seed must die before the harvest be gathered.

In the dismay and terror of the tormented world are to be perceived the beginnings of freedom, the avowal of a faith which was to win for itself enlightenment, the kindlings of a piety which strove to rend the heavens and unseal the invisible world, and, not least, the dawn of the unspeakable splendours of Christian art. These are the social coherences which were destined to give a true unity to the drama of the Western world.

But the really valuable portion of the Essay, is the exposition of the revival of the imperial idea of Charlemagne in the Papacy, and the recognition of the feudal system as the conservation thereof. The Papacy has been far too much neglected in its strictly political aspect. The bias of most writers on the question of the right or wrong of its political influence, has blinded them to a great extent to its absolute value. The essential opposition of feudalism to modern notions of liberty, has induced a forgetfulness of its use as a transitional phase of existence.

The Feudal Polity was, therefore, the guarantee and preserver of national existence. Whatever form it took, it bound men to the soil. It was a conservative principle cast into a most material mould. To disjoin, to hold apart, was its work and destiny. It was, therefore, the great antagonist of the empire. It was not a polity, but a system of polities. We find not in it any power of apprehending that loftier polity which schemes at universal dominion in the junction of unity of government with breadth and diversity of action ; which aims to combine the grandeur of centralized power with the magnanimity of allowing free scope to the minor objects and desires of mankind. But it will be the first object to seek for indications of this latter polity. Is not this polity essential in the history of the human race ? Does not that history fall under the contempt allotted to barbarism whenever it has been without some attempt at general combination ? Whence, otherwise, can we derive the unceasing efforts of every age to realize the imperial idea ; the instinct that has led men by generations to toil, to suffer, and to die, for its attainment ? By the yet undissipated clouds overhanging human affairs, it has come to pass that these efforts have ever ended in exhaustion and a weary outcry for the repose even of barbarism. All attempts, save one, have been through the sword. The single exception has been the dominion of the Church ; and there the evil and the good are mingled inextricably.

Many writers seem to say that the world was without an imperial

idea at the time to which our attention is confined. The Cæsarean empire had passed, and the Carlovingian empire was dissolved. In the revival of the imperial title by the first of the Ottos cannot be seen the revival of the imperial authority. We must not look to Germany but to Italy for a manifestation of imperial might. The imperial idea had acquired the sanctity and also the force of a tradition. As such, it exerted itself in this age. It returned to its most ancient seat; there it abode, and refused itself to barbarians who came from beyond the Alps to possess it. The ensuing age witnessed the struggle between the Empire and the Popedom. In vain the former struggled to erect itself: it was crippled at home by the segregating influence of feudalism. In vain also did it strive to snatch the sacred force of tradition from its rival, and emulously entitled itself the Holy Roman Empire.

The real successor of Charlemagne was the Popedom. The capitularies of the emperor were superseded by the decretals of the Pope.

\* \* \* \* \*

In that unmatched agony of the human race, in which the Roman Empire expired, it appeared as though the conditions of the very existence of Christianity amongst men had been dilapidated. Wasting famines and pestilences, and the yet more devouring sword, had undermined the foundation of intelligence and culture which Christian doctrine demands for its reception and retention. There was a danger, to human apprehension, lest the Church should be extinguished by the universal barbaric retribution. We read of whole nations that had been baptized, suddenly relapsing into Paganism. The conditions for the Christian life no longer existed amongst them. Christianity subsisted chiefly by the efforts of the noble missionaries, who so frequently met with death amongst the hordes where they laboured. The mighty founders of the Carlovingian dynasty received, protected, and guided the fainting, struggling Church. They confirmed it at home; they carried it into the confines of heathenism: year after year, as their standards pierced deeper into the barbarian masses, and to the fastnesses of savages was imparted the organization of the empire, their success became a substratum for the Gospel, until the fiery zeal of these royal advocates called forth the remonstrances of the bishops. Then was fulfilled the august prophecy,—“Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers.”

But Mr. Dixon has entered into the whole question with such admirable fulness, that we should be sorry to give an aspect of one-sidedness by partial quotations: following in the track of no previous modern writer, he has searched for himself, with a most praiseworthy independence, into all the extant monuments of the age, and thus the result is as complete as it is original. There is always manifest power, even if there is not always perspicuity; and we have no doubt whatever that the ability which

has wrought out this entirely new aspect of so singularly difficult a period, will one day make a contribution to historical science, which will not soon pass away from English literature. We regret that we cannot now say more of the present very valuable attempt, but we feel impelled to quote its concluding summary:—

In this review of the condition of the world at the close of the tenth century of the Christian era, there has been noticed, in the first place, an unequalled religious excitation, which reveals the lives and actions of men in a glow of unearthly light. The fearful, the sublime, expectation of the great restitution strikes along the world, and changes all common modes of living, and shatters all ordinary canons of historical criticism. Everything has grown vast, intense, and strange. Ghastly, with sufferings hardly to be conceived, exercised by inward conflicts, which vividly took form through ignorance and superstition, the human race adapts itself to its terrible circumstances with stern facility. Pilgrimages, asceticisms, inhumanities, exterminations, prodigies, wild sorrows, and wilder hilarities, proclaim that the earth had full need for heaven to dawn. All things are dissolved, all repellent elements strive together more fiercely in anticipation of the great dissolution.

In the midst of this general death, two things never die: their everlasting struggle conserves them. The destiny of mankind seems inextricably connected with the idea of an empire: and the empire was revived in a visible form in the Western world, when the dreadful final year was rapidly approaching. At the same time it was effectually checked and counteracted by the growth of the nationalities; the principle of national independence was consolidated in the final adjustment of the relations of the races and estates in occupation of the evil: and the bloody struggles of the various nations for a territorial footing passed by degrees into the more refined mutations of the political systems. The real successor of the empire is found to be the hierarchy seated upon the seven hills of Rome, the only power capable of exerting a centralizing influence. Yet the Papal authority is marred and diminished by the infamies practised beneath its sanction; and men turn elsewhere, to the East, that they may behold the august spectacle of a formal and potent empire. In the grandeur of magnitude and of architectural display, in unity of government and strength of execution, in the obedience of the Church and the pomps of the palace, the throne of Byzantium appears to be a worthy inheritor of the Cæsarean traditions. Yet its activity was transient, and its policy devoid of enlargement. The political potency reverts to the seven hills, transforming itself into the hierarchy.

This epoch connects itself with the confusions of the five centuries which preceded it, and stands as the commencement of the comparative order of the subsequent three centuries. In contemplating it, we are within the shadow of the old world; the new world unfolding to us its emerging coasts and outline.

ART. X.—*The Defence of Guenevere; and other Poems.* By WILLIAM MORRIS. London: Bell and Daldy, 186, Fleet Street. 1858.

NEARLY three years ago, at the opening of 1856, a new monthly periodical appeared under the title of the "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine," supported almost entirely by the pens of members of the two universities. It has been said that the destinies of the nation at any time depend upon what may happen to be the prevalent tone of opinion amongst its young men of from twenty to five-and-twenty; and there can be small question but that the established occupiers of the world both require and receive a strong impulse from the bold and trenchant thoughts which are the first impressions of the young. The homage paid by the young to the old is not more a matter of fact and of nature than the homage paid by the old to the young. But the homage of the one is more moral, the homage of the other is more intellectual. The generation that is passing away beholds with a sort of mingled astonishment and regret the renewal in its offspring of faculties which in itself time has impaired; the first impatient vehemence of thought, the haughty opinionativeness, the dislike of moderate views, the desire to close every question at once by immediate reference to absolute and abstract principles, without regard to the little weights and counterweights, the small collateral issues which accumulate so rapidly, and to the minds of experienced thinkers constitute the great difficulty everywhere. The habit is from the old, the impulse is from the young.

Now, it is in the universities that the largest amount of young intellectual life, of that delightful kind of thought which we may call the *crudely mature*, is to be met with. What the clever child, the prodigy whose whims are obeyed while they are laughed at, is to the family, that the universities are to the nation. In them seethes and boils the restless inquisitive spirit of the nation's youth, impatient of hesitation, fierce in its contempt for mere authority, intense in its puristic instinct, its disgust for half measures, feeble utterances, and balanced views. It is, moreover, a singular fact that each of the short-lived generations of the Academy acquires a sort of uniformity of thought, which renders it by no means an aggregation of warring atoms, constantly striking against one another, and as often rebounding in mutual repulsion. Each generation has its own particular idol; and the contemplation of the same object strikes out an intellectual sympathy amongst men of the most opposite tastes and unequal powers. One rage possesses all; at one time it is for music, at another for poetry, at another church architecture,

at another some form of churchism, at another art. Without inquiring too nicely into the action and reaction of the mind of the nation, and the mind of the universities upon one another, which is certainly a curious and interesting question, we may safely assert, that nowhere is ascendancy of intellect so easily exerted, or so promptly acknowledged, as in the universities; that nowhere will an intellectual chief meet with such ready and impassioned adherents; and that the common feeling and homogeneousness which we have described as belonging to each undergraduate generation, whilst it issues from the influence of some one or few commanding intellects, is sure to be, more or less, intimately connected with religion.

The vehement convictions of the universities impress themselves in one way or another upon the life of the nation; they elude or defy the censorship of the periodical press; they hew out for themselves channels by which to reach the public mind; and the universities are regarded by the world at large with a singular mixture of curiosity, respect, indulgence, amusement, affection, and mistrust. It is not often that the world has been addressed so boldly, freely, and defiantly, as it was in the late "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine;" which, in one word, was an attempt to reform the periodical literature of the country, and to awaken the attention of the world to the highest truths of art, politics, and religion. Although it professed to be open to many varieties of opinion upon a wide range of subjects, yet the uniformity, if not of opinion, certainly of spirit, if not of thought, certainly of the way of thinking, on the part of its writers, was obvious. The performance was just what was to be expected from those who had undertaken it. It was fierily sincere, frank, honest, and high-minded; but narrow, merciless, and full of that sort of absurdity which must arise from inexperience. The amount of talent employed in it was overwhelming; it raised itself at once to a first rank among the monthlies, and there can be no doubt but that it only needed to have been continued in order to have gained an established reputation, and have exercised an important influence. After a brilliant existence, however, of exactly twelve months, it terminated. The supreme excellence of its poetical department was particularly marked, inasmuch as the bulk of the verse published periodically is of the most despicable order: and to the poetical, as well as to the other departments, Mr. Morris was a principal contributor. Some of the poems in the remarkable volume before us, originally appeared in the "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine."

It is very common in reviews to complain of an author for

what he has not got. This arises from the nature of criticism, which, of course, is essentially founded upon comparison. But the real question to be asked in every critique is, whether the merits of an author be such as compensate for his deficiencies. Every author will instantly be defective if compared with another who is remarkable for some excellence, and with the sole intent of discovering his deficiency. It is a very safe criticism to say of a new poet that he has not the breadth of Shakespeare, nor the height of Browning, nor the purity of Tennyson. Such a critique might be extended through the whole range of English poetry with perfect impunity. But yet a poet who might be truly declared defective in what is regarded as the characteristic excellence of every one of the poets in succession, may be a very great poet notwithstanding. If he is a poet at all, he will have something that nobody else has; and it is rather the business of the reviewer to discover what he has than to indulge in the cheap expedient of regretting what he has not. On the other hand, there is a kind of similarity between true poets, which encourages the practice of comparing them with one another. We intend in this article to deal with the positive rather than the negative qualities of Mr. Morris; as we are desirous of giving our readers the best account we are able of what strikes us as the most remarkable poetical work that has for some time past issued from the English press. We shall only deal with negatives, in so far as the absence of one thing implies the presence of another.

The first thing that is observable in Mr. Morris's poems, is their originality. For the first work of a young poet it is wonderfully original. We never saw anything like it. There are faint traces, here and there, of that imitative process which must be, we conceive, gone through, more or less consciously, by every poet at the present day; as there are also traces of that absurdity which has to be worked through by the inexperienced, that fatality of aberration which seems sometimes greater in proportion to the strength of genius. But in Mr. Morris we are immediately conscious that this is overcome by the power with which he has grasped, and seized, and apprehended the real nature, subject, and essence of poetry; by the potency with which at will he summons around him whatever he pleases of outward beauty or inward passion. There is nothing for a moment feeble, or heavy, or prosaic in his touch; and the attention is kept up by here and there a stroke which shows entire mastery, and enters into the instincts of the reader, and cannot be forgotten. We recognize that in

Mr. Morris a new link is established between ourselves and our life; that he has discovered verities which have been beside us and we have not known; and we have great moments to thank him for, in which we have been shown truths by him, and not deceived.

Then we must observe upon the immense ease with which it is evident these poems have been written. There is a fulness in them, a vast body, an amount of material, which is the unmistakable mark of abounding power. This, on the other hand, is counterbalanced often by very great obscurity and quaintness; the poems are some of them written even too closely,—“cramped couplets, each like a knife in your entrails.” But this is a defect inseparable from such poetry as that of Mr. Morris; and we do not suppose that it will ever be remedied. In such minds, the association of ideas is so rapid, that language cannot convey it readily; and, indeed, this kind of clash and rush of words in half-constructions is very beautiful, and perhaps essential in the highest modern poetry. We must learn to accept the age; the statuesque simplicity of ancient ideas has passed for ever; we cannot dip the brush into one unmixed colour, but must learn diligently to use the most complicated harmonies; our intention must be clear and sincere, and our execution such as the knowledge of the times requires. Then will be produced a poetry as really simple and noble as that of the ancients, though, necessarily, more subtle in colouring, more complex in ideas, inasmuch as the language has attained a higher delicacy of signification, and the ideas associated with each word are more numerous and subtle in gradation. We do not mean that there is any designedly elaborate execution in Mr. Morris's poems, for they have every appearance of having been written straight off, with little after-corrections; but they present that deliberate balance of words which is inseparable from modern poetry, even whilst in spirit and design they are one with the ancient poetry, the simplicity of which we regret as unattainable, except by outright and unpleasant imitation. Another thing to be remarked here in them is, that all the thinking of each poem seems to have been finished before the actual committal to paper, and this secures that simplicity of spirit which we have noted. There is nothing *accidental* about them, no stumbling about until at length the right thing is said; the philosophy of the situation is always fully mastered and comprehended; the vision has passed in full before an eye quick to appreciate its general effect of grandeur and beauty, as well as to lose not any one of its details. Hence the obscurity



of language, where it seems, is never an affected obscurity, such as rejoices in hiding a paltry meaning under a trick of words; nor is it the obscurity of expressing a half-comprehended idea; but it is rather a descriptive obscurity, as of what has passed swiftly before the eyes as a whole, and with a general effect, whilst consisting of many crowded parts. Thus a painter might be content to indicate the points of the leaves composing a globe of frondage, thronging behind one another, half-immersed in the general shadow. His painting would be truer than if he drew each separate leaf at length, or only one leaf to represent the mass; and its obscurity would be part of its truth.

Each of the poems in this volume is essentially a story; the telling of the story constitutes the poem. In this Mr. Morris is widely different from the majority of living poets, with whom the story is nothing but a line upon which to hang enormous breadths of description and sentiment. This modern style of poetry with no plot, no action, except the most languid and insignificant, is a very questionable thing. To begin with, it is uninteresting; and it has a tendency to reduce poetry to the art of words and metres, as music is reduced to the art of sounds; and it proves a man not to be a great poet, but a highly accomplished word-adjuster, and, perhaps, a man of science and sentiment. Poetry, under such treatment, is continually being led away to do duty for theology; as in such cases as Festus, and Baldu, it is made to hover over the regions of mystical theology and mystical absurdity, to the abandonment of its own proper domain, which is the beautiful. Mr. Morris has too just a sense of the true function of poetry, and too keen a sense of beauty, and of that in which the power and charm of poetry consist, to give us bald theology, languid immorality, and diluted philosophy. He is a philosopher, undoubtedly, but it is in the sense in which Shakespeare was one; as having the strongest sympathy with human life, and a faculty for portraying its most intense excitements, as well as a deep insight into the beauty of the world, and an instinct for representing all things together in a story. His dramatic power is, indeed, very great, although not very wide; for his sense of beauty precludes him from attempting any great number of characters. Knights and ladies all alike in love, with here and there a "filthy beast," make up the sum of his *dramatis personæ*. He is a dramatic purist.

Before examining the longer poems in this little volume, we extract entire, for the benefit of our readers, a short ballad,

"The Sailing of the Sword," one of the most exquisite short poems in the language:—

Across the empty garden beds  
When the sword went out to sea,  
I scarcely saw my sisters' heads  
Bowed each beside a tree;  
I could not see the castle leads  
When the sword went out to sea.

Alicia wore a scarlet gown,  
When the sword went out to sea,  
But Ursula's was russet brown:  
For the mist we could not see  
The scarlet roof of the good town  
When the sword went out to sea.

Green holly in Alicia's hand,  
When the sword went out to sea;  
With sere oak leaves did Ursula stand;  
Oh! yet, alas, for me!  
I did but bear a peeled white wand,  
When the sword went out to sea.

Oh, russet brown and scarlet bright,  
When the sword went out to sea,  
My sisters wore: I wore but white;  
Red, brown, and white, are three:  
Three damozels; each had a knight,  
When the sword went out to sea.

Sir Robert shouted back and said,  
When the sword went out to sea,  
"Alicia, while I see thy head,  
What shall I bring for thee?"  
"O my sweet lord, a ruby red."—  
The sword went out to sea.

Sir Miles said, while the sails hung down,  
When the sword went out to sea,  
"Oh, Ursula, while I see the town,  
What shall I bring for thee?"  
"Dear knight, bring back a falcon brown."—  
The sword went out to sea.

But my Roland, no word he said  
When the sword went out to sea,  
But only turned away his head,—  
A quick shriek came from me;  
"Come back, dear lord, to your white maid."—  
The sword went out to sea.

The hot sun bit the garden beds,  
 When the sword came back from sea ;  
 Beneath an apple-tree our heads  
 Stretched out towards the sea ;  
 Grey gleamed the thirsty castle leads  
 When the sword came back from sea.

Lord Robert brought a ruby red,  
 When the sword came back from sea,  
 He kissed Alicia on the head ;  
 " I am come back to thee :  
 'Tis time, sweet love, that we were wed  
 Now the sword is back from sea."

Sir Miles he bore a falcon brown,  
 When the sword came back from sea ;  
 His arms went round tall Ursula's gown,—  
 " What joy, O love, but thee ?  
 Let us be wed in the good town,  
 Now the sword is back from sea."

My heart grew sick, no more afraid,  
 When the sword came back from sea ;  
 Upon the deck a tall white maid  
 Sat on Lord Roland's knee ;  
 His chin was pressed upon her head,  
 When the sword came back from sea.

The volume consists of several longer poems,—“The Defence of Guenevere,” “King Arthur's Tomb,” “Sir Galabad, a Christmas Mystery,” “The Chapel in Lyonesse,” “Sir Peter Harpdon's End.” “Rapunzel,” “Concerning Geffroy Teste Noire,” and “Golden Wings.” It will be seen from these titles that Mr. Morris has been led by his intense sense of purity and beauty to the middle age; he is altogether mediæval, and displays throughout his book an intimate and most admirable knowledge of the spirit and form of chivalry. He has studied his *Morte d'Arthur* and *Froissart* thoroughly; and it may be safely affirmed, that as few men in any time have exhibited a more just conception of the real nature of the Arthurian cycle, so very few have taken the pains to master the details of an age. He brings to his work a mind thoroughly furnished with the dresses, armour, buildings, and modes of life, in that strange and glorious time when everything was tempered and dignified by beauty and noble courtesy; and thus he is never vague, never unable to go into particulars, but has drunk deeply of the reality of the time which he undertakes to reproduce. In this he is essentially different from the majority of poets,—even great poets,—who

are often so ignorant of, or so incapable of conceiving, the aspect of any particular age, that they simply translate it into the mode of their own time, so that there is abundant misconception in the world as to the characteristics of any given age; whilst, in truth, we believe that every age is as distinct in spirit, prevalent thought, and feeling, as it is in dress, architecture, and other recognized things. The famous "Pope's Homer" is one example; the "Morte d'Arthur" of Tennyson, beautiful though it be, is another. This latter is a case in point. It is by no means a transcript of the Arthur-romance, while the poems of Mr. Morris might almost have been written upon "the table round." They are full of heroic life, power, and beauty, sometimes almost overpowering, immensely affecting, and vivid with truth. There is a sort of pathos about them very hard to describe. Pathos is not the word, but we can think of no other. There is something vulgar about the pathetic which renders it inapplicable as a term of description; but any great exhibition of power is affecting, and evokes sympathy; and when you are carried onwards in witnessing such astonishing fertility of imagination as is evidenced in almost every line of the poetry of Mr. Morris, and are thrown into an atmosphere of purism, in which all the instincts of human nature seem set to work out their tendencies with blind and ceaseless effort, giving birth to innumerable circumstances which is their history; and when nothing is to be done but simply to write their history, as Mr. Morris does, then there is the purest and highest, least vulgarly passionate, pathos, or sympathy raised in the heart.

We select, as the finest of the longer poems, "King Arthur's Tomb." The king is dead, and Launcelot is on his way to Glastonbury Towers, where was Guenevere the queen, his love. He rides by night in a weird seizure of love, sometimes knowing nothing save that Guenevere is there; sometimes solaced with long clear memories of their "old garden life." One of them is here—

"Once I remember, as I sat beside,  
She turned a little, and laid back her head,  
And slept upon my breast; I almost died  
In those nightwatches with my love and dread.

Then, lily-like, she bowed her head and slept,  
And I breathed low, and did not dare to move,  
But sat and quivered inwardly; thoughts crept,  
And frightened me with pulses of my love.

The stars shone out above the doubtful green  
 Of her bodice, in the green sky overhead ;  
 Pale in the green sky were the stars, I ween,  
 Because the moon shone like a star she shed.  
 When she dwelt up in heaven a while ago,  
 And ruled all things but God ; the night went on,  
 The wind grew cold and the white moon grew low,  
 One hand had fallen down, and now lay on  
 My cold, stiff palm ; there were no colours then  
 For near an hour, and I fell asleep  
 In spite of all my striving, even when  
 I held her whose name—letters make me leap.  
 I did not sleep long, feeling that in sleep  
 I did some loved one wrong, so that the sun  
 Had only just arisen from the deep  
 Still land of colours, when before me one  
 Stood whom I knew, but scarcely dared to touch,  
 She seemed to have changed so in the night ;  
 Moreover she held scarlet lilies, such  
 As Maiden Margaret bears upon the light  
 Of the great church-walls ; nathless did I walk  
 Through the fresh wet woods and the wheat that morn,  
 Touching her hair, and hand, and mouth, and talk  
 Of love we held nigh hid among the corn.  
 Back to the palace, ere the sun grew high,  
 We went, and in a cool green room all day  
 I gazed upon the arras giddily,  
 Where the wind set the silken strings a-sway.  
 I could not hold her hand, or see her face ;  
 For which may God forgive me ! but I think,  
 However, that she was not in that place.  
 These memories Launcelot was quick to drink.

He finds himself at Arthur's tomb, his head laid upon the  
 newly carved head of the king, waiting for Guenevere. Pre-  
 sently she comes forth to meet him ; but, alas ! no more the  
 same Guenevere—

A blight  
 Had settled on her, all her robes were black,  
 With a long white veil only ; she went slow,  
 As one walks to be slain, her eyes did lack  
 Half her old glory, yea, alas ! the glow  
 Had left her face and hands : this was because  
 As she lay last night on her purple bed,  
 Wishing for morning, grudging every pause  
 Of the palace clocks, until that Launcelot's head

Should lie on her breast, with all her golden hair  
 Each side—when suddenly the thing grew drear,  
 In morning twilight, when the grey downs bare  
 Grew into lumps of sin to Guenevere.

She announces to Launcelot her miserable resolution that not "ever again shall we twine arms and lips." The dialogue that follows between the two wretched lovers, he dying with love, she holding tremulously yet terribly her resolution, and striving to infuse it into him. In one part she recalls the old court of the king, with the daily sports in the tilting yard—

The thrushes sang in the lone garden there—  
 But where you were the birds were scared, I trow—  
 Clanging of arms about pavilions fair,  
 Mixed with the knight's laughs; there, as I well knew,  
 Rode Launcelot, the king of all the band,  
 And scowling Gauwaine, like the night in day,  
 And handsome Garette, with his great white band  
 Curled round the helm-crest, ere he joined the fray :  
 And merry Dinadan, with sharp dark face,  
 All true knights loved to see; and in the fight  
 Great Tristram, and though helmed you could trace  
 In all his bearing the frank noble knight ;  
 And by him Palomydes, helmet off,  
 He fought, his face brushed by his hair,  
 Red heavy-swinging hair; he feared a scoff  
 So overmuch, though what true knight would dare  
 To mock that face, fretted with useless care,  
 And bitter useless striving after love?  
 O Palomydes, with much honour bear  
 Beast Glaty gaunt upon your shield, above  
 Your helm, that hides the swinging of your hair,  
 And think of Tseult, as your sword drives through  
 Much mail and plate—O God! let me be there  
 A little time, as I was long ago!  
 Because stout Garette lets his spear fall low,  
 Gauwaine and Launcelot and Dinadan  
 Are behind and waiting; let the trumpets go!  
 Bend over, ladies, to see all you can!  
 Clench teeth, dames, yea, clasp hands, for Garette's spear  
 Throws Kay from out his saddle like a stone  
 From a castle-window when the foe draws near—  
 "Tseult!"—Sir Dinadan rolleth overthrown.

"Tseult"—again the pieces of each spear  
 Fly fathoms up, and both the great steeds reel;  
 "Tristram for Tseult!" "Tseult" and "Guenevere,"  
 The ladies' names bite verily like steel.  
 "They bite—bite me, Lord God!—I shall go mad,  
 Or else die kissing him, he is so pale,  
 He thinks me mad already, O bad! bad!  
 Let me lie down a little while and wail."

This is magnificent, but not more so than the rest of this  
 extraordinary poem. We cannot resist one more extract from  
 a most exquisite poem, called "Golden Wings:"—

She took a sword within her hand,  
 Whose hilts were silver, and she sung,  
 Somehow like this, wild words that rung  
 A long way o'er the moonlit land:—

Gold wings across the sea!  
 Grey light from tree to tree,  
 Gold hair beside my knee,  
 I pray thee come to me,  
 Gold wings!

The water slips  
 The red-billed moorhen dips;  
 Sweet kisses on red lips:  
 Alas! the red rust grips,  
 And the blood-red dagger rips,  
 Yet, O knight, come to me!

Are not my blue eyes sweet?  
 The west-wind from the wheat  
 Blows cold across my feet;  
 Is it not time to meet  
 Gold wings across the sea?

White swans on the green moat,  
 Small feathers left afloat,  
 By the blue painted boat,  
 Swift running of the stoat;  
 Sweet gurgling note by note  
 Of sweet music.

O gold wings!  
 Listen how gold hair sings,  
 And the ladies' castle rings,  
 Gold wings across the sea.

I sit on a purple bed,  
 Outside the wall is red,  
 Thereby the apple hangs  
 And the wasp caught by the fangs

Dies in the autumn night  
 And the bats flit till light,  
 And the love-crazed knight  
 Kisses the long wet grass ;  
 The weary days pass,—  
 Gold wings across the sea.  
 Gold wings across the sea !  
 Moonlight from tree to tree,  
 Sweet hair laid on my knee,  
 O sweet knight, come to me !  
 Gold wings ! the short night slips,  
 The white swan's long neck drips ;  
 I pray thee, kiss my lips,  
 Gold wings across the sea.

It is not often that an author, in his first book, speaks so decidedly and firmly, so truly and so highly, as this. Mr. Morris is a painter as well as a poet ; he belongs to the celebrated band of the præ-Raphaelite brethren ; nor is he the only one of that illustrious fraternity who will be known as eminent in literature, as well as amongst the reformers of art. He has two modes of giving expression to the abundant vigour of his imagination ; and this volume gives example of the manner in which the one reacts upon the other. The hand of a painter is seen in every one of these poems, so pure and noble in their love of colour and form, so graceful in their love of action. We do not hesitate to say that Mr. Morris is a very great poet, and that he bids fair to place his name very high in the glorious roll of the poets of his country.

ART. XI.—*Sermons preached at Westminster Abbey.* London: Bell and Daldy. 1858.

THERE is nothing extraordinary in any of these sermons, but the occasion of their being preached is the mark of a new ecclesiastical era. The Church of England has never been more busily occupied than at present. While, by its own free choice, it is adopting some measures novel to its accustomed course, a stern and irresistible necessity involves it, every day, in purposes still more numerous, and far stranger to its usual policy. But it is not inexperienced in danger or difficulty. For some centuries, a cloud hung over it, which might justify the question, whether it had a distinct or individual existence. A speck in the ocean of Roman catho-



licity, it rose or sank, appeared or vanished, only as some temporary convulsion made the assertion of its independence important or indifferent to the state.

When the doubt as to its separate and actual existence as a national church, was finally and for ever settled by the Reformation, inquiries of another kind arose. A colony just emancipated from the supposed tyranny of its mother-country, is not always prepared for self-government. Though never really dependent upon, or subject to Rome, our Church had received much of its shape and bearing from its close connection with the papal government; neither can it be denied that there are elements of its inner life traceable to the same source. Its early scholars, lawyers, and philosophers, no less than its clergy, were taught in the same schools as the most catholic of their brethren. The language of Rome was the mother-tongue of all; and the most zealous champion of the newly-liberated Church, could enter no library without being reminded of friendships and associations, which, in spite of all controversy, must still be tenderly and reverentially cherished.

And it was the nobler, the more powerful, class of minds that would be most affected by such influences. However the less scholarly leaders among the Reformers might feel free from any pressure of this kind, the men whose authority was, for some time to come, to outweigh popular opinion, would be subject to it, consciously or unconsciously, every step they took.

Thus a species of very powerful agency, old and catholic, was left to work in the very centre of the English Church, and never to be wholly counteracted by the spirit of the Reformation. Cathedrals might be stripped of their ornaments, images and altars torn down; whatever could meet the outward eye, and so keep alive the bad habits of the early superstition, might cease to exist; but no earthly power could root out the products of the old spiritual culture which, from the hyssop to the cedar-tree, still flourished in those gardens of the soul, the grand though neglected libraries of former times. Still less could any antagonism destroy the life of the seed deposited in minds equally meditative and active.

Generation after generation has passed away, but this agency, this special influence, has not yet ceased to operate. It is discoverable in the writings and discourses of men whose sincerity ought not to be doubted, but who, while strenuously asserting the independence of their own Church, still fondly associate in thought with the scholars and teachers of the renounced communion.

That, at particular junctures, difficulties may arise from the existence of such an amity between the students of opposed Churches, can hardly be doubted. It should rather be recognized as a fact, and as one in respect to which there should be all the fore-arrangements which wisdom can devise, whether in the way of caution, or indulgence. Nothing can ever divest the Church of England of this feature in its character. Some considerable portion of its clergy, whether for good or for evil, will ever be students of the same philosophy, and the same theology, as those of Rome. We are here speaking of a fact only, not of principles. The whole subject will be viewed differently by different parties, but this ought not to throw any doubt upon the mere fact. If a law were passed to prohibit the circulation of Romanized theology in England, such an enactment would only serve, like the Maine law, to prove its own futility, and the invincible force of the habit against which it was directed.

Of more obvious, though not of greater importance, was the continuance in the Reformed Church of the same form of government as in the old. This brought into close approximation the entire body of principles belonging to the earlier views of episcopacy and the priesthood, and the new theory of popular rights and private judgment. Arguments of great force, unanswerable, if either party were implicitly credited, might be advanced on both sides. But the grand point for consideration is, not the superiority of this or that set of principles; it is, that they must exist together, work together, and that, for century after century, the peace of the kingdom, the safety of the Church, the interests of religion and morality must be, more or less, dependent upon the success of the combination.

There is much of hardihood in the prejudice which would deny, that less of disturbance, and more of good, has resulted from the alliance than might have been expected. But such a state of things is inseparable from danger and difficulty. This has been proved in every great paroxysm of the public mind. The highest wisdom of the nation is well employed in guarding it against the consequences.

But though the constitution of the Reformed Church involves a peril in its very framework, this does not render it less precious to those who know its value and its capabilities. It is not its fault that there are some dangerous peculiarities in its condition. Its own will, or choice, had nothing to do with the circumstances which produced them. When the period of trial arrived, it had existed, from time immemorial, under the same shape, and with the same government, as those which

belonged to all the then known Churches in the world. Both were sanctioned by use and habit, as well as age. There could be nothing inherent in the Church itself to prompt a wish for change. Consisting of living members, the common force of custom and affection was opposed to revolution, however piety might be tolerant of correction. Even Independents, Methodists, Baptists, of the third or fourth generation, not only respect the creed, but love the memory, of their spiritual forefathers. No light cause would tempt them to break up what they reverently denominate their "Church."

On the other hand, it must never be forgotten that, whatever other causes tended to liberate English Christians from foreign domination, the Church, as such, was mainly indebted for its freedom to the power and interference of the State. No doubt, to acknowledge this, is not to speak quite in harmony with those who sublimely forget everything but the glory of the Church. But we are dealing with realities, and there are few facts more certain than this, that the Church of England could never have shaken off the yoke of Rome, unless the State had been foremost in the struggle. It is a dangerous folly to deceive ourselves on a point like this. Flattery is as injurious to Churches as to individuals. The false position, complacently admired, is never a safe one. An Establishment, as an Establishment, ought, for its security, to have a precise understanding of the nature of its foundation. Should it ever need repair, or additional strength, the best of its friends will make sad mistakes, if they apply spiritual supports to that which is only weak in its material structure, or material bulwarks to that which can be strengthened only by the Word and Spirit.

From one or the other of the circumstances here spoken of, the necessities have arisen which the heads and friends of the Church now candidly acknowledge, and seem endeavouring to meet. If we view them in the order corresponding to the above remarks, the first anxiety encountered, is that created by the long traditional influences of Catholic literature passing through Roman channels.

During the period intervening between the latter part of Queen Ann's reign and the rise of Methodism, the tendencies to repose, the desire of simple security for dignities and revenues, on the part of the Church, more than counteracted every other species of anxiety or jealousy. When a new inquiry as to the efficiency of ecclesiastical ministrations became necessary, the thoughts of many serious and observant Churchmen were directed to the first Protestant means of

popular usefulness and influence. The Word of God, as written; the Word of God, as preached; had become, it was absurd to question the fact, the great instrument of power in the hands of adversaries. Unhappily, Churchmen of highest rank, Churchmen most jealous of that title, doubted whether this was the instrument which they were themselves to use in conflict with the world and their opponents. They brought their learning, their traditions, their prejudices, to bear upon the subject. There was a time, they observed,—and libraries, cathedrals, old picture-galleries, showed it well,—when other means than preaching, and other powers than those merely spiritual, were successfully adopted to command the masses of professing Churchmen. And why should not the system be revived through which these means of influence might be most readily employed? An ample groundwork existed for its revival in the sympathies hidden, or sympathies slumbering, in all the subterranean chambers, in the entire crypt-architecture of the English Church. But this very system originated in the discovery that men might be governed by their love of outward form, their susceptibility to sweet sounds, more readily than by direct appeals to faith or conscience. The Churchmen of the times to which we are referring, were glad to avail themselves of the readiest means for effecting their object. Evangelical preachers, Methodists, Dissenters, must be opposed. Instinctively, the unexercised High-Churchman shrunk from the idea of starting on the career of a preacher, or even on that of a reader. But he could learn to intone, he might form a choir in his church, the church itself might be renewed, faced with encaustic tiles, furnished with a screen; it might be painted with blue and vermillion. This might be done long before he could gain the power to preach as well as the minister of the neighbouring chapel. Supposing he was a man of ability, the mere intellectual challenge would not affect him. But even for him there was the force of a higher grandeur and beauty, when the old Church, trusting to its gestures rather than its voice, blessed the people through its long ranges of symbolism. If hearts and souls, five hundred years ago, were bowed to the most perfect submission by such means, why should they now be unused? And ought the minister of a Church, gifted though he might be with genius, and enriched with manifold accomplishments, to think of effecting by sermons that which, in times of undisputed Church preeminence, was left rather to its offices than its preachers? Let such a man's predisposition to sentiment, and imaginative associations, be aided by thus much of argument,

and his humility will be fully prepared to yield everything to the Church. His talent will be satisfied with its triumph over his pride.

In answer to this, some few High-Churchmen may be named, whose sermons are deservedly counted among the best examples of pulpit eloquence. We reply, no preachers have ever surpassed the Bourdaloues and Massillons of the Catholic Church. But with none of these men has the preaching of God's Word been acknowledged as the main, the readiest, or the most permanent power for effecting the spiritual good of mankind. In every age, when some revival of the Gospel has been contemplated, and hosts of earnest, devoted men have but awaited the summons to prepare simple food for the perishing multitudes, the main force of the warning received by the Church has been expended upon its own formalism, upon multiplying the attractions of the altar, and the nominal prerogatives of the clergy.

All this is natural enough to men who, though separated by two or three hundred years from Roman domination, have drunk of the stream flowing from that old source of Church principles. The preachers of a different school have aroused their conscience and their fears. If endowed with capacity, and disposed by temper for such a work, they too, as we have seen, occasionally will preach, and will preach well; pathos of the deepest kind; unction as sweet as the ointment of beautiful thought can make it, characterizing with an irresistible charm the sermons of many an Anglo-Catholic. But what is the aim even of their preaching? What are the themes upon which these learned and eloquent men discourse most frequently? Are they not those which show the Church as a fair image under a gorgeous canopy; as that thing of beauty itself, which is to be a joy for ever to the beholder? And is not the effect which this produces, much more in agreement with that looked for from liturgical exercises, from the forms and shows of a sumptuous Church service, than with that which we cannot but hope will follow the full, explicit, unmixed statement of the doctrines which constitute the covenant of the Gospel? It is in the way of inquiry, certainly not in the spirit of judges, or accusers, that we put these questions. But whatever the answer, this is evident, that sympathy with Roman sentiment, if not with the spirit of Roman tyranny, is daily on the increase. Our aim is to show, that such a sympathy ought not to be regarded with wonder; that in England, and the Church of England, it ought to be looked for. The separation of Churches may be a

fact accomplished; each may declare the other a traitor to the truth; and yet there may be bonds of union still existing unbroken between the clergy, those bonds of which we have spoken: a common erudition, loved alike by all; the memory of a common ancestry, and of one dear brotherhood in the bygone times; a feeling necessary to the generous men of one profession and calling, be it what it may; a consciousness that, while the ambition of some, and the wilful views of others in rule, have created such fearful schisms in visible Churches, there is still a communion of saints, and that, in the living principle of that communion, there is yet a reserve of strength which shall eventually reunite all in the body of Christ. Nations declare war with each other, while the people, if asked, would confess themselves still at peace: the deep waters of the sea rest, while the waves above are wrecking a fleet. This is so true, that passion and prejudice only prevent our discovering it in the case of sects, as well as Churches. The fiercest of dissenting communities have quite as many sympathetic Romanists as the so-denominated Anglo-Catholic. Every opportunity is seized by these secret associates to display their sentiment in outward forms. The ecclesiastical garb is assumed by the young Methodist or Independent preacher. After a long interval, the older minister consents to wear the badge of what is now regarded as an order. The yearning for something still more palpably ecclesiastical, is not to be suppressed. Men on whose souls the hidden spell of tradition has wrought with the greater force, because allowed but little room for action, avail themselves of all that changing times can offer for its indulgence. No sooner, therefore, has the milder temper of their sects allowed it, than dissenting Anglo-Catholics have turned their attention to the study of church architecture. Mediæval courts, and Renaissance galleries, are now the delight of men whose predecessors were wont to turn with horror from aught that could remind them of abbeys and cathedrals. According to the models with which they thus become familiar, they build their chapels, carve their pulpits, prepare niches for saintly images to be put up by-and-by, and raise steeples and graceful towers, from which already, in imagination, the sweet voice of chiming bells is pleading their defence.

There is no disputing that such are actually the present tendencies of many of the leading sects. Those tendencies are given them by a few powerful minds, which have themselves been wrought upon by the intellects of an earlier age. Enriched by arts, and formed by a literature, the fascinating

influence of which is thus strangely acknowledged, the modern sectary enters into practical communion with the highest of churchmen. Both now use those means which seem best adapted to awaken sentiment by what is visible. Unless the dissenter be willing to acknowledge he is decorating himself, and his chapels, in the spirit of an extravagant mockery, he must confess to a love of symbolism, and the symbolism which he has adopted, no one can deny, is that of the early churches; an imitation of the ancient mode of dealing with religious ideas and sympathies. Half the chapels built of late years must be pulled down, if the dissenter would remove this doubt so injurious to the credit of his pure sectarianism. But neither will cassocks be cast aside, nor chapels be stripped of their gothic ornamentation. Instead of this return to the old Methodist simplicity, present appearances indicate a still more rapid advance on the alluring path of Ecclesiasticism. The impulse obeyed is common to our time. It is an age of revivals. The principles which are thus recovering their strength, were never more than half slumbering in this country. They awake with increased vigour; and whether they are to be checked, or their influence in any way directed, their force must be calculated, not as if it belonged to the Church alone, much less to one small section of the Church, but to the age, and to the nation.

It is of vast importance that this subject should be rightly understood. Among the present purposes of those who are at the head of ecclesiastical affairs, the first must necessarily concern the growth of tastes and opinions so likely to change the religious condition of the country. And what are they doing? or what ought they to do? are questions naturally following from such a remark. But the difficulty of answering them is very slight in the former case to what it is in the latter. The utmost attempted by the bishops has been confined to so small a sphere of operation that all which they have as yet done may be registered in a dozen lines. One or two unhappy curates have been made to pay the penalty justly due to their rashness; the incumbent of a fashionable church was, not long ago, gently pressed into the resignation of his benefice, but only that he might be just in time to obtain a better; sensitive priests and deacons have been agonized by passages in episcopal charges evidently addressed to them, painful indeed, but yet soothing; intended to warn, but not wholly to discourage; inflicting distress, because betokening fatherly perplexity; and yet, after all, showing the listeners

that they only need patience to find all things answering their heart's desire. In some few instances, formal complaints have been preferred against the teachers of too high a doctrine, and the too ardent lovers of an ideal Church. But either the offence was exaggerated, or the judges and juries pitied the delinquent, or were not quite prepared for their novel duties. Something or other has always occurred to render the inquiry fruitless. A ghost has been seen! where and when? No proof can be given of the reality of the ghost; but the superstition, the fear, the fraud, which encouraged the belief in its reality, were themselves realities.

Now, let any reasonable, any thoughtful man, compare the extent to which the doctrines and principles objected to, have pervaded the Church of England, with the measures taken, or means employed, by the heads of the Church, to check their growth, and what will be his conclusion? If he be a true Church-of-England man, will he not, according to his temperament, weep, or clench his fist? If he be an infidel, will he not laugh heartily? If he be a dissenter, will he not rub his hands, and tell his wife what a rotten-hearted spouse, compared with him, is the Church of England? This strange disproportion between the amount of evil surmises or actual wrong, existing in the religious establishments of the country, and the insignificant attempts by which they are opposed, demands the most serious attention of the community. On one side, it is gravely and pertinaciously asserted, that the supposed danger is, in reality, no danger, but that, as in the recovery of lost health, the Church is agitated, because it is returning to its rightful state. To such assertion no answer is given on the part of those who have the first right to answer, but a futile attempt to induce the public to drop the subject, and to persuade the clergy not to go too fast. Every day, and every town in the kingdom, afford fresh evidence of the increase of opinions hostile to the interests of Protestantism, and the safety or integrity of Churches characterized as reformed. But if we look for the antagonist principle; for the action of the power by which Protestantism is to be kept alive, and reformed Churches defended, where is it to be found? Can it be traced in the charges or sermons of bishops? Have they ever yet met in solemn conclave as chief pastors of the Church, to consider what may be done? Humbler men have not thought it amiss to unite in prayer for the Holy Spirit, when some difficulty has pressed hard upon their Christian state. Have the bishops ever met for this purpose? As supposed representatives of the Apostles, can they find no upper-



room but the House of Lords in which to assemble, and take counsel for the Church in this season of peril? What, we ask, has been done? Have any measures been adopted commensurate with the necessities in which the revival of mediæval tastes, and Romanistic doctrines, has involved the English Church? Has the warning given by the nation been responded to with the earnestness, sedate, vigorous, determined, which might have been looked for from men honoured and trusted as the guardians of pure, scriptural Christianity? We might appeal even, in this respect, to the advocates of the earlier system. Were their own views established, and were the heads of the Church the pledged supporters of those views, would they be contented, if the opinions and practices dearest to their souls were left like those, now so precious to the majority of Englishmen, under no better protection, aided by no higher act of authority?

But if so little has been done, what ought to be done? We know what difficulties attend any wish to answer this question; but it need not be without an answer. There are some things of such obvious necessity, so simply right and fitting for times like the present, that common honesty, and a fair degree of experience, will be amply sufficient to dictate what at least should first be done.

We have already intimated, that it would be eminently consistent with our idea of bishops to find them pressing upon Heaven in special, urgent, and united prayer. It would be the height of uncharitableness to suppose that bishops, be they of what church, or what country they may, are ever wanting in exercises of devotion. But the prayers offered up in their cathedrals, or in their private chapels, or studies, are not the prayers of the united body. We know that feelings prevail, vague and indefinite, which form a fatal barrier to unions and exercises of this nature. They are not the fashion of Churchmen. In their occasional meetings for public business, prayer is but a minute point in the proceedings, and is commonly hurried over as a form acknowledged by constraint. We fear that a style of sentiment, almost new to English Churchmen, must be introduced, and take root among them, before the abhorrence of novelty, and the dread of being charged with some imaginary excess in faith and spirituality, can be overcome in favour of assemblies for special prayer.

But if the danger to the Church be such as is supposed, the bishops would do well to consider whether they ought not to come together, and ask, in profound humility, the present guidance of Heaven. Would they, as bishops, be indulging

an extravagant faith if they looked with confidence for a reply? Would they be risking their character for learning, and good sense, in the eyes of the nation, by exhibiting a sublime consistency between spiritual dignity and spiritual action? On the contrary, there is nothing which the people of this country would more respect and admire than such a spectacle. Let the bishops be in advance of all other bodies of men in nearness to heaven, as leading petitioners in the solemn procession of humanity, and they will soon have honour of all. Difficulties to their thus meeting for the simple purpose of prayer, may exist among themselves. Bishops, like other men, have very different tempers, and tastes, and notions, of every variety. We can imagine with what a stare of astonishment one of this venerable body would regard another who should invite him to an Episcopal prayer-meeting. Should a friendly note be sent round for such a purpose, how scornfully would it be answered by some, if answered at all! If advantage should be taken of a more than usually large gathering in the House of Lords, and two or three zealous prelates should whisper to the rest a proposal of this kind, would there not be difficulties instantly suggested, so as to set it aside as an impossibility?

Let it be so; but, however long deferred, this is a duty which the bishops must eventually perform. It is expected of them by observant men of all parties. When they lead the way, there will be unions and reunions for the same object among other classes; and it is no romance or enthusiasm to believe, that, whatever be the perplexities or dangers of the Church, they will yield to this appeal for light from Heaven.

And what else can, or ought to be, done by the heads of the Church? They may, and they should, let the nation know explicitly how far they are ready to indulge the revival of practices, and the assertion of doctrines, which have, at least, a seeming affinity with those of Rome. Here again, as in the case of prayer, it is not enough, in our perilous times, to find this or that individual bishop uttering occasionally some known Protestant opinion. The bishops are a class by themselves; they are a body of men whose union is their strength, and without which the constitution of the Church of England is unsubstantial and useless. If its prelates be so many separate and independent dignitaries, with no absolute bond of one faith and one spirit, then each diocese is a separate Church, and an ingenious controversialist will not have much trouble in creating out of our Church, supposed to be one, as many Churches as there are bishops. This done, there will be no

bar to the multiplying of bishops; and instead of the rector or vicar, we shall have the bishop of a parish; and the parish, as in old time, will be the diocese; and the diocese a little independent Church.

Thus the present bishops are really placing their dignities and possessions in great jeopardy, by the doubt which they have themselves excited as to their oneness either in council or spirit. If they wish to counteract this feeling, there is now the happiest opportunity for their purpose. Let them meet together at once, and let them have frequent meetings, just as other men would, who had great questions to settle. Surely the world should not be left to suppose any longer, that the sanctity of one bishop is a repelling force to the sanctity of another; or, that the weight of their grandeur and dignity is too great to allow of their being dragged together, except by the power of a royal mandate, addressed to their baronies.

But it will be querulously asked by some, and despairingly by others, would they agree when they met? Of course they would not, if agreement implies concord of personal character and temper, or the adoption of one narrow line of doctrine or opinion. The bishop would be worth nothing who had not a great deal in his own mind and heart, never to be wrested from either, however assailed. They would not, they ought not to be expected to agree, even to the extent of ordinary men, if they be as learned, as great in capacity, as is usually supposed. The larger the views, the more numerous the possible points of difference. But this can be no hinderance to the important benefits which might be looked for from their meeting in calm brotherly union. Convocation may have its uses, but it certainly can never give the bishops the same opportunity of exercising a benign and enlightened influence upon each other, as assemblies called and held of their own free will. In these, they may confidently show how far agreement exists, or differences must inevitably and finally prevail. All that the country can possibly expect of them, is a statement of agreement as far as it goes. The Churchman knows nothing of the history of his communion, who forgets the great fact stated at the beginning of this article. There is an intermingling of ancient sympathies with the very life and constitution of the English Church. This is equally a principle in its character, and a condition of its existence. Should the bishops be prevailed upon to deliberate among themselves on the present state of affairs, and the possible future, they need not fear the readiness of sober, devout Churchmen to acknowledge the extreme difficulty attending

all such deliberations. But they must not expect the same indulgence for either the timidity which shrinks from, or the sloth which sinks under, or the scepticism which mocks at, every attempt to lessen danger by looking it in the face.

To all that can be said on this subject, it may be objected, that, though the bishops might come to the most reasonable of conclusions, those conclusions would have no authority. It is true, in the way of law, they would not. But we want no new canons. We only require a full, clear statement, on the part of the representatives of the Church, as to how far it may go on the road to further reform, and how far it may be suffered to recede and fall back upon the old foundations of catholicity. The country really does not wish to prescribe to them what lines they are to draw, or where they are to draw them; but it does expect that they, the men whom it has elevated above their brethren for the very purpose, should tell the people what they may, and what they must not, do. For the highest officers of the Church to shrink from such a duty, just at the time when it is most expected of them, is to commit the base offence of a general, who coming in front of an enemy, owns, too late, that he is no general at all.

Insisting as we do, that the latitude of opinion in the Church of England, must ever be of great extent, it must yet be far from indefinite. It has in it the mediæval character. Of this, nothing short of a destructive revolution can dispossess it. It was subjected from its beginning as a Reformed Church, to the power of the people, as far, that is, as they can exercise power by representatives. Of the popular character thus impressed upon it, it is as invincibly retentive. Let the fiercest or the most invidious attacks be made upon it, nothing can ever reduce it again to the state of a Church dependent upon the sole will of the clergy. But wide as these principles are from each other, an upright acknowledgment of the consideration due to them, on the part of Churchmen, may render a full, clear statement of opinion, and the introduction of measures founded on that statement, no such impossible or difficult a task. Let the bishops weigh well the great fact, that the inquiring minds of this day are resolved upon knowing what is regarded as truth, and what valued as principle, in the Church of the nation. Be the difficulty what it may, they must satisfy this wish, and the sooner it is done the better. They have nothing, however, to fear, beyond what is unavoidable in any office where truthfulness and plain speaking are the conditions of its tenure. It is well known, that High Church principles are held by some, and a very stern

species of Protestantism by others. Again, we assert, that neither the one nor the other can ever be got rid of. Either, therefore, their interests must be reconciled, or an internecine war continued, till the Church itself, exhausted and perishing, leave the combatants, like disembodied spirits, to seek another field of action in the outer darkness.

It can hardly be questioned, that the bishops are perfectly well acquainted with every shade of opinion prevailing among themselves. There is no need of their meeting, therefore, to make confession to each other of excess or laxity, or peculiarity of doctrine. But that which they are called upon to do, and only can do, after careful consultation with each other, is to tell the nation what they solemnly agree to own as the extreme limit, on either side, of their favoured systems. Even supposing that the lines drawn should be so far apart as, at first, to startle men, still much would be gained by the knowledge thus acquired of the Church's actual state. The wide space allowed for difference of opinion by the bishops themselves, would be an open field, where all the members of the Church might meet in peace and concord, because each would have an equal and acknowledged right to his phase of doctrine, and notions of discipline. But this cannot be the case so long as people are left in doubt as to what the bishops will allow them to regard as genuine Church-of-England ceremonies, as lawful views of special ordinances, and as obligations essential to the character of Churchmen. For aught they know, at present, one half of the prelates would, if they had the power, unchurch the other half. Each division would, doubtless, have its followers, were such a disruption actually to occur, and each would claim for itself the rights and titles of the true Church. But the bishops are too wise, we trust, to expose themselves any longer to such suspicions and consequent risks. They will agree to regard the Church (historically constituted) as allowing a Christian union and brotherhood among men differing as widely in opinion as they themselves differ. They will even do more, we hope. They will let it be known, that they have gravely, and of set purpose, considered this matter; and that, after due deliberation with each other, they have come to the conclusion, that the more there is of charity and indulgence in the Church, resulting from practical views of the Church itself, the better will be the prospects of religion in the nation.

Till something of this sort be done, the best efforts of the clergy will have but inadequate and uncertain results. Doubts are whispered respecting the permanency of the Establishment. Scoffers draw pictures of its desolation when one portion of

its ministers shall forsake it for Rome, and another for Geneva. The starving curate, and the wretched vicar, dependent upon Cathedral patrons, listen with secret pleasure to such reports. They look eagerly as the silken cords which bind the great controversialists to their benefices threaten to break. Five thousand desertions, and that of such important personages, might shake, it is said, the Church for the moment, but what harm would be done, if their place was as instantly supplied by men of a happier and more tolerant disposition? Such a change, indeed, might produce very little, if any, harm. But there will be no such transfer. The clergy who hold extreme opinions have had more than one example set them of a very noble self-denial. Some few men have left the Church at the very time when it promised them its highest rewards. Their integrity ought ever to be spoken of with respect. But, as an example, their conduct has been utterly ineffectual. The most suspected of the clergy show a quiet and stolid indifference to appeals and taunts, to reasonings and threatenings. They pursue their course with a serene confidence in the provision which the Church has made for their security. Safe themselves, and their benefices safe, they have ample time to make incessant attacks upon their brethren of a different school. "The Evangelical preacher is a shallow, ill-disguised sectarian;" "the High Churchman is a discovered Papist and Jesuit." These recriminations fall harmless upon those assailed; but they are far from innocuous to the Church. Congregations are much more susceptible than their teachers. The report that their minister would, if he dare, unite himself with Rome, will render some of his hearers daring enough at once to take the step. A belief that the preacher who speaks but coldly of the Church, and its authority, is a Dissenter at heart, will further the cause of dissent throughout the neighbourhood.

Let there be any truth in this, and the sooner we have a broad, deep-lined plan of the Church of England, the better. We can then confidently say to any timid soul,—“To this side you may go, to that side you may go, and still you are safe in the Church of your fatherland, and still you speak its mother-tongue.” The boundaries being thus settled, and found so wide, the most restless spirit will become contented with the freedom allowed it; and, satisfied in this respect, many of those who have long waged bitterest war with each other for the exclusive possession of a territory, supposed to be infinitely narrower, will at once cease from the useless strife. Pleased, on the one hand, to know his own position is safe, the eager polemic will, on the other, soon become convinced,

that though in a Church confined between the close barriers of exclusive doctrine, he might have struggled to some purpose, and risen dominant over all, this can never be the case with a Church which, in spite of so many attempts to make it sectarian, has every day been struggling to become more catholic.

Nor ought one word of complaint to be raised against this tendency towards a greater freedom. However wide the branches of a tree may spread, their growth but answers expectation if they extend no wider than the roots. The Church of England was not founded three hundred years ago, but in an age too remote for a sure chronology. Its roots, planted in that ancient soil, never lost their vitality; and healthful and majestic are the branches which still answer to their hidden life. The continuity of the Church was neither interrupted by its outward alliance with that of Rome, nor removed to make way for a new Church in the transition era of the Reformation. But it could not, as we have seen, be in communion with Rome, and its whole family of dependent or consenting Churches, and remain isolated in spirit, unaffected by the interchange of sympathy. Thus it imbibed a succession of principles, varying in their degrees of wholesomeness, or the contrary, from the early days of Church polity, to that fatal period when the darkness most felt was the darkness of the Church.

The Reformation performed two processes. It probed the Church to its heart. It cleared away whatever seemed to interfere with its health and vigour. More it did not do. That which had connected it by similarity of government, by the use of creeds, by veneration for primitive ordinances, and even by some traditions, with early Christian Rome, remained, for the most part untouched. There was nothing in these things to oppose the recovery of all holy truth, or to hinder the clergy in its free and full promulgation. They remained therefore, part and parcel of the Church's helps and ornaments.

By its other process, the Reformation brought in principles of its own, not new, if we go back to the first preaching of the Gospel, but new if we speak of Churches ordered like that of Rome. It was long thought that, for a layman, however elevated, to interfere with the appointment of bishops, was a gross offence against the holiness of the Church. By the first act of the Reformation, in this country, the Church virtually gave up the whole of its right to the choice of its pastors. The most practically important of any privilege that can belong to a religious society was calmly and considerately resigned. No

movement has ever been actually made to alter this proceeding, and English Churchmen are bound to recollect, that, when they were admitted members of the Established Church, such were, and such are still, its circumstances.

The consequences of such a change are many and various; but the first, and the greatest, is the engrafting of a lay-polity on the constitution of the Church. At the beginning of this new order of things, men were too busy with other interests, or too amazed, to consider what the people themselves might gain from it. The period which followed saw the country convulsed by political strife, and becoming more and more indifferent to the Church as something very incomprehensible, very useless, but very burdensome. That period has passed away, and we are fallen upon times when nothing obscure is left so for want of inquiry; nothing useless, because untried by experiment; nothing claiming praise or honour deprived of its meed for want of permitted activity. Thus the popular division in our ecclesiastical system, instead of remaining much longer dormant, will, in all probability, soon prove its existence by an interference as broad and persevering in the present age, as it has been imperceptible in times gone by. Churchmen, both High and Low, must be prepared for the approach of an era when every new session of Parliament will produce some bill, having for its object the Church, its rights and ordinances: when one member will propose to refashion its Services, another to remodel its Articles and Homilies, and a third to impose upon it a set of Canons that shall have high authority, though no antiquity.

“Can such things be possible?” it is asked. We answer, that they are not only possible, but even probable, results of the full expansion of the political and popular principles introduced into the constitution of the Church at the Reformation. Whenever the time may be, that the people of England awake to a feeling of their power, whether in, or over, the Church, they will take the readiest way to form a House of Commons prepared to accomplish their design. Every coming year will lessen the difficulty of this proceeding, and, whatever the resistance made to it by other branches of the legislature, all experience shows, that no opposition on their part can be ultimately successful.

Now, it will greatly increase the respect due to the wisdom of eminent Churchmen, if they be found preparing themselves and the Church for this outbreak of the modern element. Let them be perfectly assured of its existence; let them anticipate its action by taking those useful measures, in the



prosecution of which, while still governed by reason and justice, it may be willing to remain subordinate.

When we inquired, what has been done to meet the danger created by the extravagant increase of High-Church principles, the answer showed, that there is a most ridiculous disproportion between the declared magnitude of the evil, and the means employed to check it. If we now ask, what attempts are made to meet the opposite danger—the evils likely to arise from an excess of political and popular influence? the answer is equally indicative of surprise and perplexity, and still more of a timid unwillingness to acknowledge the real origin of the dreaded agitation. The causes of public discontent, in this instance, seem unknown to those only who have either created them, or who are the only persons, for the present, possessed of means to remove them.

However hidden from the heads of the Church, and from other persons who control its affairs, it has become the common belief, that negligence, pride, and avarice characterize a large proportion of the higher clergy; while all the distempers of poverty and discontent can be traced in the shallow, ineffective ministrations of the lower. Unjust as these notions may appear to persons whose loyalty to the Church nothing happily can shake, they are the staple of suspicion to those classes of our countrymen whose prejudices, right or wrong, have often proved the forerunner of the most deplorable convulsions.

But much to be dreaded as are even vulgar prejudices when excited against the Church, the prejudices which it has now to encounter, are not those of mere enthusiasts looking for an impossible perfection, or of a hostile multitude wishing only to revolutionize or ruin. Many of the most sedate, and enlightened men in the kingdom, share in the popular discontent, and proclaim aloud, that the Church of England does not deserve the confidence of the country, and that, because it has not made the best use of its means and opportunities of good. They look at its revenues; they consider how its honours and benefices are distributed; and they turn with disgust from the spectacle which it exhibits of a wasteful expenditure on imaginary dignity, and of hard-hearted penuriousness in the payment of actual labour.

The eyes of many of these inquirers are just now fixed on the clergy of our cathedrals. Some of them have come to the conclusion, that most of the canons receive their large incomes for nothing, that is, plainly speaking, for neither work done, nor work proposed. This may be an uncharitable or severe judgment, but certainly it would be difficult to name

any number of canons who have shown ability to take advantage of their happy position, while it would be very easy to point to those who have indulged a rapacity exceeding the nepotism of popes and cardinals. These appointments form a peculiar feature in our Church; they were subjected a few years since to strict and powerful criticism. The only argument which availed to save them was this: literary, retiring, prayerful men; men of an inquiring and meditative disposition, with enough of genius, if no more, to elevate them above their brethren; need some especial provision in the Church, if their talent is ever to be made available for its benefit. "Spare, then!" it was eloquently and nobly argued, "some, at least, of the old canonries, for their sake." The appeal was generously answered. Parliament, in the name of the nation, gave the canonries, which it would otherwise have confiscated, in trust for such of the clergy as might be ready to devote themselves to the service of the Church, prayerfully in their stalls, and laboriously in their studies. The income of the canonry was to save them from the work of a parish; and the leisure which they enjoyed was to give them the opportunity of rendering to the Church the fruits of mature learning, and a rich experience. What has been the result? Look at four well-known canonries for an example. You have there one man profound, ardent, and of glorious intellect. It would be impertinent to speak of the others in comparison with such a man; but there is a mark of distinction between them which must not be forgotten. The one canon, possessed of really great qualifications for the appointment, remains contented with it. The other three, for many years, have been the incumbents of large parishes, grasping at the double income, and pretending to perform the duties of offices so incompatible with each other that the one requires leisure, retirement, study, and the other a constant and laborious activity. As if on purpose to increase the disgust of reasonable men at this perversion of cathedral institutions, the clergy who enjoy the largest unearned bounty of the Church, in their own persons, claim a right over all the property vested in them as trustees. Thus, one canon himself receiving a thousand a year for his stall, and more than another thousand from his parish, has dispensed between two of his sons nearly a third thousand a year in the shape of livings. Similar things are done by other cathedral dignitaries; and did not the grossest avarice blind their understanding, they would tremble to contemplate the abyss towards which they are precipitating the institutions of their Church.

It is almost absurd to speak of prebends with no revenues in connexion with such substantial appointments, but even in respect to those honorary offices a great and irritating injustice is perpetrated by those who have the right to confer them. Valueless though they be as sources of income, they are not without value in the eyes of men who associate with them the idea of respected ability and worth. Now, let any one read the names of the prebendaries belonging to our several cathedrals, and as they are given in the clergy-list. Let him take even St. Paul's as an example; and out of the thirty names which constitute the prebendal roll, will he be able, with justice, to select more than nine or ten that have a right to any notice whatever? Even of those nine or ten can more than two or three be pointed out as known to the Church and country in connexion with any work meriting distinction? If bishops will themselves destroy the worth of dignities by bestowing them in an unfitting manner, what sufficient argument will they be able to urge in their defence, when the nation again threatens, as it has more than once before, to sweep utterly away these vestiges of ancient establishments?

The flagrant neglect of merit, the contemptuous forgetfulness of humble worth, shown in the general exercise of Church patronage, has involved every class to which it belongs in a heavy debt to the country. That debt must be paid, and it will be well for those who have exercised the right of stewardship so unwisely, or so unjustly, if it can be paid on earth.

But while all these things are ministering to popular indignation, and stimulating inquiry into the state of the Church; while opinion, on its steady march, is preparing to prove itself an implacable foe to all injustice, and false pretensions, even though fortified by tradition; and while a large proportion of the House of Commons shows its dissatisfaction with the present character of the Church by always voting against its interests; while all these things exist to indicate that the nation is rousing itself, in no good humour, to the supervision of its Church, the busy and perplexed leaders of that Church are satisfying themselves with the hope, that the evils and abuses of many generations will yield to efforts involving no sacrifice, except a little of the stiffness and rigid formality of former times, and no increase of burdens but such as may readily be laid on the willing shoulders of a select preacher.

They are mistaken in this hope. Nothing less will avail for safety now, than a change in the policy of the Church. Patrons, whether bishops, public bodies, or private gentlemen,

must submit to the necessity which has arisen. They must no longer assume the air of proprietors of livings, distributing them among their friends and relations, or allowing their personal tastes and petty prejudices to outweigh every consideration of worth and ability. If they do not wish to run the risk of seeing some great popular enactment passed, by which the entire patronage of the Church would be taken from them, they must employ every allowed opportunity, to prove their adoption of a new principle. Let there be no worthy, able man, of long standing in the Church, passed over, even for one as worthy, but of less standing. Do not let the show of bustling activity, to be kept up only till good preferment is gained, be valued above the humbler zeal which shrinks from all display. Suffer not the notion to prevail, that if the man of God be not at the same time a man of the world, he must look for nothing in the Church. Let the contrary to all this be seen, not in one or two instances, so that there shall be a shouting of astonishment whenever some good, unfriended man is promoted; but let it become the general rule that pious, experienced men, of a certain standing, may reasonably look for some moderate preferment, even though they should never come out of their own sphere to obtrude themselves upon the great and influential; though they should have no party to support them, nor even be known to possess fortune enough to live quite on a par with rich parishioners. Let, in short, the plain virtues of a good clergyman be sufficient, in future, to establish a claim to patronage, and these most important benefits will be the result. In the first place, the people will be satisfied. Parishes will not often again find themselves placed under ministers provided for them by the tyranny of mere private interest. The nation will feel that its own honest, English temper, its wish to see justice done to all men, is no longer disregarded in the case of the clergy; but that as it would decide, did it speak with its own voice, so its bishops and other Church-representatives are now deciding, by distributing to every man, according to his worth and length of service, the fair rewards of labour.

This done, there would be no more talk of popular elections to benefices; no desire to wrest the right of appointment out of the hands of its present possessors. Having laid aside their insolent claim to a property in the livings which pass through their hands, patrons would soon discover, that there is more real profit to be gained from the just discharge of their simple trust, than they can ever acquire for themselves, their families or friends, whether by impudent rapacity, or secret

pilfering. By the former conduct, they may secure their proper rights, their own state, and incomes; by the latter, they place them in constant jeopardy.

Another great benefit resulting from such a course, would be the improvement of clerical talent, the increase of activity, watchfulness, and devotion throughout the whole body of the clergy. Men, like the unpromoted ministers of the English Church, can, professionally, be saved only by hope. There is too much expected of their human hearts and spirits, while they are left without any prospect of change or advancement. They sink, as all other men do, when, after long toil, they find that in a profession where the principle should be to promote worth, they are utterly neglected. Let any one look at an old midshipman, or an ancient lieutenant in the army, and what are his feelings as he sees the drooping, or the bloated figure, and the lacklustre countenance, if he hear that the poor old officer was as good a man as any in the army, but was neglected, and lost his spirits, and learnt to care for nothing, when he gave up his last hope of promotion. And yet there is no officer in the army or navy in so wretched a condition as the curate, or the poorly beneficed clergyman. There is the half-pay for support when disabled; there may be a pension; and, as long as active service is possible, there is some prospect of promotion. Nothing of this kind exists to help the sinking heart of the unfortunate clergyman.

Bishops tell us that the spiritual rewards and supports of the calling, are sufficient to make up for the want of everything else. If they spoke according to their own belief and feeling, they would tender the resignation of four-fifths of their revenues. We do not think this is required of them, but if they themselves are to be supported on the common principle of human necessity, and worldly policy, let them not deny to the clergy generally the benefit of this common-sense decision. It is very well for men who have a grand spiritual theory respecting the priesthood, and who are generously ready to work it out by their own example and sacrifices, to tell a broken-hearted clergyman to think of his order; but nothing can be more ridiculous than such advice from men whose whole object it is to save themselves, and their children, from any necessity whatsoever, that can be averted by the benefices, or the money, of the Church.

It is a felt truth, an unhappy fact, that the greater number of the clergy, after the first few years of hopeful exertion, fall into such a still, uniform, unenergetic style of preaching, and mode of action, that the worldly and uncharitable observer may easily account them men of the most apathetic character. They are

not apathetic, but they are sad. There is no prospect open for them. They are doomed to die in poverty and obscurity. Even their early reputation for usefulness is lost, because they cannot labour to the last, as well as they did in the cheerful spirit of undiscouraged hope. Honest, Christian men will try their utmost under the worst circumstances. But their ability is determined by their general state of feeling, and men in the condition of the working English clergy, never can do what they might, and would do, if, as a body, they lived and worked with the healthful feeling consequent on the expectation of some reasonable advancement.

We speak not here of high places, or of livings of large endowment. There cannot be many such in any Church. But there is a sufficient number of benefices of moderate value in England to give every meritorious clergyman, after a certain period of labour, the reward which is his due. Let the younger clergy, even though they have talent, remain patiently, for a time, in the humble ranks of their profession: let no private interest; no whim, no caprice, or friendship induce the actual possessors of patronage, or those who have influence with them, to pass over the men whose years, character, and ability, unite to make them worthy of promotion. Let such be the rule, and even with so simple a principle as this to direct them, the guides of our Church will soon find themselves relieved of all embarrassment as to the state of the clergy. Being once honestly determined that no living shall be thrown away upon a man who has no character at all; and that when there are many of equal worth and capability, he who has laboured the longest shall have it, the higher class of patrons will be proof against bribery and manœuvring. Means and opportunities of improving the condition of deserving men will increase upon their hands with unexpected rapidity; and they will be astonished to discover how much more the Church possesses for the support of those who have a right to support, than they had ever imagined. Another consequence will be that, instead of the excitement with which the sanguine adventurer now battles for preferment, and in place of the haughty confidence displayed by the man who was marked for it at his birth, we shall see the power of a general and modest hopefulness. The temptation to ostentatious zeal will have lost its force: the pride of position will have been reduced to insignificance. With better prospects before them, the clergy, as a body, will rise in respectability; shake off the rust and the sloth which betray their discontent; and exhibit better the virtues of their profession the more equitably they are acknowledged.

To some persons all such suggestions as these seem either impractical, or too slow in operation to be of appreciable use. But neither is the case. They will be of the most practical kind as soon as reason and justice determine the conduct of patrons; and their operation will be no slower than any other of the numerous changes depending on human life.

There is, however, a further means for improving the general machinery of the Establishment. The possessions of the Church may be better managed. They may receive large additions from the bounty of those who are loyally attached to its interests. When thus increased, and thus subjected to new scrutiny, there will, doubtless, be found a vast amount of money, which, if simply employed for objects immediately necessary, will greatly tend to the most beneficial results.

Then, in addition to things of this sort, there are societies of every kind, all dependent upon the will of influential Churchmen; and each offering an open and ready channel through which the people may be powerfully affected.

We ask now, again, what, with multiplied dangers staring them in the face, what are the heads and friends of the Church about? What advantage are they taking of the means of defence and improvement so ready to their hands?

How soon may all that they are doing be described! Because the people were perishing for lack of knowledge, they thought, that is, some few of them, that, as knowledge is cheap in these days, souls ought not to be lost for want of that which could be so easily supplied. The cheapness of the material was an essential part of the calculation. No demand was to be made on the riches of the Church. It was not to be asked to sacrifice places or benefices in order to call forth, and support, the energies of men not already in high position; no expense was to be risked in any attempt to improve the resources and increase the strength of parochial ministers. It was never inquired,—"If the wealthier clergy would tax themselves, and provide endowments for extra lectures and services in every parish, or district, would not this mightily engage the affections of the people?" Parishes will certainly pay no extra rates. The subscriptions given for new churches are speedily exhausted. There is only this one yet untouched treasure,—the revenues and liberality of the higher clergy. But rather than have recourse to means of this kind, the cheaper plan was adopted; that cheaper plan is still being pursued; and with a blindness peculiar to great Churchmen when agitated and perplexed, they are labouring for the success of a measure the full development of which will prove the downfall of their authority. It is in its parishes

that the Church of England exists. The very poorest, the most obscure of these parishes, has a portion of its life-blood; conceals some one or other of the nerves essential to its vital movement. Drain off this blood, though it be by little and little; rudely tear away these nerves, and the Church of England, with all its cathedral organs in full swell, will be uttering its death-groan; breathing its last sigh, either in the desolate, indefinite expanses of dissent, or, with more of pomp, in the indulgent embraces of some watchful cardinal.

The process of destruction may not be quite so rapid as we apprehend. But it is commenced. When people have once been taught, on high authority, that they can get far better instruction in some outbuilding than in their own proper sanctuary; when their ears have become accustomed to the fascinations of splendid voluntaries, and sublime anthems, and to the delight of a fresh preacher every day, are they ever likely again to settle down quietly to the humble service, and the sober, fatherly ministrations supplied by their parish church? It is unreasonable to expect it of them. Nor can they suppose that they are guilty of any offence in leaving their parish, for everything is done, which the highest Churchman can do, to draw them from it. The very character and style of the services give a direct contradiction to the pretence, that they are intended for the poor, the idle, and the vagrant. Nothing could be more perfectly adapted to the end, were it openly confessed, that they are intended to put to shame the efforts of the parochial clergy to satisfy their people with simple prayer and preaching.

Such is the nature of the principal, the most conspicuous attempt, made by the heads and great champions of the Church, to allay popular discontent; to anticipate any threatening inquiry in Parliament,—What is the Church really doing?

We cannot imagine, if such a question should be asked, and the little bundle of Westminster Abbey sermons should be held up in reply, that that would be regarded as a very triumphant answer. If the House were in a good humour it would laugh, as a too indulgent schoolmaster smiles when the exercise of one clever boy is given as an apology for the idleness of a whole class. Another temper would produce a very different result.

But anterior to any formal, or open proceeding, a large portion of the nation has adopted for itself what seems, to popular observation, the readiest support when the legitimate props of Churchmanship have either been withdrawn by negligence, or become rotten through sloth. The growth of enormous congregations, apart from the Church, is a characteristic of the present age but little understood. These congregations have been created, according



to common notions, by the progress of dissent. But dissent, strictly viewed, has had very little to do with it. Something far worse than dissent has emptied the church and filled the chapel. The sects with which we are best acquainted, wore, at their commencement, the aspect of a body carrying with it some portion of the life and form of that from which it had separated. And there was a sturdy, honest struggle between the Dissenter and the Church. Some pain had been felt on both sides before the separation was complete. The early dissenting congregations were accordingly comparatively small; they were born with the throes of an unwilling independence. The Church knew of their going. It grieved and grew wrathful by turns. Dissent was then the violent breaking off of a branch, not the silent dropping of neglected fruit. There was always something of noise and tempest in the proceeding.

It has not been thus during the last few years. The most numerous congregations now existing have acquired their present size by the quiet falling away of Churchmen from their old communion. These Churchmen have found themselves neglected, unnoticed, unfed, unrespected in the Church; and they have left it; giving no notice of their departure, making no sign, uttering no word. Irreligious men, under these circumstances, become confirmed in sin and unbelief, and swell the mighty masses of Sabbath-breakers; but those who feel the yearnings of a spiritual nature join themselves to the first congregation which the advice of some friendly neighbour, or other accident, may recommend to their notice. Had the Church loved, comforted, taught these people, neither its doctrine nor its constitution would have sent them away. Time may make them Dissenters, but they were not so when they first ceased to attend church.

These are far worse causes of weakness, and far more likely to accelerate decay, than any kind of schism. Dissent, if confined to questions of conscience, if acting in the way of attack upon the Church, would populate but a very small part of the territory to which it now points, exulting at its well-filled provinces. But all that it has needed of late, has been a mere amplitude of space in its houses of prayer; an indulgent aspect; preachers fairly learned, eloquent, and moderate in the statement of any peculiar doctrine. Into the large easy lap of either Methodism or Congregationalism, looking so motherly, the ill-fed, shivering, neglected children of the Church have fallen of their own accord. Dissent might have been absolutely passive, and still it would thus have grown. It was quite enough for it to be found with a large Bible ever open in the house of prayer, and with a succession of men bred up to expound it, knowing

their work, and labouring at it with an earnestness of itself creating sympathy. There needed no outbreak upon the Church; no mixture of political and sectarian sophistries to secure for dissent this quiet triumph. The history of its controversies is equally destitute of interest and dignity. It has never gained anything by assuming the look of a combatant. The Church, when roused, can grapple with it so as to stop its growth for a century. The Church asleep; the doors of its folds unguarded; the sheep loose; the wolf ever at hand; let but the gates of a neighbouring fold be opened, and will it not soon be filled with flocks?

A bold answer is commonly given to all reasonings of this kind. The ardent Churchman points with pride and satisfaction to the vast, the almost incalculable, numbers of his brethren. If reckoned at all, it must be by millions. Whenever a new set of statistical tables makes its appearance, and sects and denominations are arranged according to their numerical importance, this pride of the Churchman receives a fresh impulse. No one can gainsay the argument of his statistical facts.

But just in proportion to the strength of his cause in this respect, he finds himself the more fiercely assailed by the question,—“What is the state, what the character, of the millions, of whose fellowship you boast?” There is still a moral, fresh and poignant, in the story of Xerxes and his army. That army, too, was glorious for its numbers. Do you rejoice in the grandeur of your Church, from a feeling like that of the Persian monarch? Does it matter to you, as little as it did to him, what real force, what life, there is in those vast crowds which present themselves to your admiring fancy? If you think it enough to know, that there are so many myriads of nominal Churchmen, your advocacy will do no good. It may do harm. Few opponents, in these days, will care to conceal the insulting smile with which they hear of believers who know no creed; of the champions of a Church whose courts they never enter; of the adorers of a liturgy, to the sound of which they are strangers; and of the advocates of a communion, in the solemn sacrament of which they have never joined.

Thus, if the ardent debater insists on the multitudes ranked as Churchmen, he cannot help allowing that they are a very irreligious and very inconsistent body. If, to escape from this inference, he determines to represent them as examples of Christian faith and holiness, the host shrinks into a little company, and the loud acclaim of innumerable multitudes is lost in the small, still voice of a holy brotherhood.

The Church, indeed, can have no real strength but in the number of its sincere and earnest members. To increase this

number, it will not suffice to call forth, here and there, the energies of a few favoured preachers. Their occasional efforts may do some partial good; the sermons which they preach may, by God's blessing, reach the hearts of many; but of those thus taught and affected a very small portion, if experience speak true, will be gained for the Church, unless the effort be continued, and for this the entire machinery of the Church must undergo renewal and repair. Unless it can prove itself a nursing mother, a parent ready to undergo all toil, and bear expensive trials of persevering and thoughtful love, it will not make converts, but for some jealous and watchful sect.

There is, however, one good omen of some permanent success. Among the preachers at the Abbey was the bishop of the diocese. He is not a man likely to be satisfied with transient efforts, or superficial changes. Sedate without severity; retiring in manner, but affectionate in temper and address; dignified, and yet familiar; gifted with imagination and sentiment, but rather trusting for usefulness to the strength of his large common-sense, he is alike fitted to win the friendship of the clergy, and the confidence of the people. While proving his eminent qualifications for governing a diocese, he shows by his preaching that he has been, and still can be, the simple Christian teacher. Entering into the necessities of his clergy, he comforts and encourages to the utmost of his power. The impatient complaint of the disheartened is heard with mildness and sympathy, and instead of receiving rebuke, has been answered by a generous patronage. Not indifferent to anything ennobling in the actual traditions of the Church, he can hope to see it beautiful without borrowing the garments of superstition; and can proclaim its right to the grandeur of ecclesiastical associations, though it assert and retain its independence. Thus exhibiting a genuine example of the episcopacy of a reformed Church, the greater the influence he gains, the more his order will be respected, and the wider the allowed range of its authority. Too clear-sighted to let un-English customs grow up in the Church, and then pass for a part of its legitimate ritual, he is equally too wise and tolerant to magnify tastes into heresies, or to hope that degrees of opinion can be subject to command.

Under such a bishop, the diocese of London may look for peace and increasing prosperity. Report says, that it was not so much the will of the prime minister, as the wish of the sovereign, which placed this good and admirable man in his high office. If this be true, the nation has every reason to desire that the same power, and the same wisdom, may long be so exercised in the choice of bishops.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY SHAW AND DANKS, CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET.













